The Popular Hymnal

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The Popular Hymnal

Old Standard Hymns and Popular Gospel Songs for Use in All Departments of Church, Sunday School and Young People's Work

Edited and Compiled by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN
Compiler of
The Evangel, New Evangel, World Evangel, Herald and Treasury of Song

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes

PRICES
To Any Part of the United States

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN
DALLAS, TEXAS

Foreword

The religion of the Bible is a singing religion. The spiritual life of the Old Testament expressed itself in songs. There is a musical language to express every passion and emotion of the soul. The Psalms were sung and they strike every chord in the human heart, from the saddest dirge to the loftiest note of triumphant praise. Every revival period in the history of Christianity broke forth in a new flood of song. New hymns were written expressive of the passions and purposes of the hearts blessed and lifted up by the revival.

One of the most serious concerns of a pastor should be to promote good singing in his church. By good singing is meant the hearty, soulful singing of worthy hymns. Along with good preaching and good praying, good singing deserves a large place.

The selection of a song book is of grave importance. No book is adequate that does not provide for the expression of a wide range of feeling in song; for, let it be said, that people sing out their feelings just as really as they talk them out. It could not be expected, therefore, that every one would like the same song, because people do not all feel alike at any one time.

The compiling of a hymn book is, therefore, an effort to interpret and give voice to the manifold religious sentiments and emotions of people of different temperaments, stages of religious development and conditions. To do this successfully, one must have a wide range of experience and knowledge of current religious life. It is our belief that in "*The Popular Hymnal*" will be found a satisfying variety of songs, within safe limits, as to real worth, to meet the demands of any congregation. If one cannot find what his heart craves in one place, he has only to look further to come to it. The author of this collection has had large experience in compiling song books. His books have gone into the churches and Sunday schools by the millions.

This is an attempt to meet a wider need by supplying a greater range of songs. Especially have many of the older and statelier hymns been added to the newer and more popular songs.

We commend this new collection to churches and other singing groups with the belief that it will contribute worthily to the spiritual needs of all the people.

J. B. Gambrell,
George W. Truett.

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The Popular Hymnal

1 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.

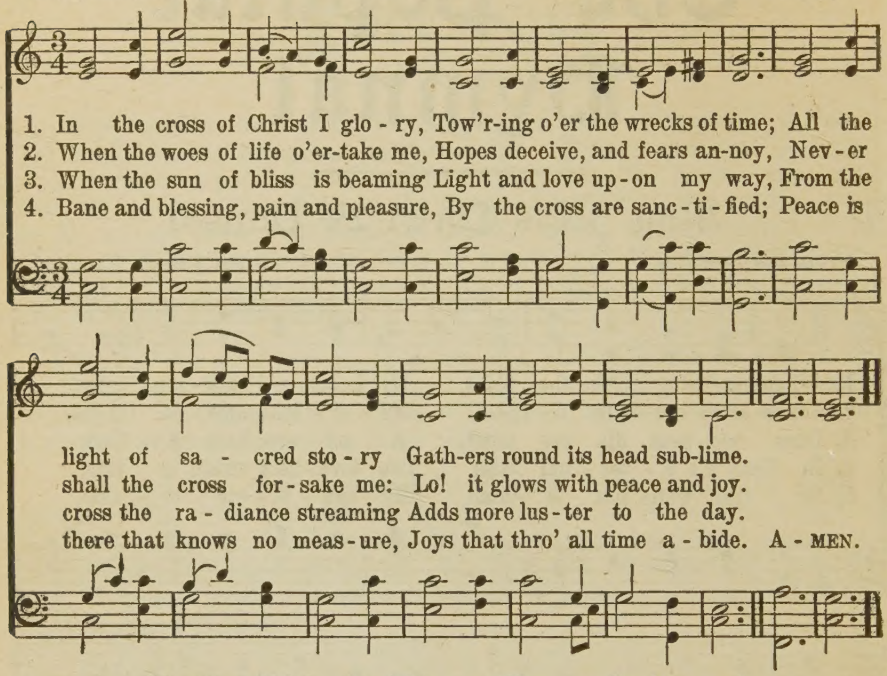
1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,

May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,

To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

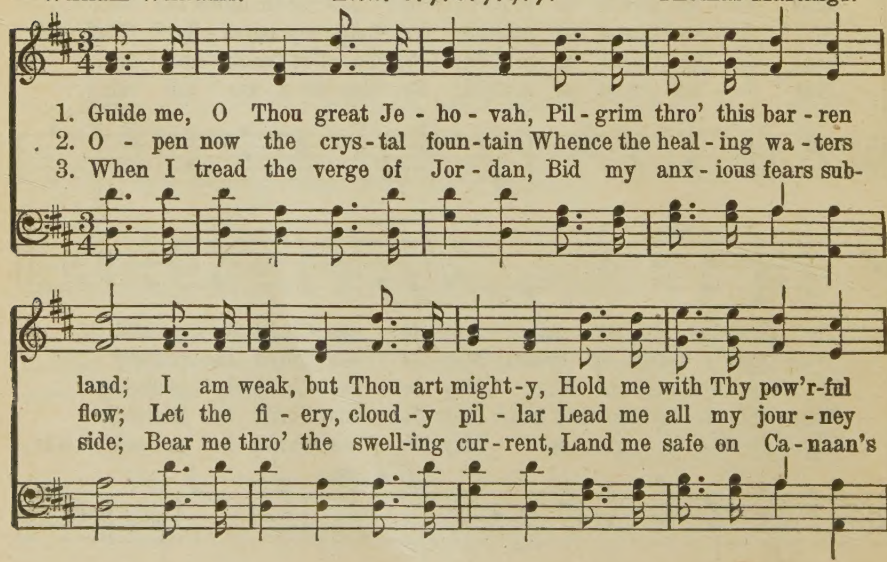
2 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.



3 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;

Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

4 There's a Wideness.

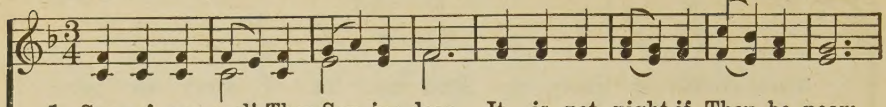
Frederick W. Faber. *Wellesley. 8s. 7s.* Lizzie S. Tourjée.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,

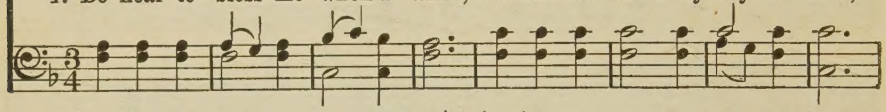
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

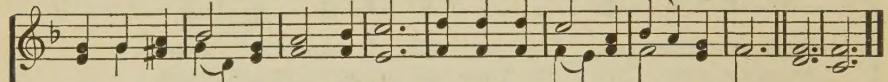
5 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.

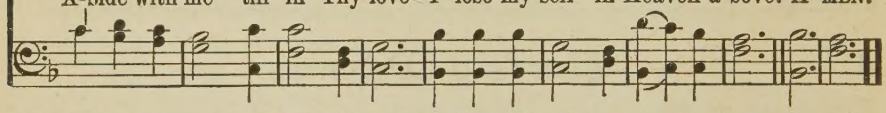


1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



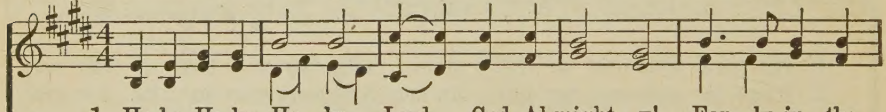


Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

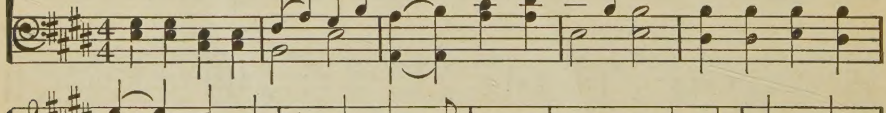


6 Holy, Holy, Holy.

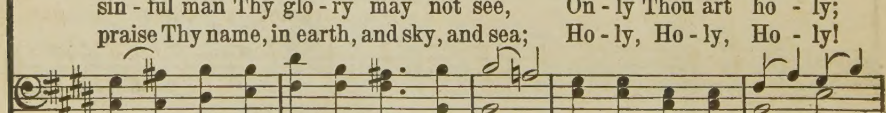
Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.



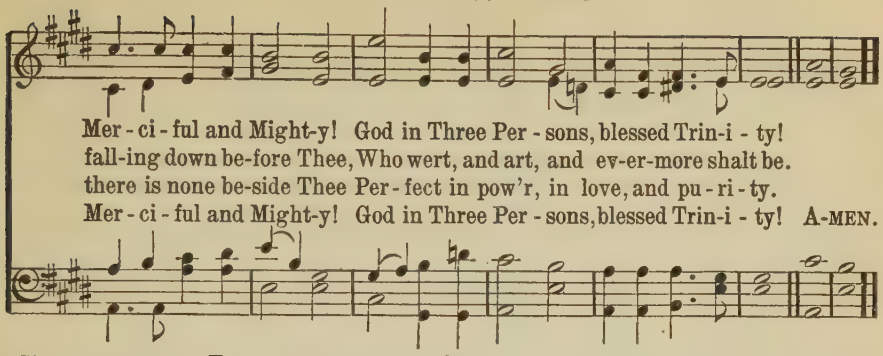
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall



morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

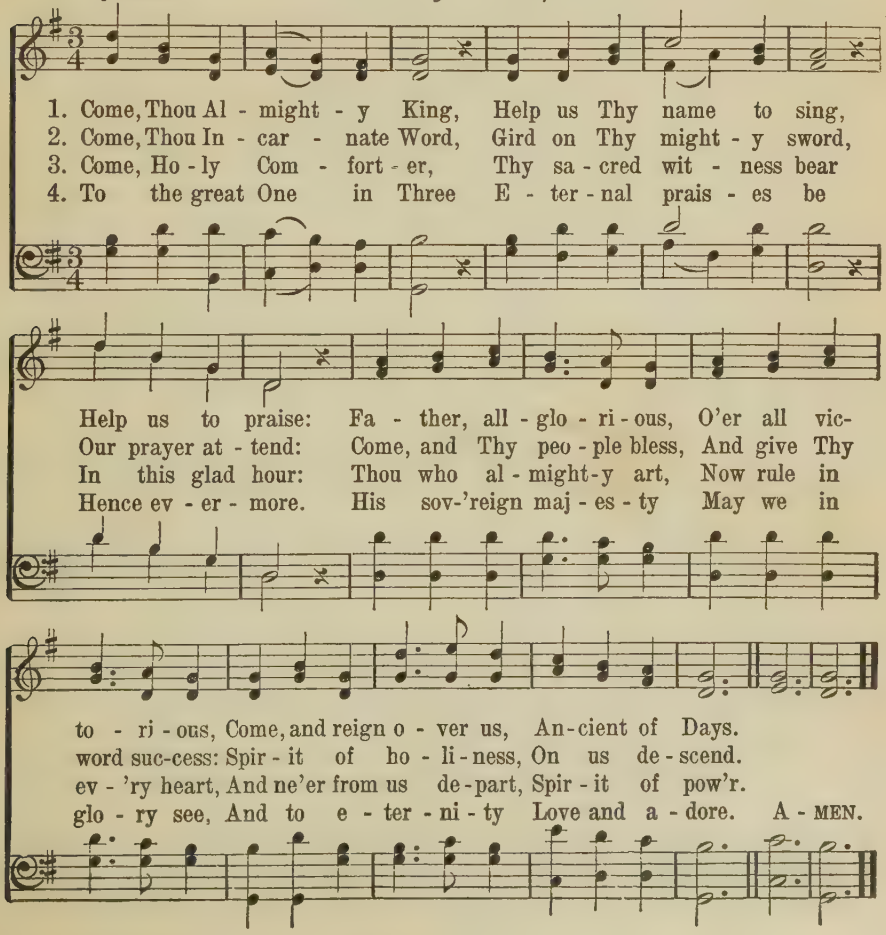


Holy, Holy, Holy.



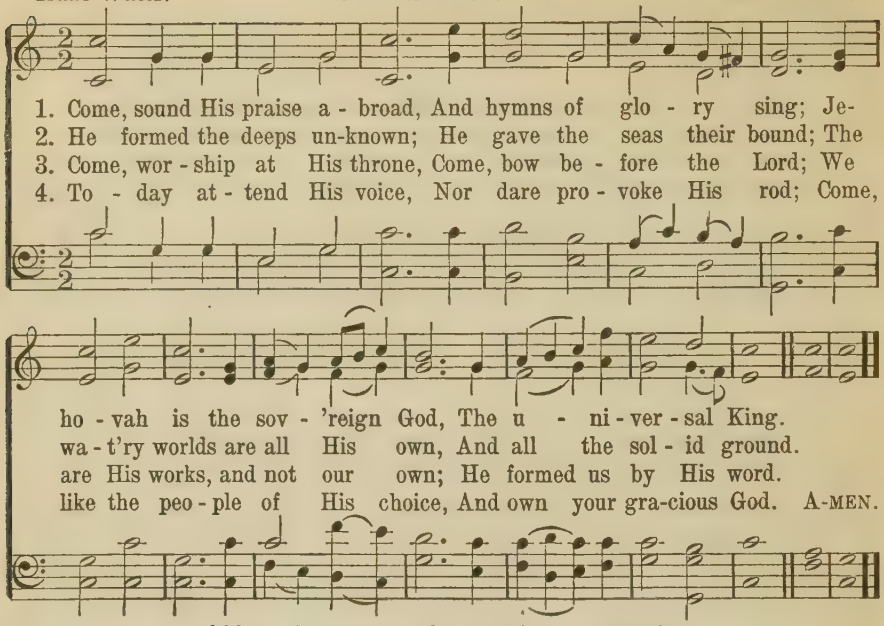
7 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.



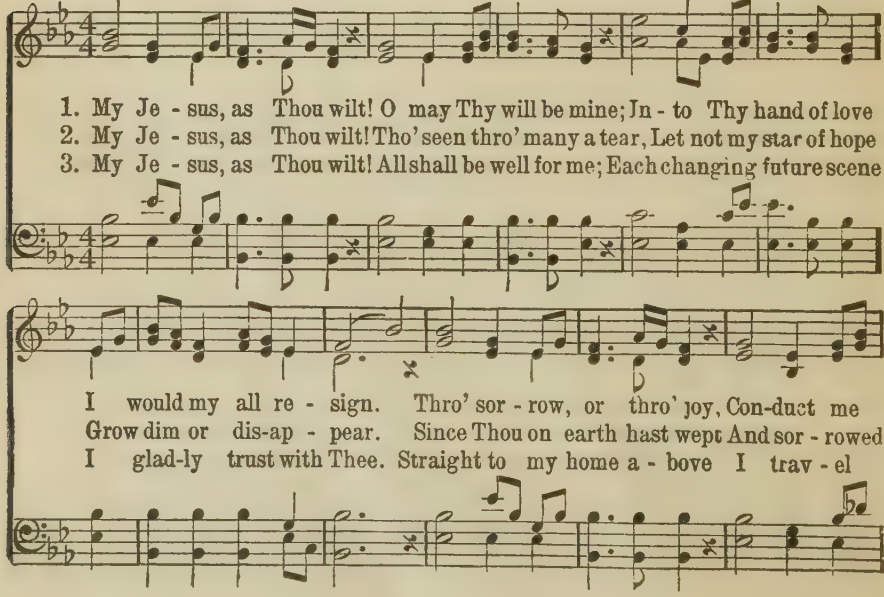
8 Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts. *Silver Street. S. M.* Isaac Smith.

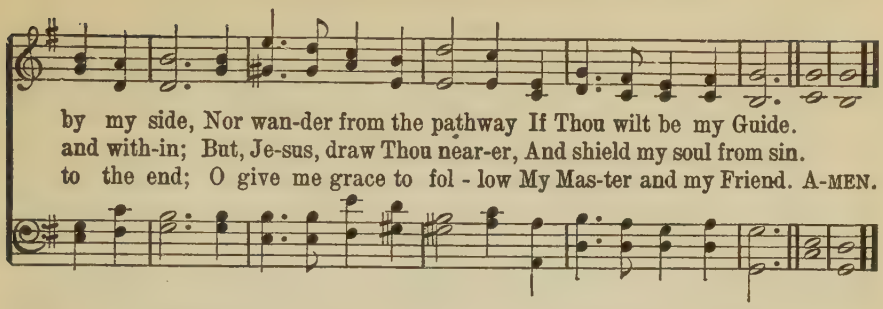


9 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Benjamin Schmolck. *Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.* From C. M. von Weber.

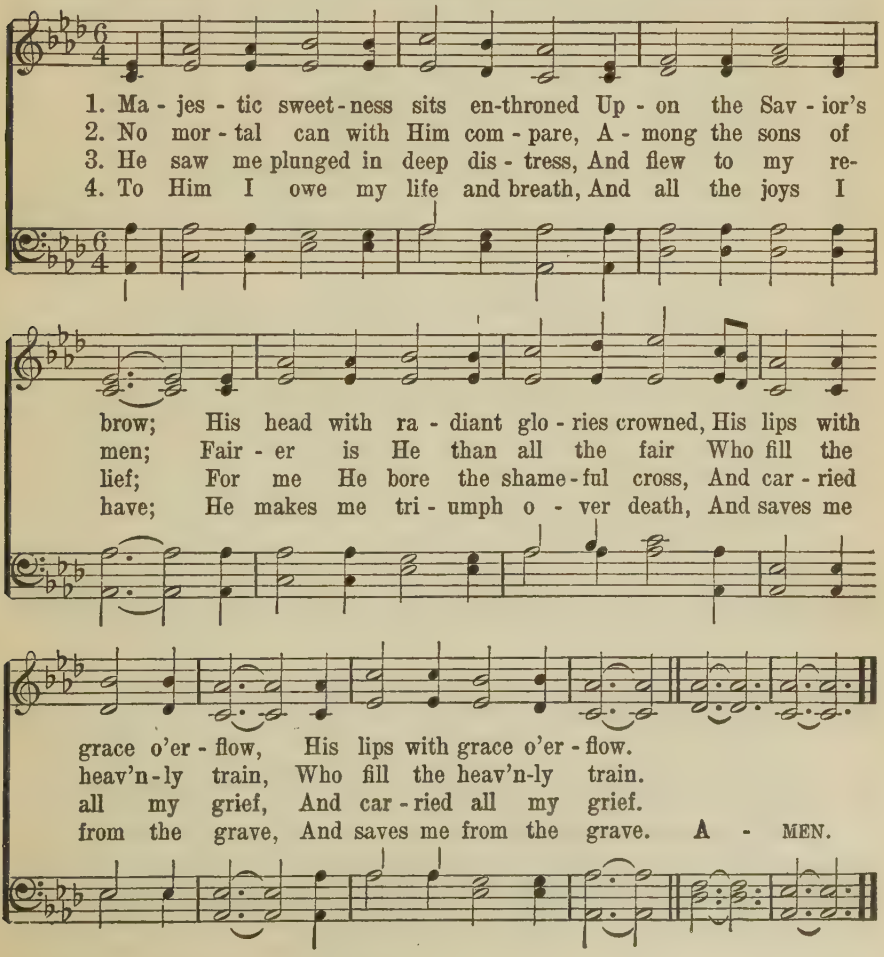


O Jesus, I Have Promised.



13 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.



14 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - MEN.

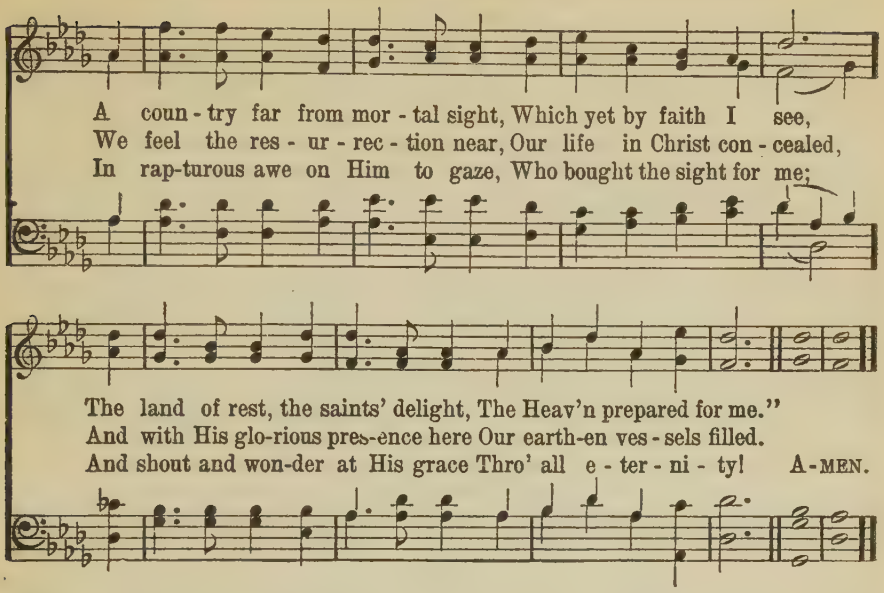
15 How Happy Every Child of Grace.

Charles Wesley. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. O would He more of Heav'n be-stow, And let the ves - sels break,

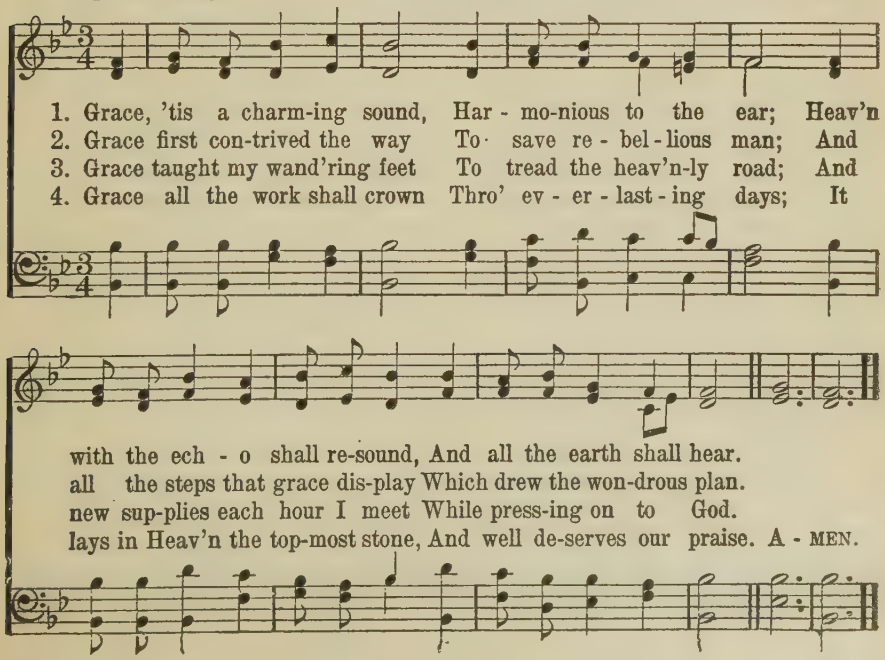
"This earth!" he cries, "is not my place, I seek a place in Heav'n,—
We more than taste the heav'n-ly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day.
And let our ran-somed spir - its go To grasp the God we seek;

How Happy Every Child of Grace.



16 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

Philip Doddridge. *Olmutz. S. M.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



17 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Washington Gladden. *Saxby. L. M.* J. B. Dykes.

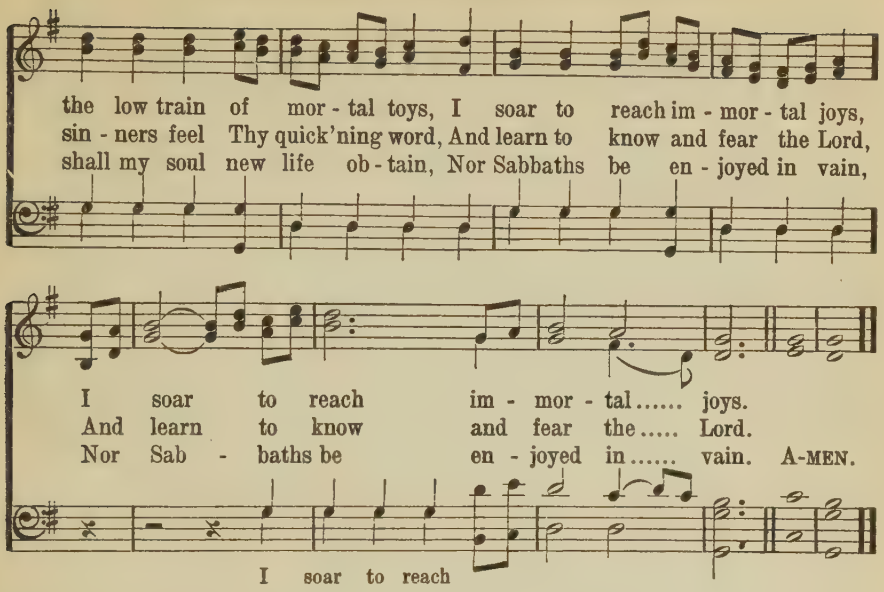
1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free; Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love; Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clo-ser, dear-er com-pa-ny, In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way, In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live! A-MEN.

18 Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Hayward. *Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Friedrich Schneider.

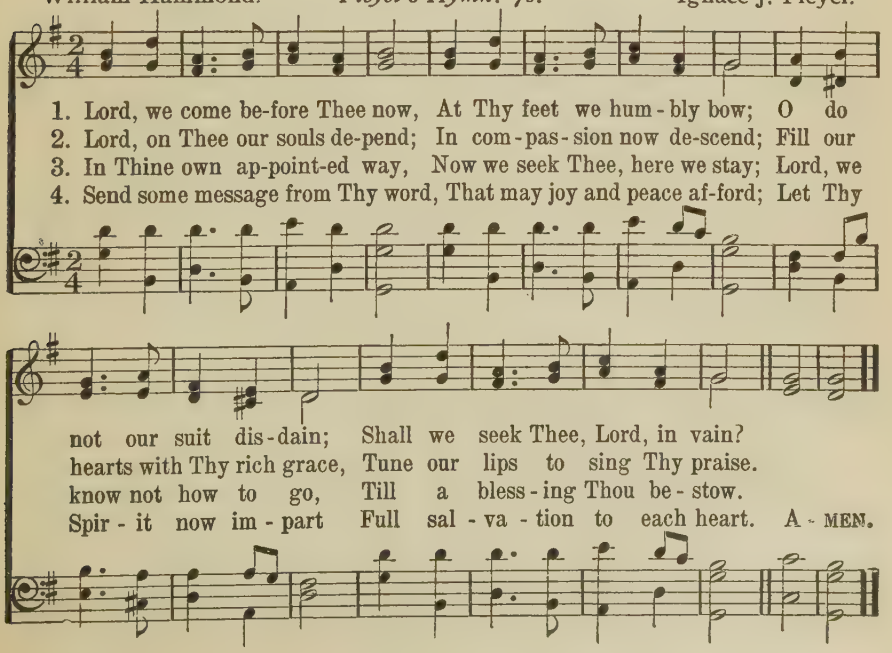
1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I hail Thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest: From
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne with grace; Thy scep-ter, Lord ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face: Let
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; Dis- close a Sav-ior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours: Then

Welcome, Delightful Morn.



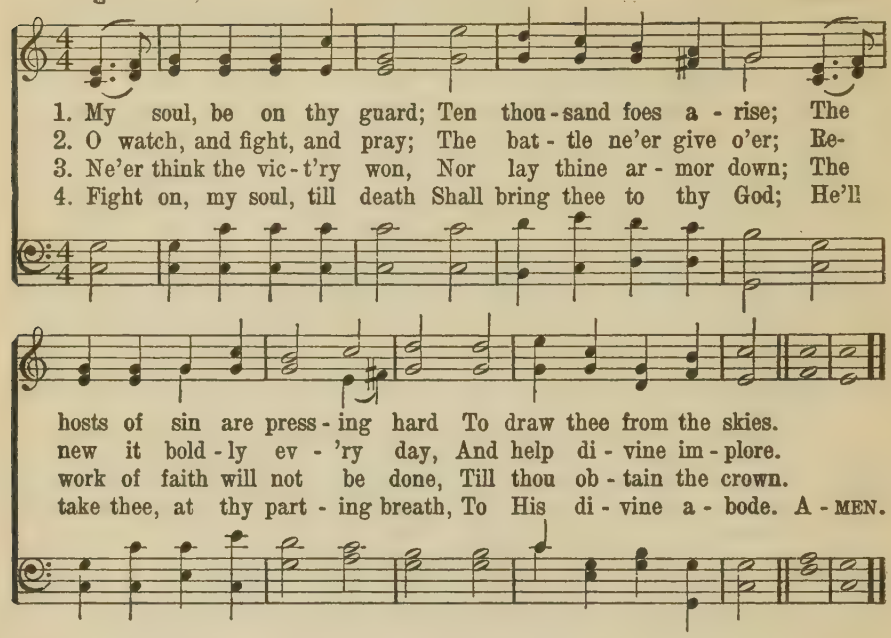
19 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now.

William Hammond. *Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.* Ignace J. Pleyel.



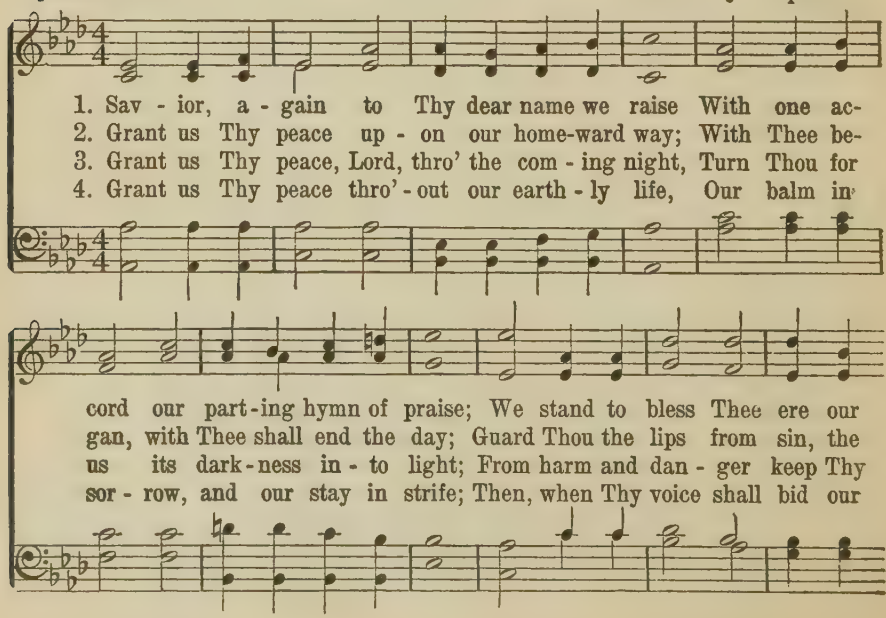
20 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. *Laban. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

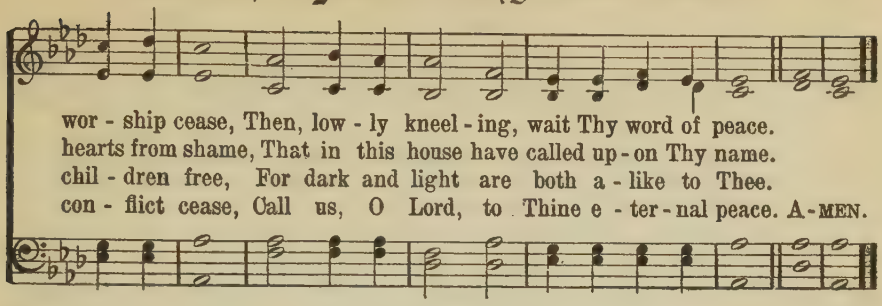


21 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. *Ellers. 10s.* Edward J. Hopkins.



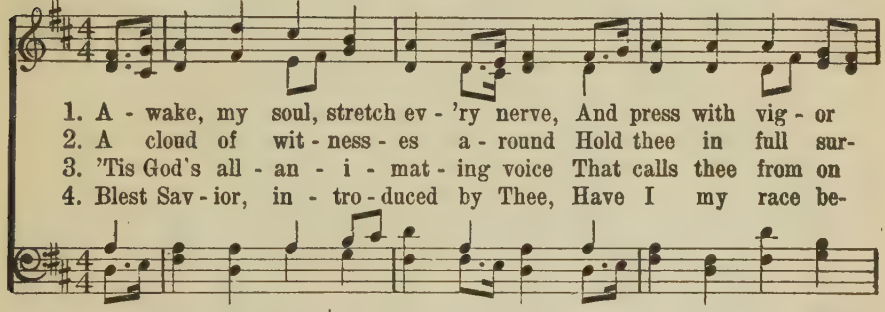
Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.



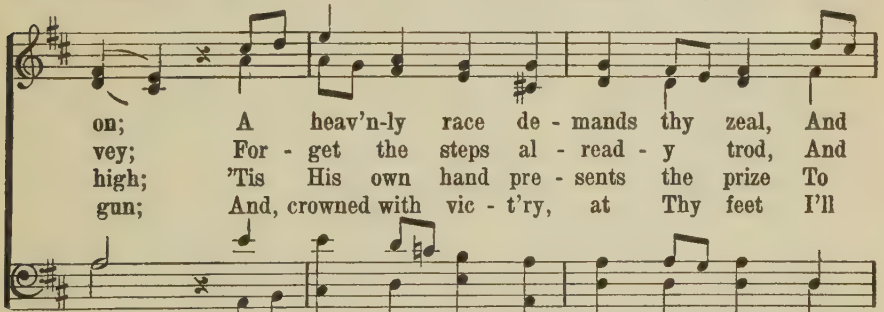
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

22 Awake, My Soul.

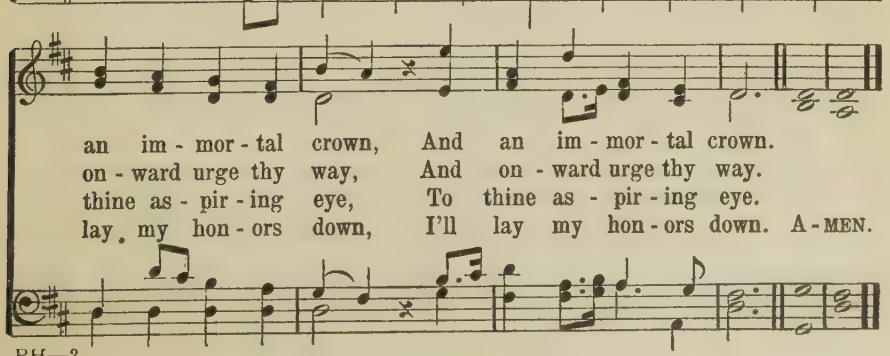
Philip Doddridge. *Christmas. C. M.* George F. Handel.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur-
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be-



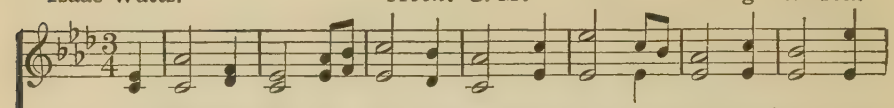
on; A heav'n-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And
high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To
gun; And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll



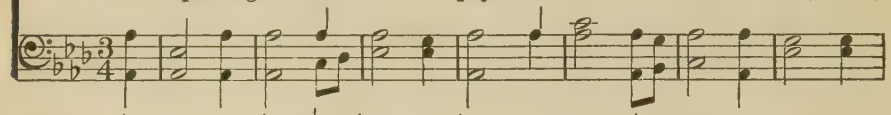
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - MEN.

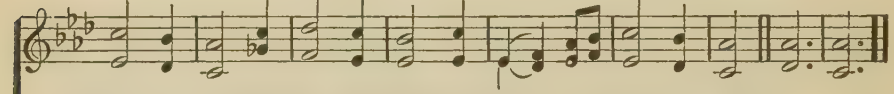
23 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.

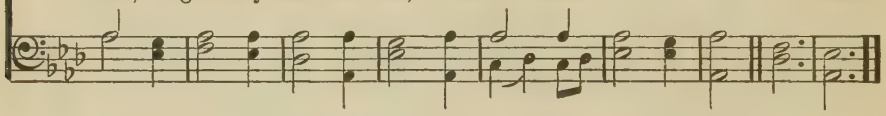


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,



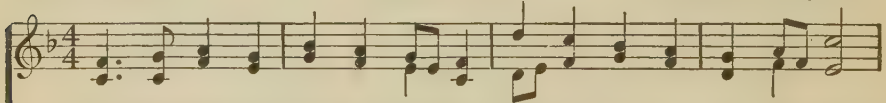


He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

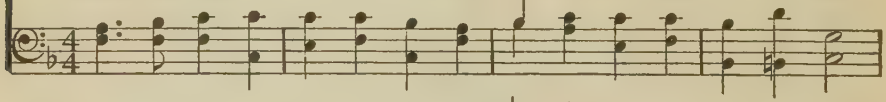


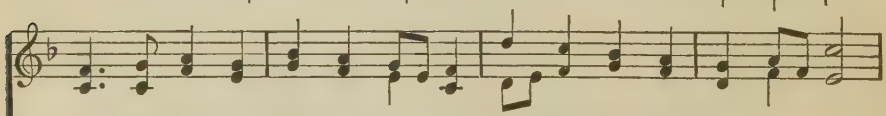
24 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. *Austria. 8s. 7s. D.* Francis J. Haydn.

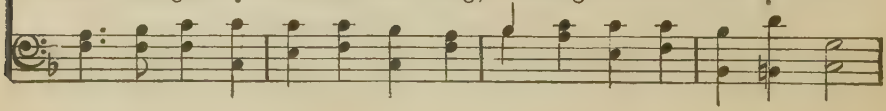


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear

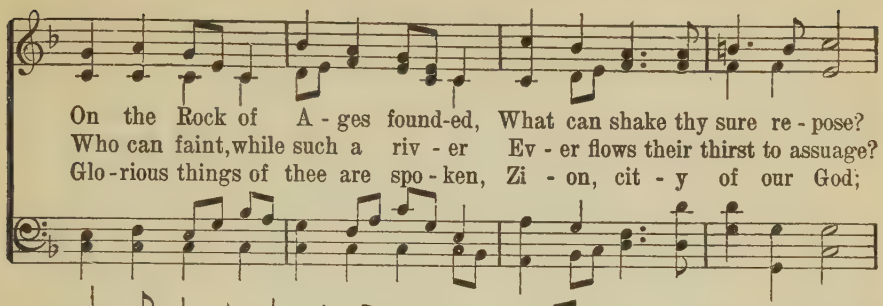




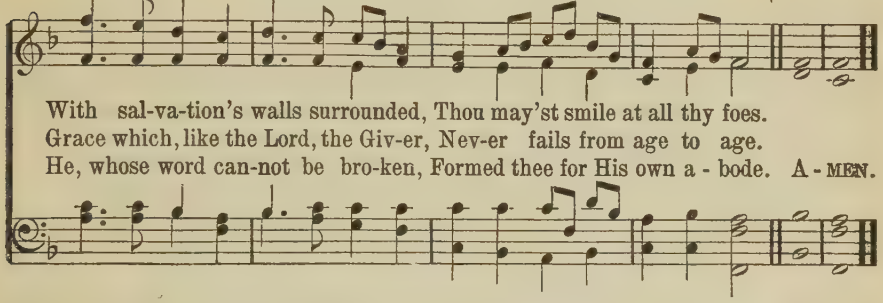
He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!



Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.



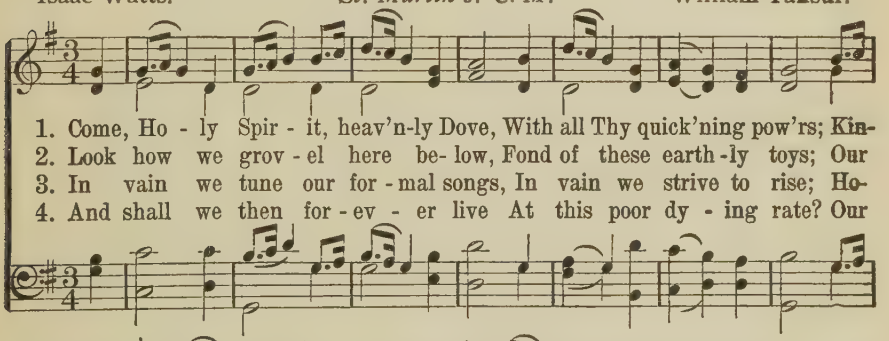
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;



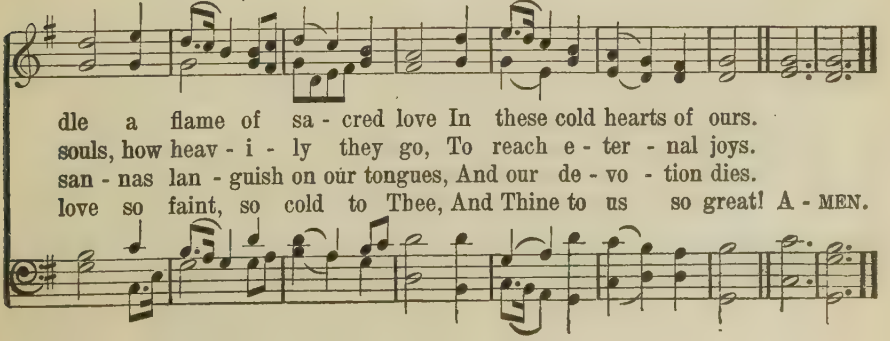
With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

25 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Isaac Watts. *St. Martin's. C. M.* William Tansur.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-
2. Look how we grov - el here be- low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate? Our



dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great! A - MEN.

26 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

27 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

28 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

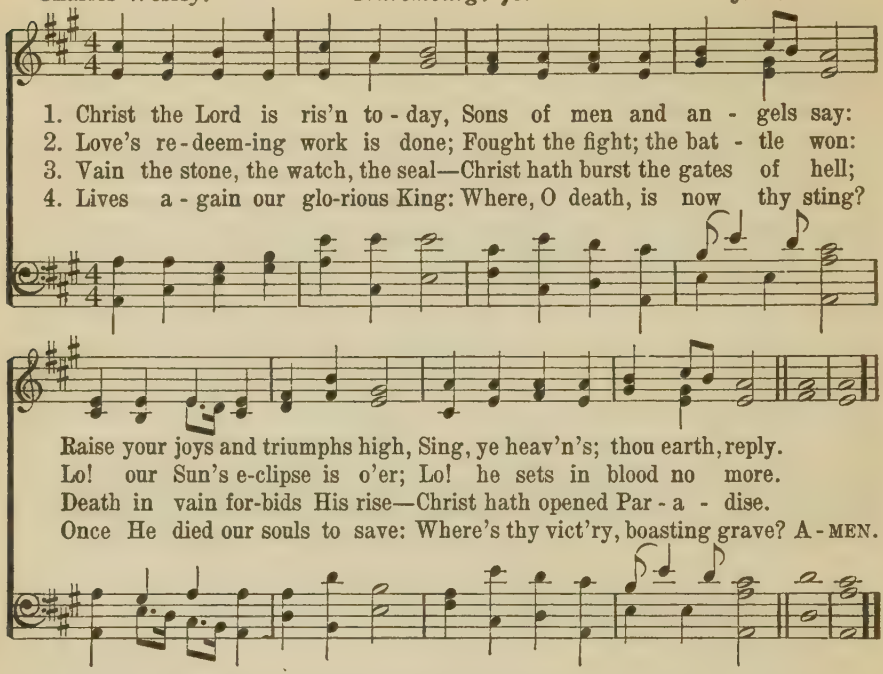
George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor

sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
vain - ly seek to com-pre - hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
na - tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-MEN.

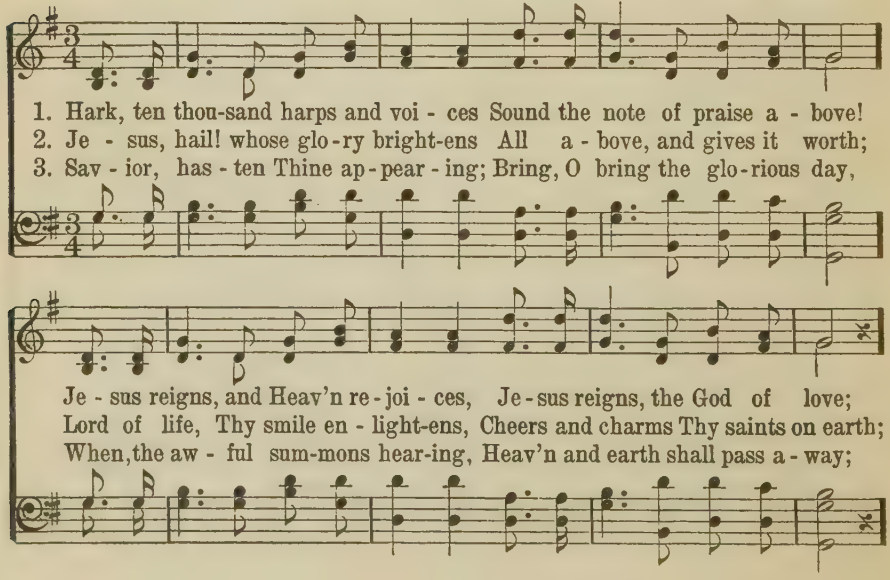
29 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. *Nuremburg. 7s.* J. R. Ahle.

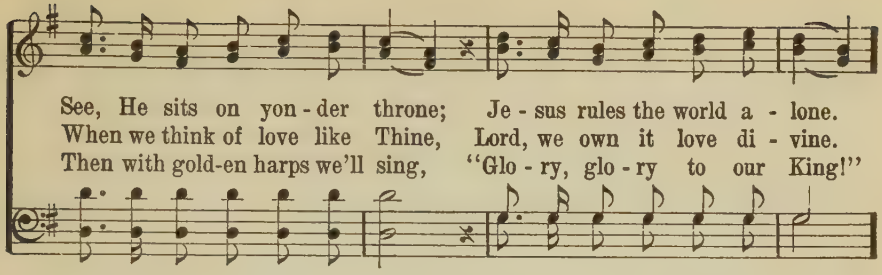


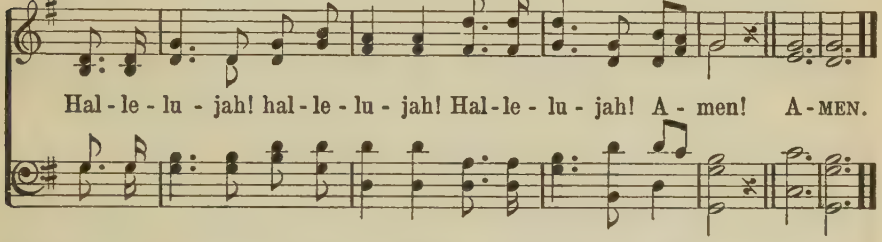
30 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly. *Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.* Lowell Mason.



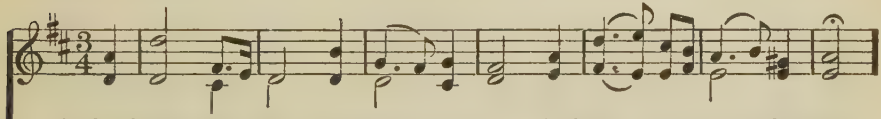
Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

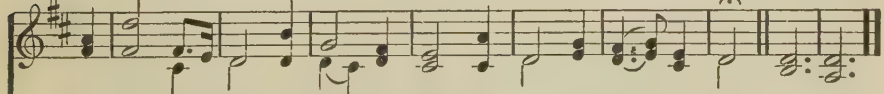




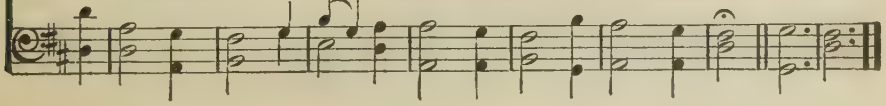
31 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley. *Messiah. C. M.* Handel.





A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in-deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re-ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest. A - MEN.



32 Behold a Stranger at the Door!

Rev. Joseph Grigg. *Berla. L. M.* John E. Gould.

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore,
2. O love-ly at - ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands:
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in. AMEN.

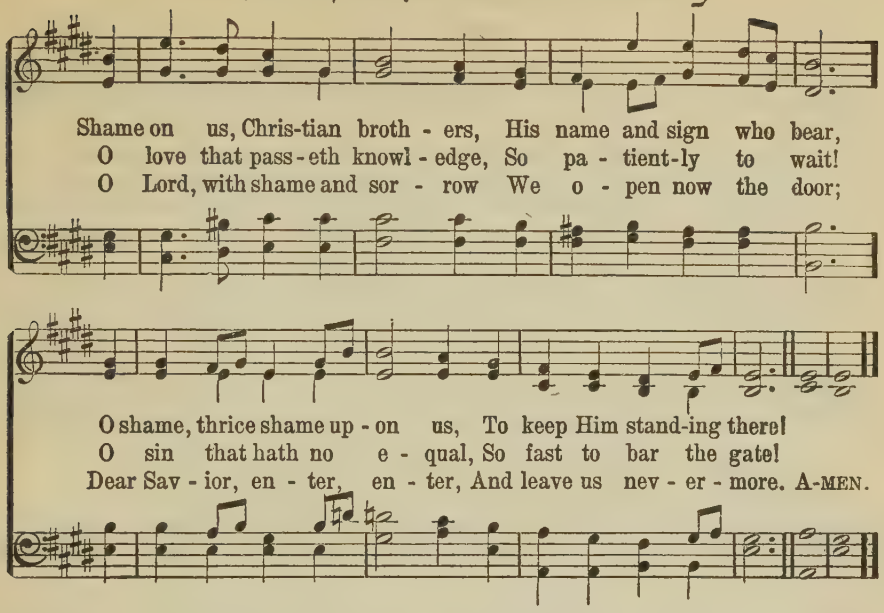
33 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,

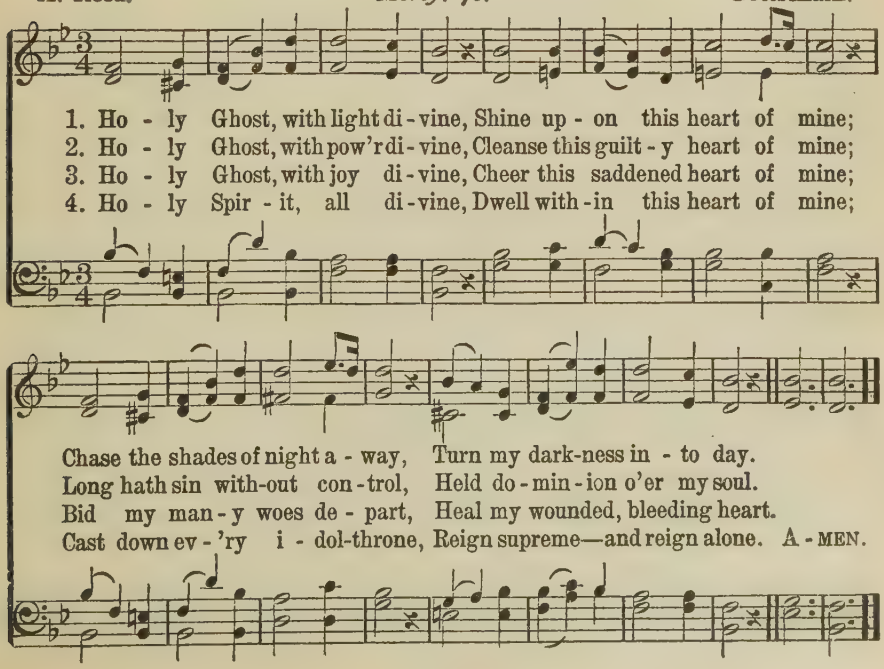
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.



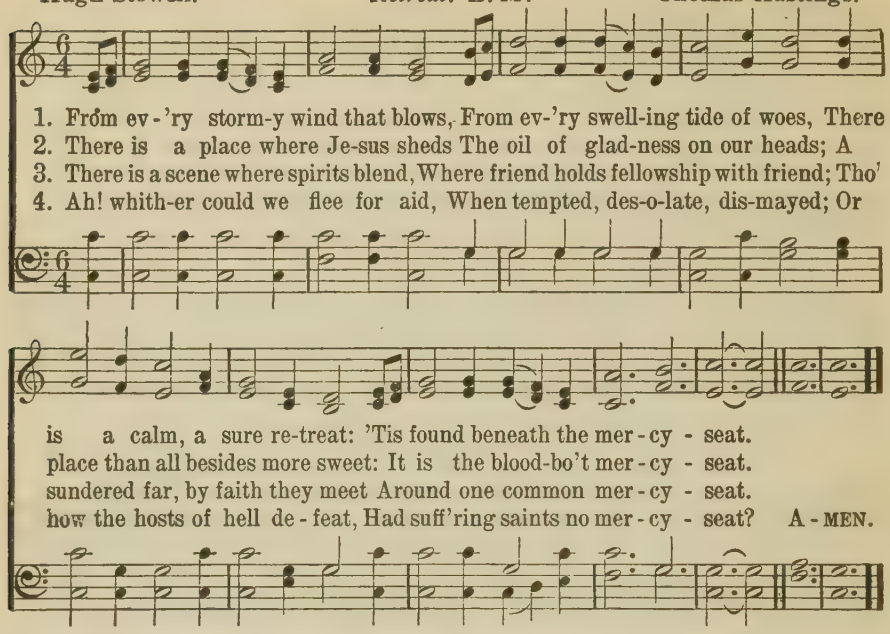
34 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. *Mercy. 7s.* Gottschalk.



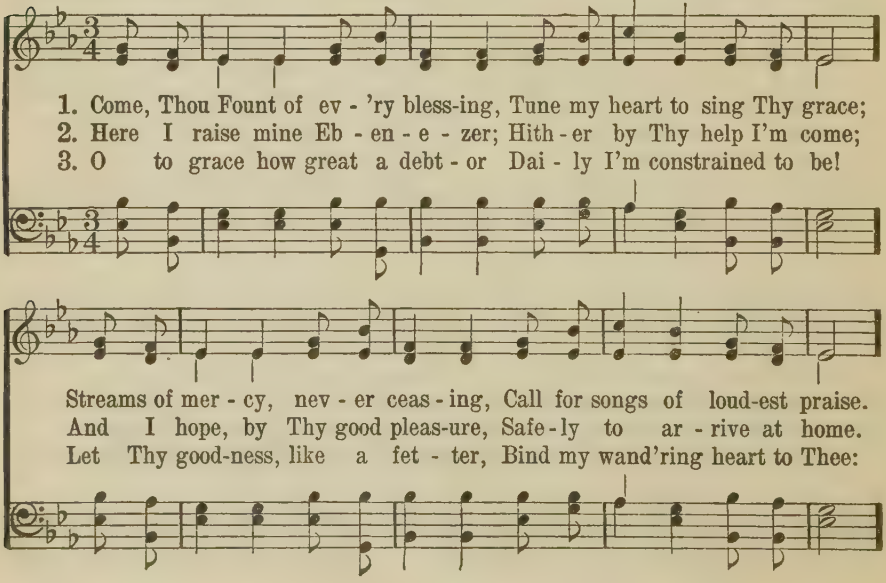
35 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.

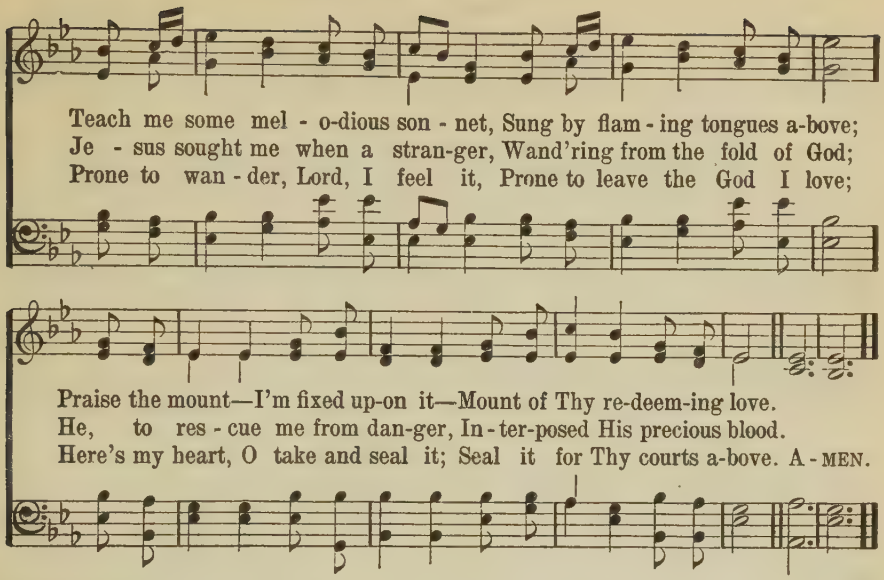


36 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.

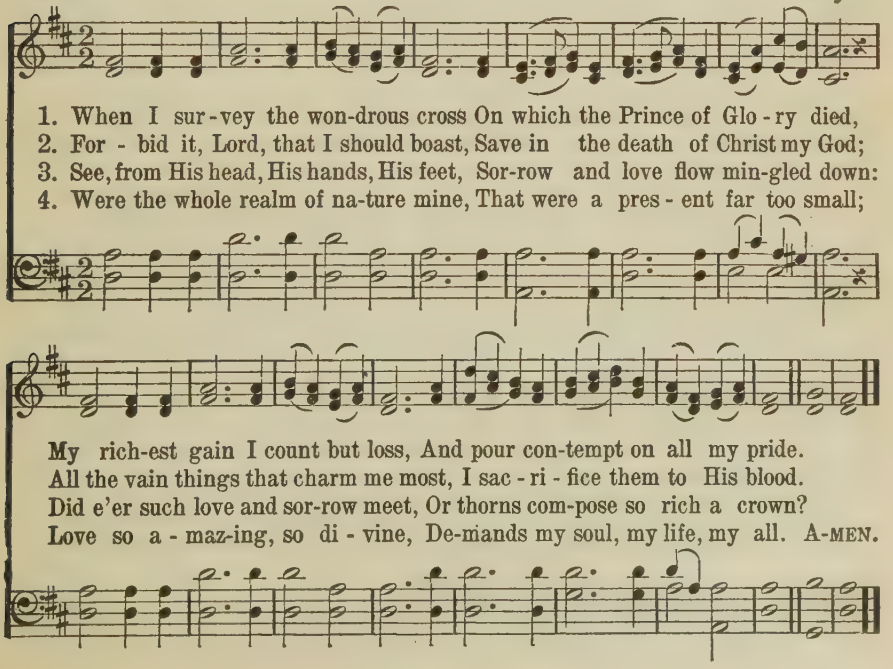


Come, Thou Fount.



37 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Eucharist. L. M.* I. Woodbury.



38 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Maitland. C. M.* Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O, pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

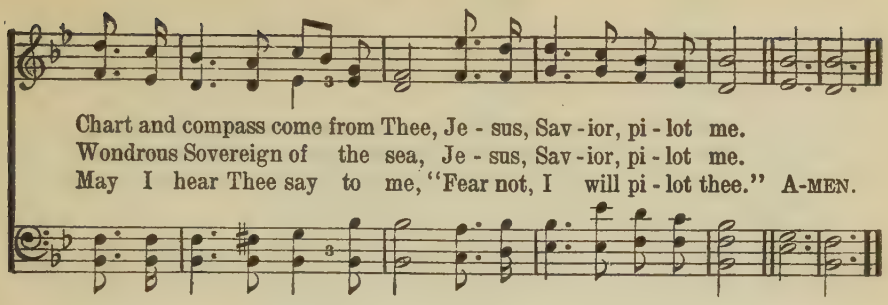
39 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

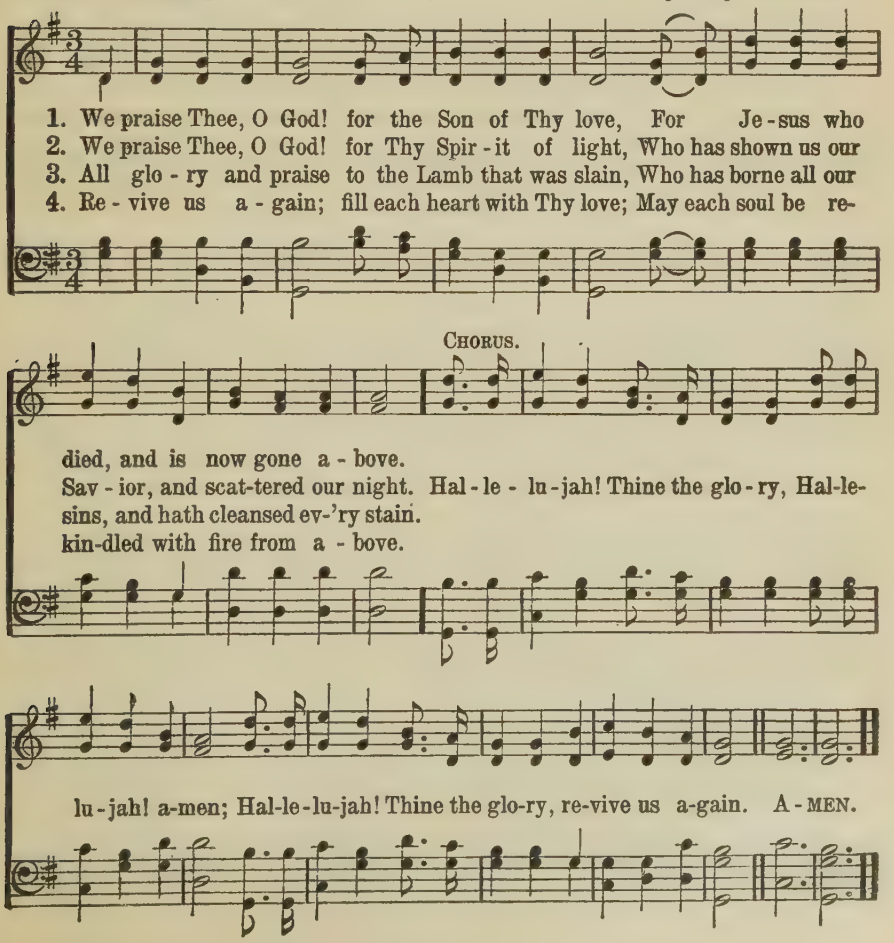
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



40 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.



41 O Love Divine.

Oliver W. Holmes. *Zephyr. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our bur-d'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for-ev-er dear;

On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near! A-MEN.

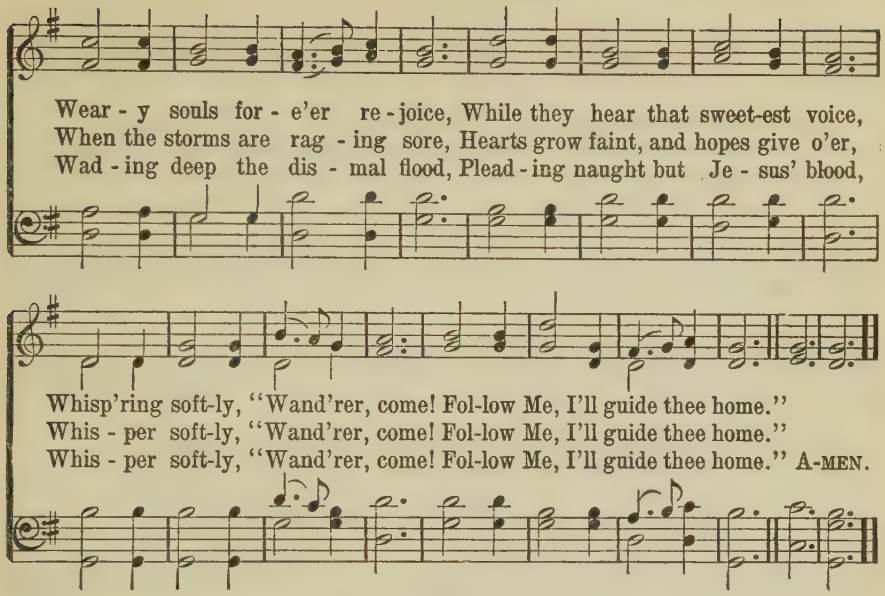
42 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells. *Faithful Guide. 7s. D.* Marcus M. Wells.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,

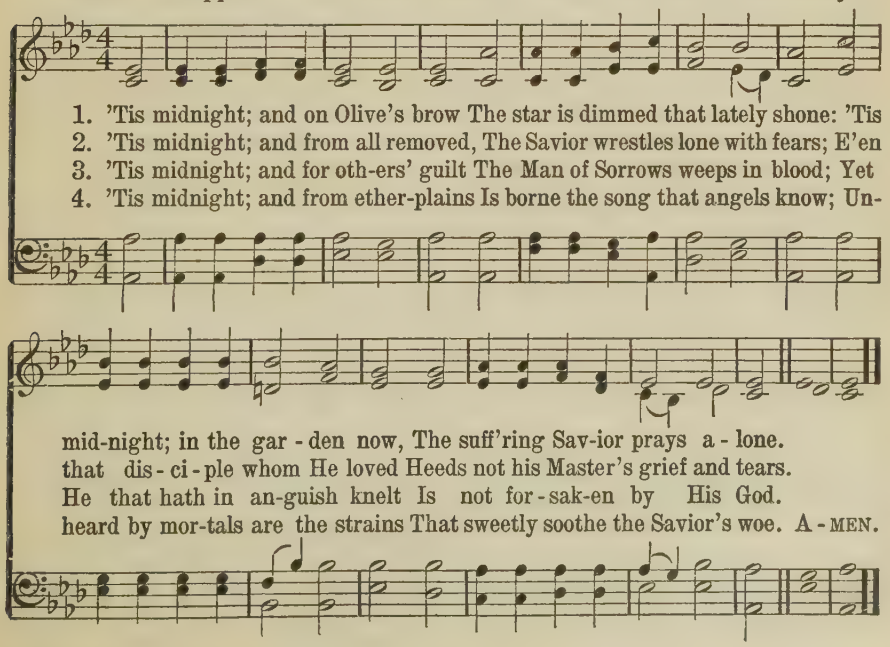
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Won-d'ring if our names were there:

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



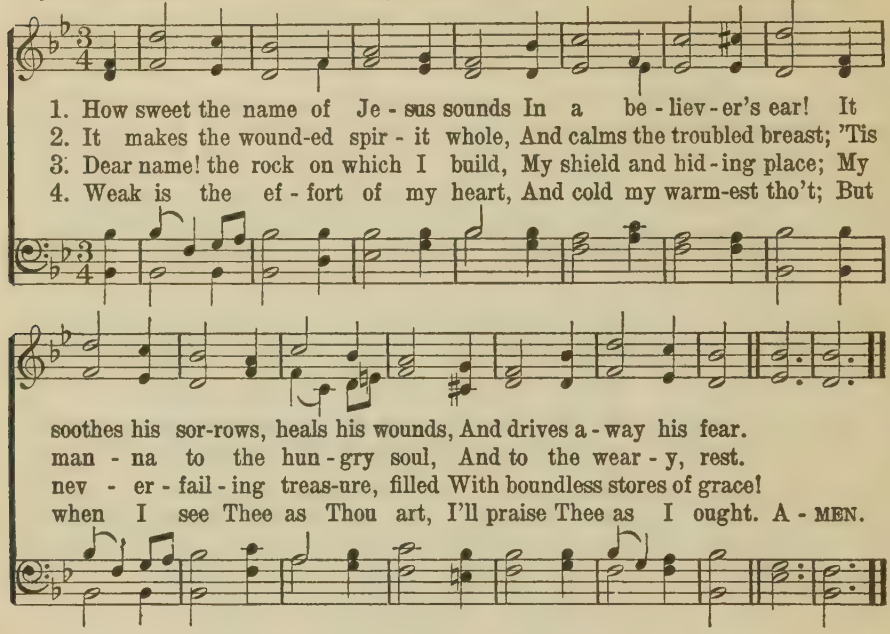
43 'Tis Midnight.

William B. Tappan. *Olive's Brow. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



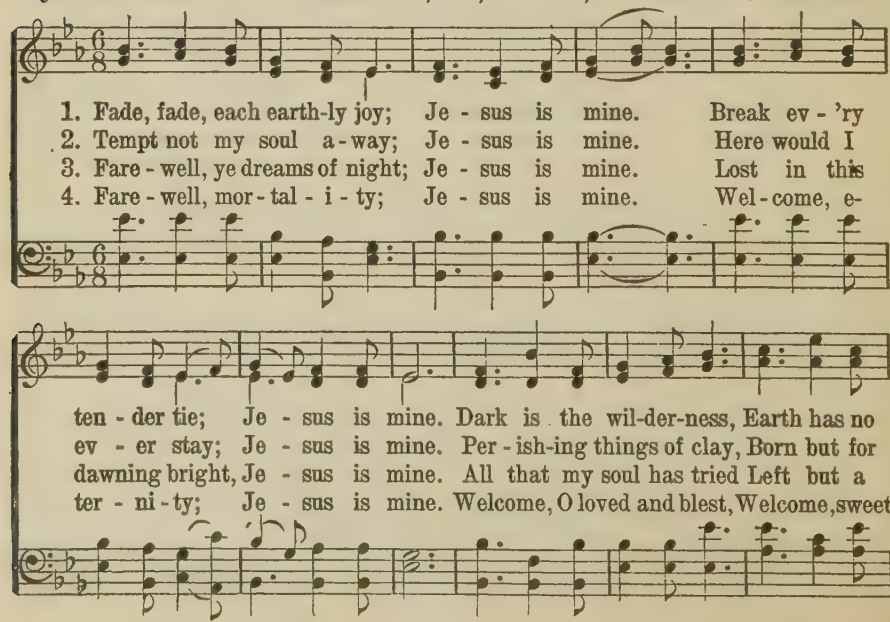
44 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

John Newton. *Holy Cross. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

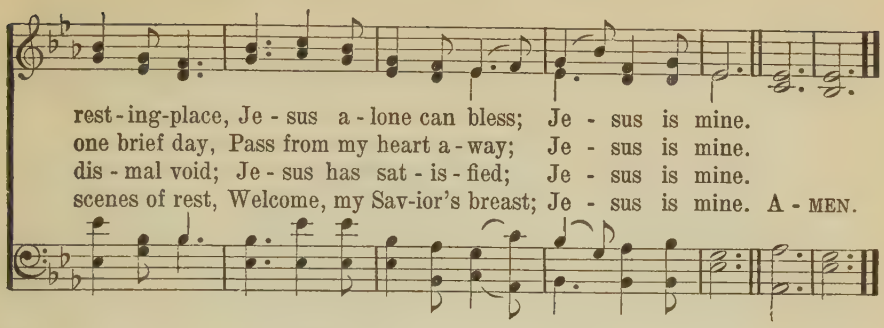


45 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Jane C. Bonar. *Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.* Theodore E. Perkins.

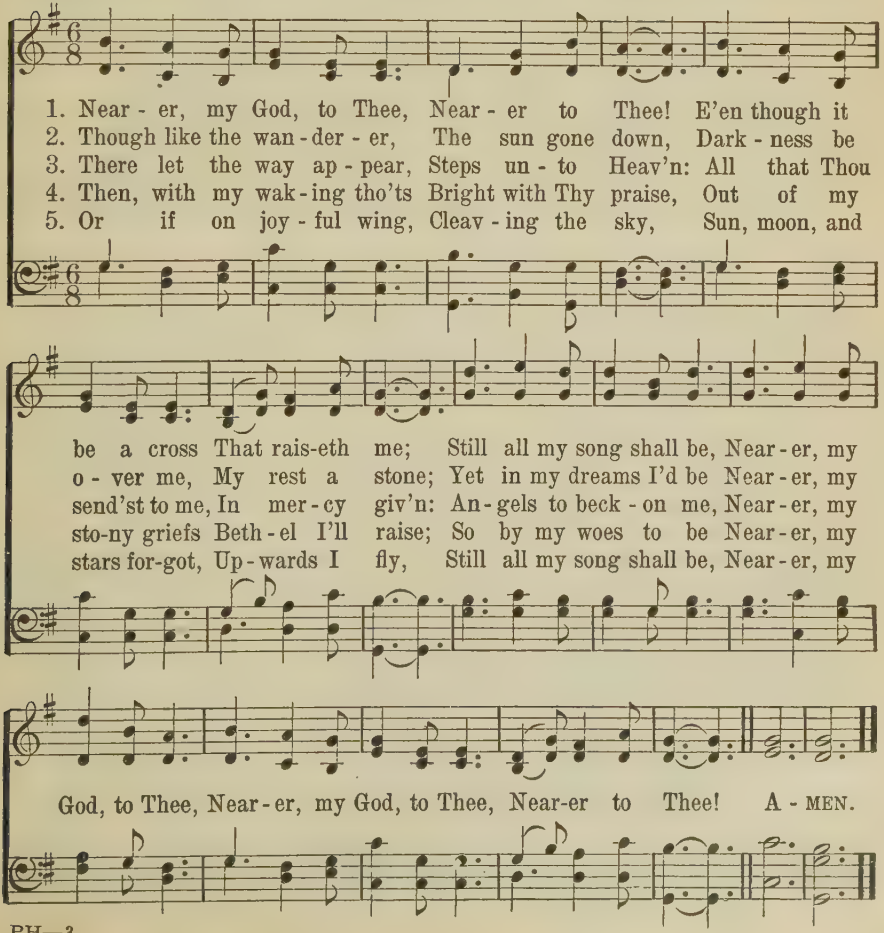


Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.



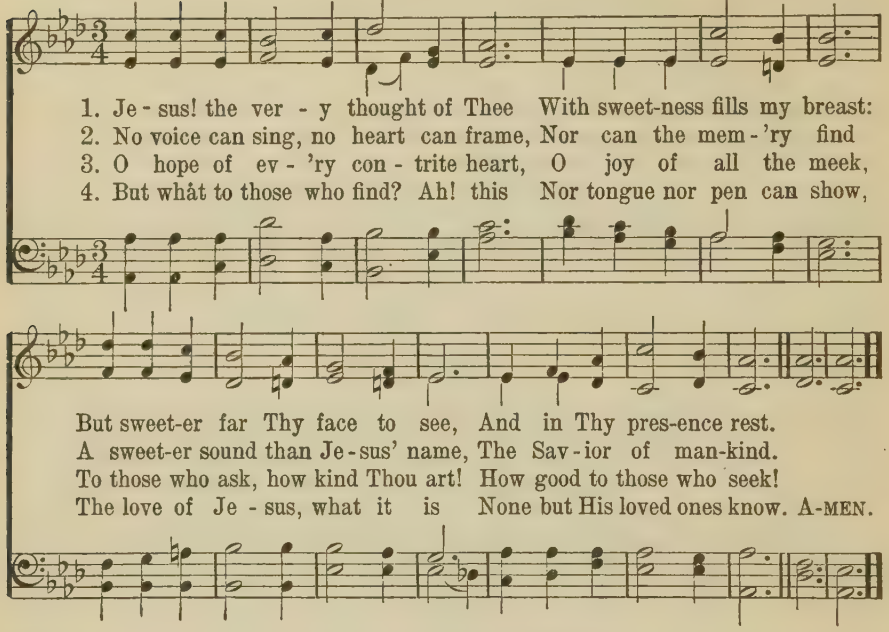
46 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.



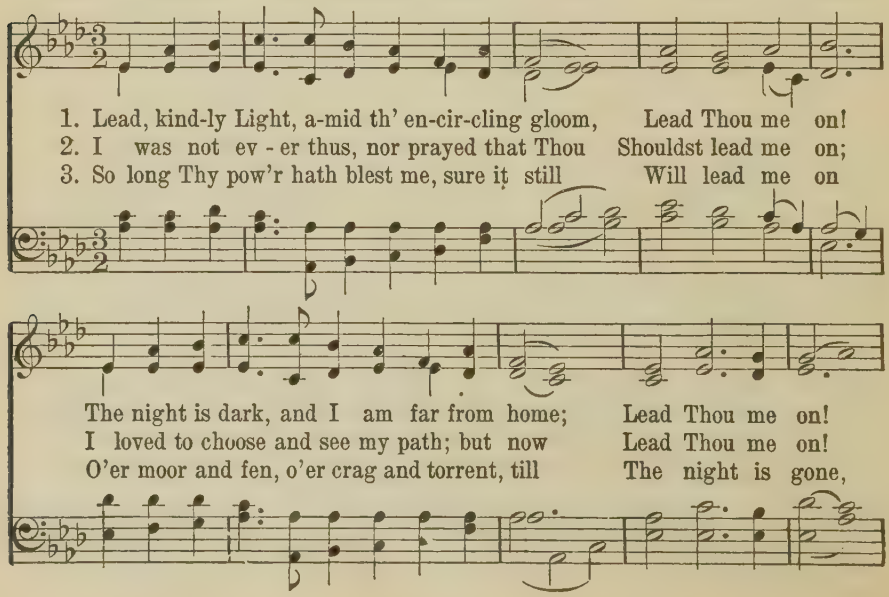
47 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.

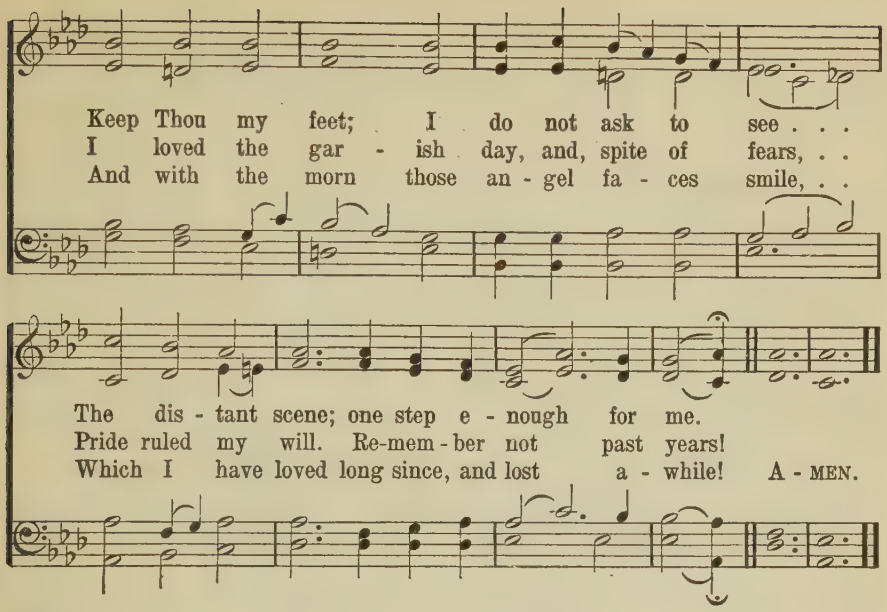


48 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.

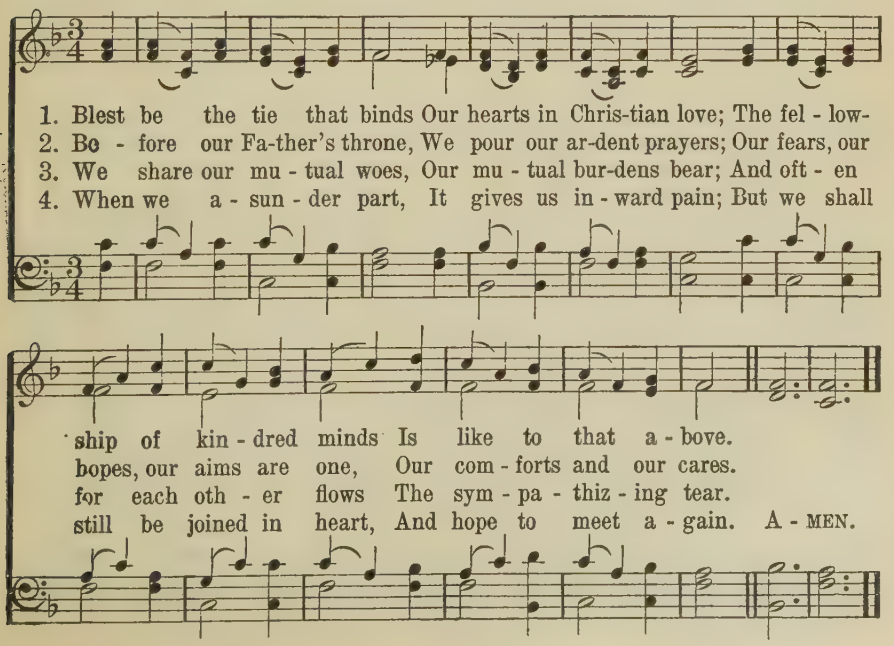


Lead, Kindly Light.



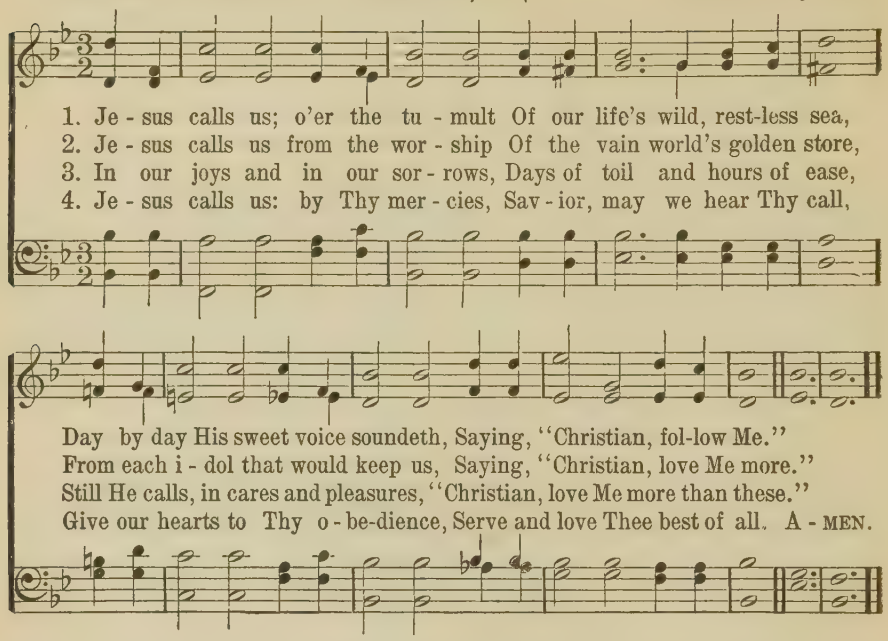
49 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.



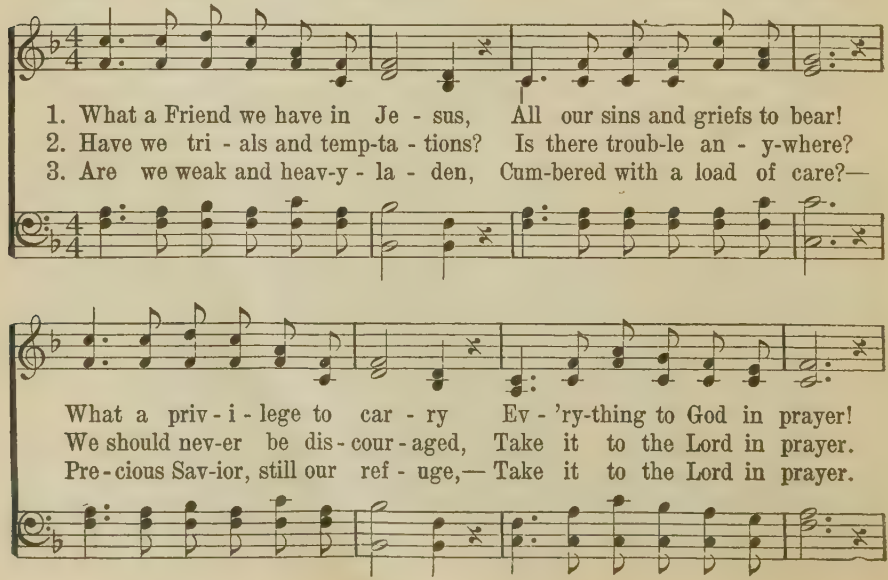
50 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.

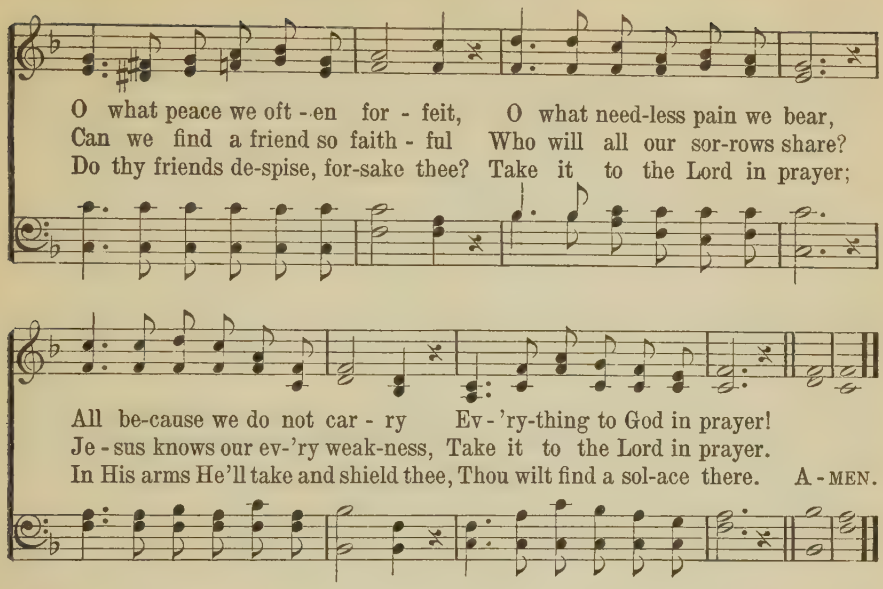


51 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.

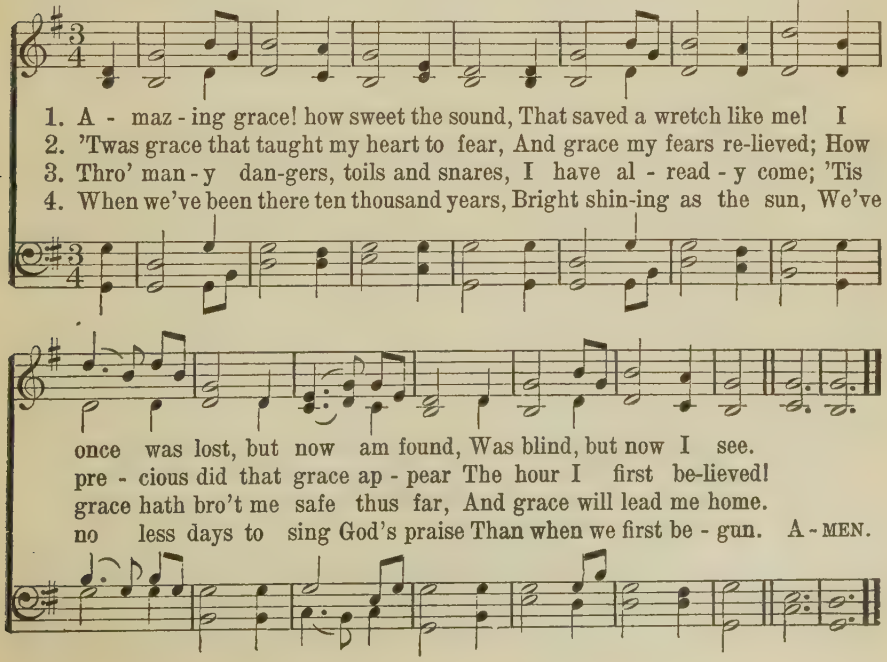


What a Friend.



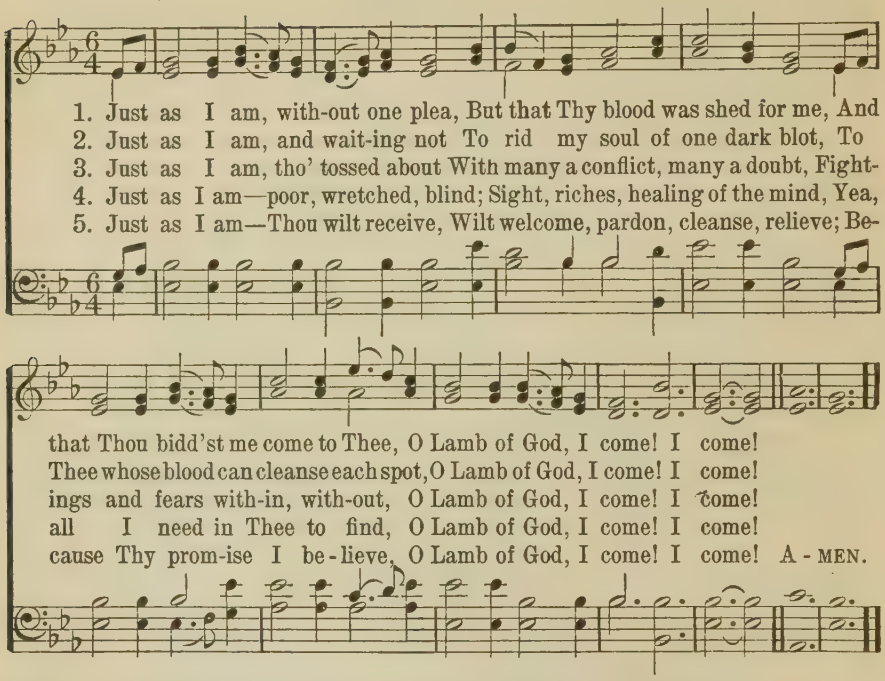
52 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



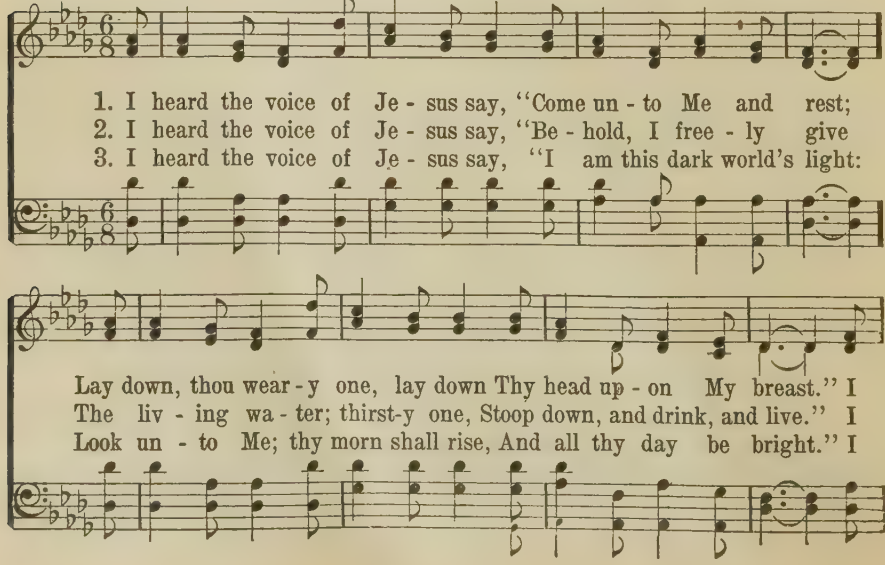
53 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.



54 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. *Jerusalem. C. M. D.* Arr. from Spohr.



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream: My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And

found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done. A - MEN.

55 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PERMISSION. J. S. Norris.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will

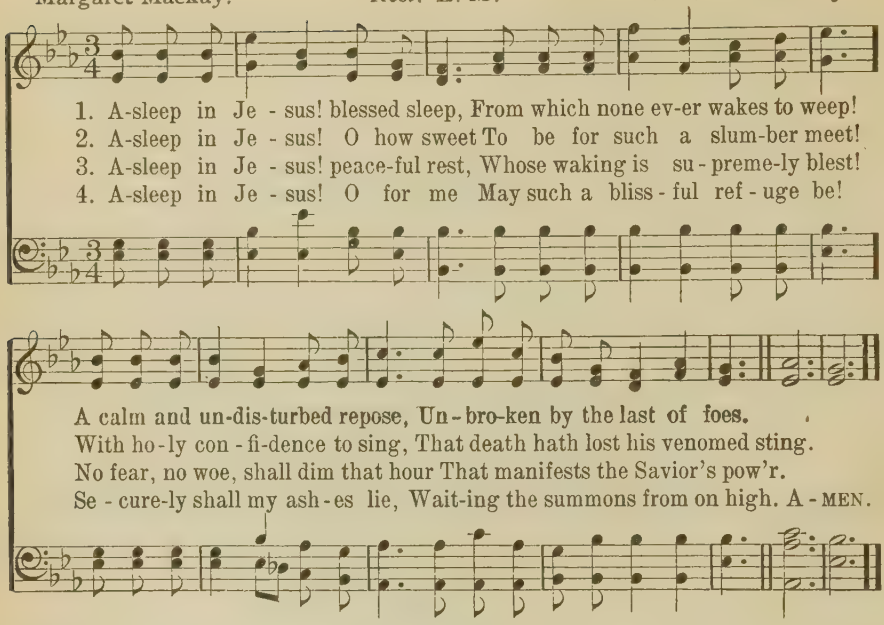
REF.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He*

hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

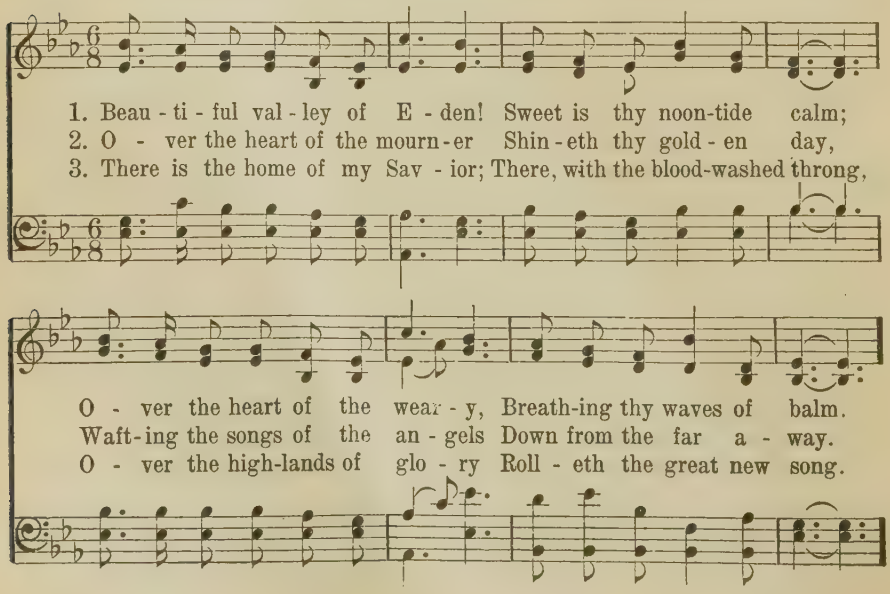
56 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. *Rest. L. M.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

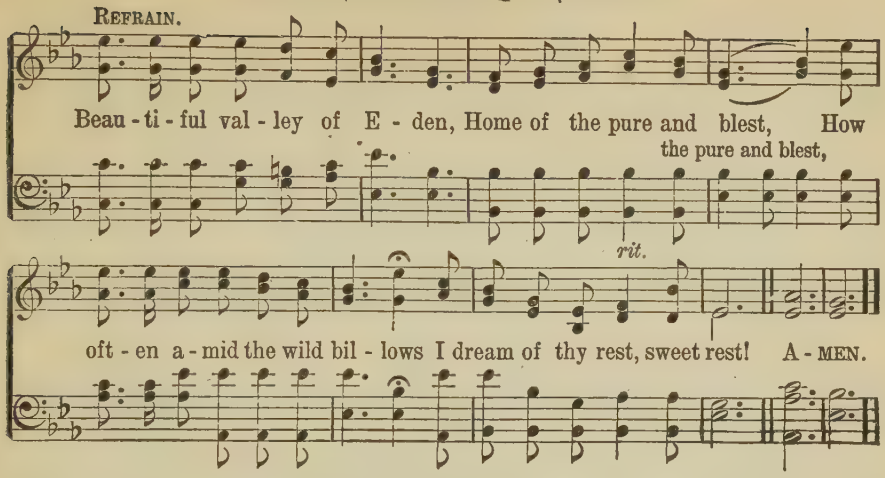


57 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Walter O. Cushing. *Kelley. 8. 6. 8. 6.* William F. Sherwin.

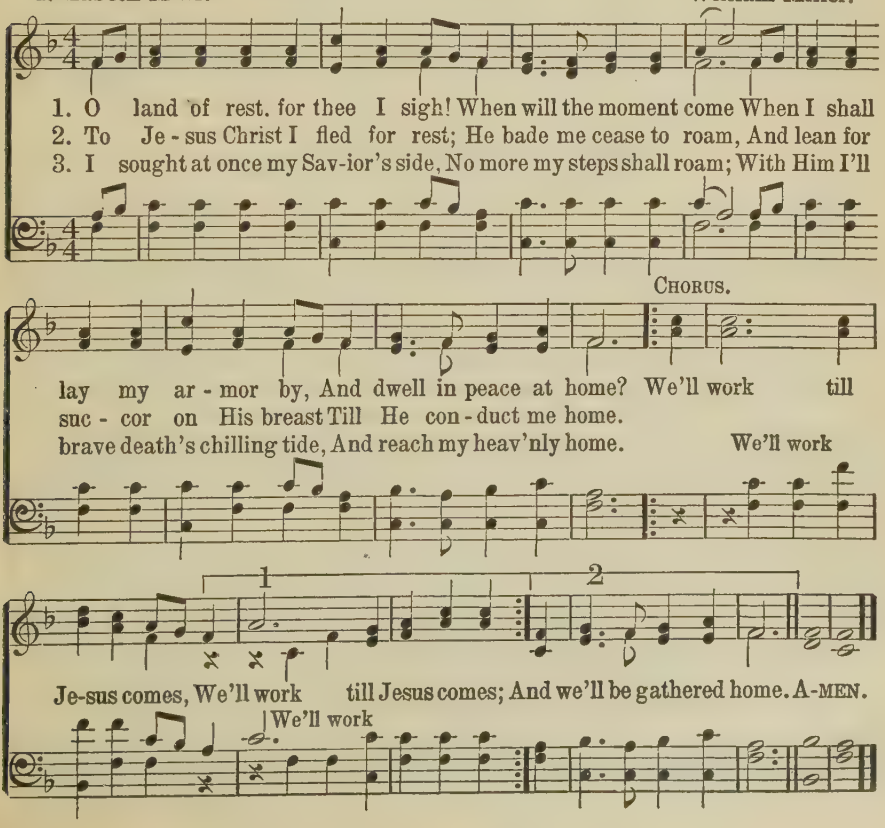


Beautiful Valley of Eden.



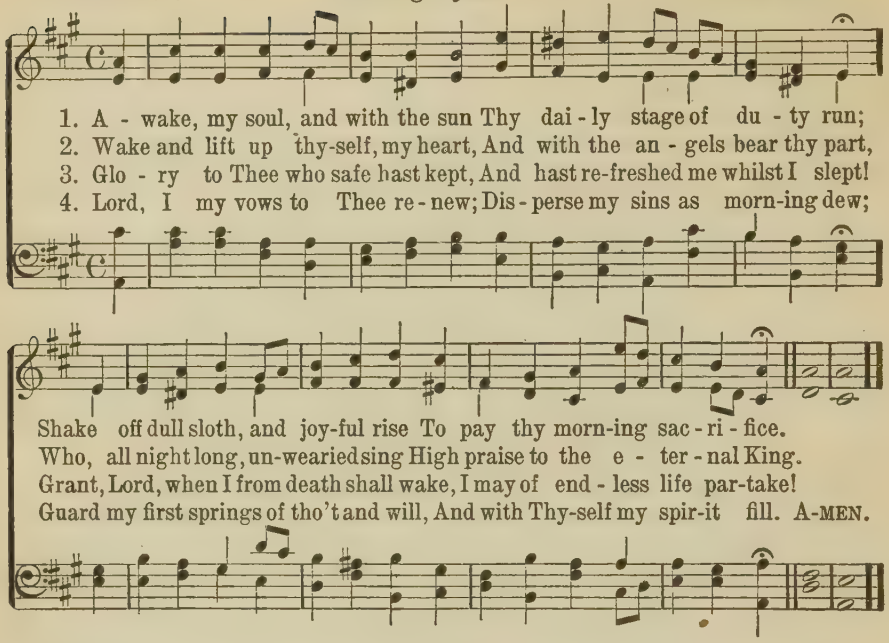
58 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.



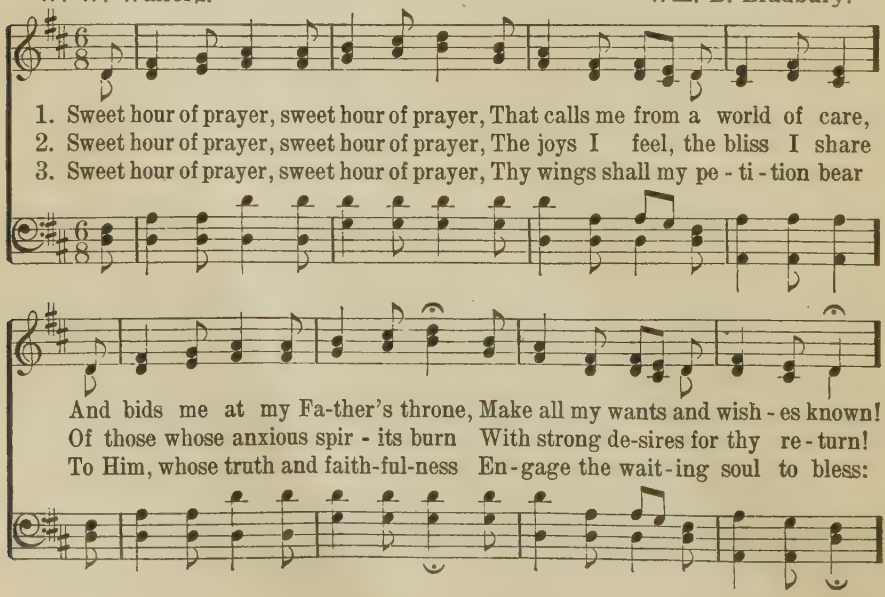
59 Awake, My Soul.

Thomas Ken. *Morning Hymn. L. M.* E. H. Bartholomon.

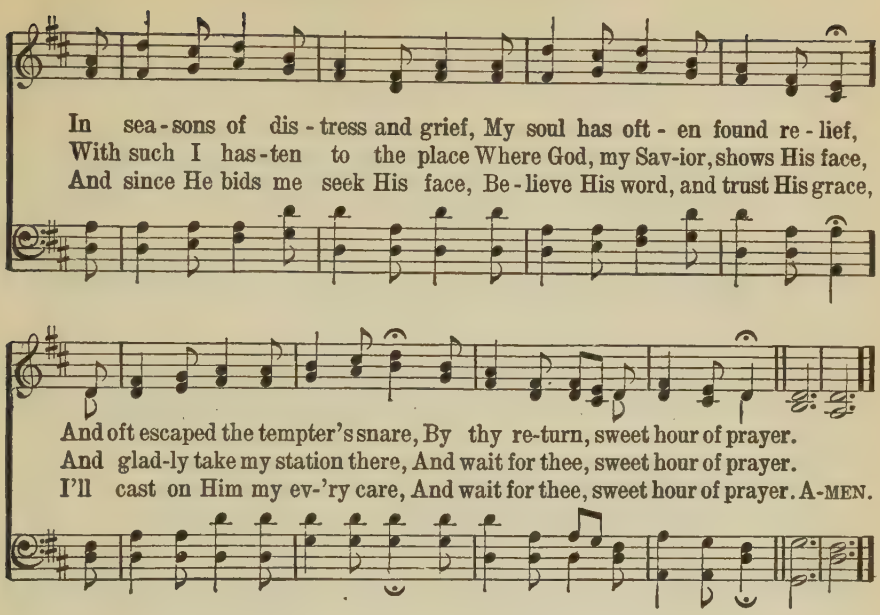


60 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

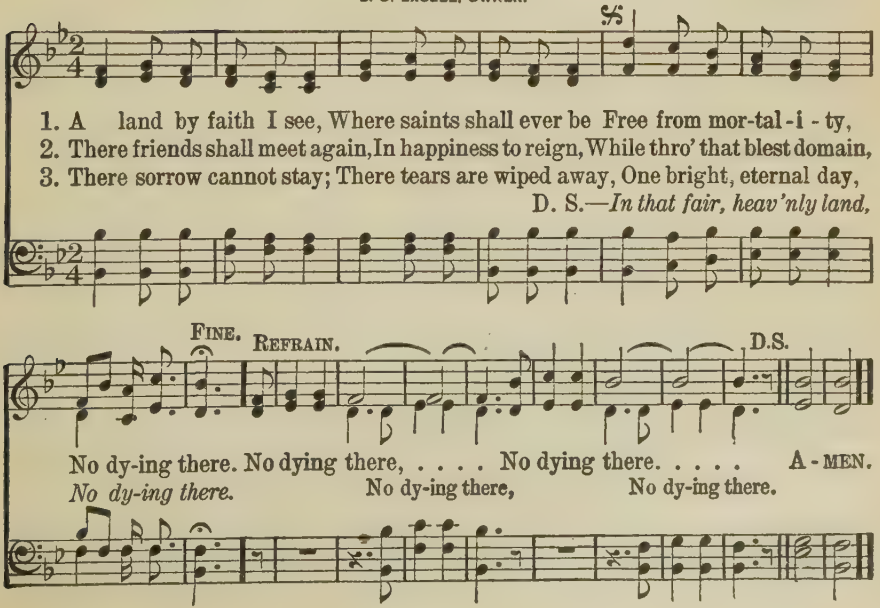


Sweet Hour of Prayer.



61 No Dying There.

F. A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. A. PENN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. F. A. Blackmer.



62 I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY MRS. MARY HUDSON. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A - MEN.

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

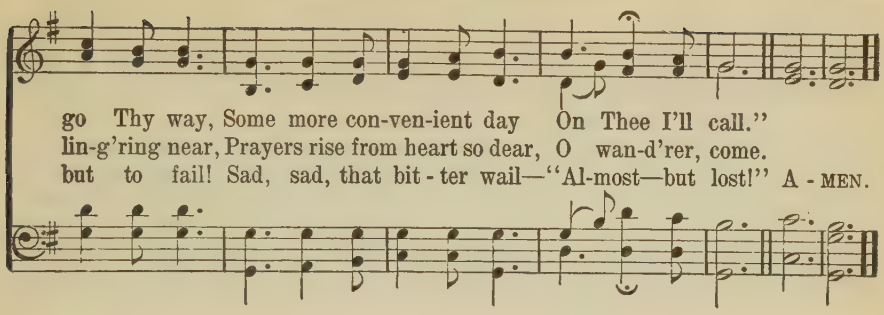
63 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

Almost Persuaded.



64 Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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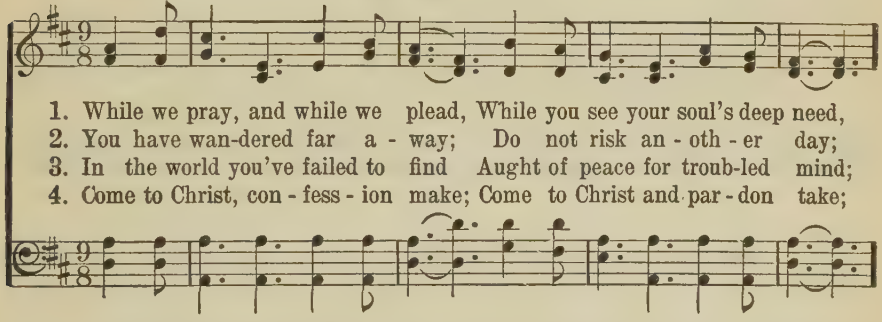
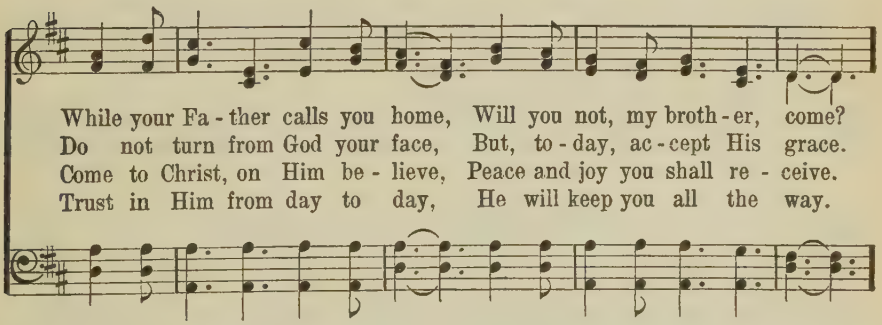
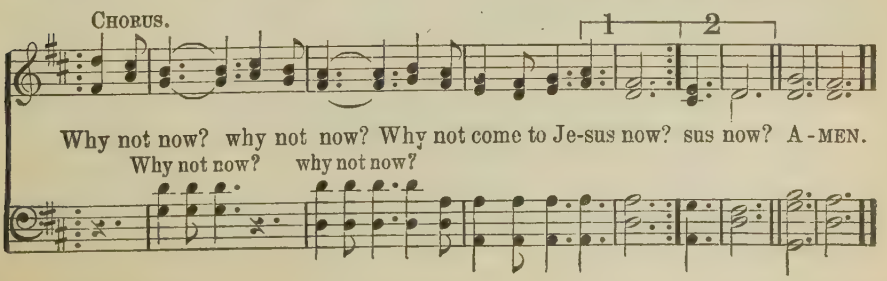
C. C. Case.

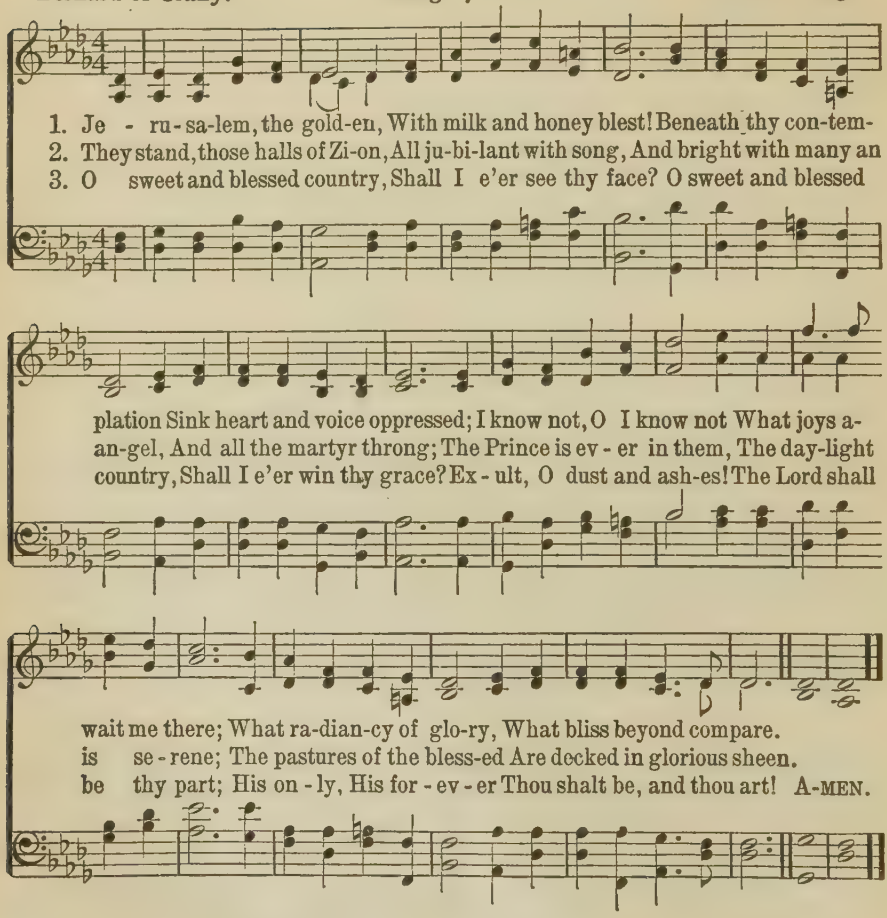






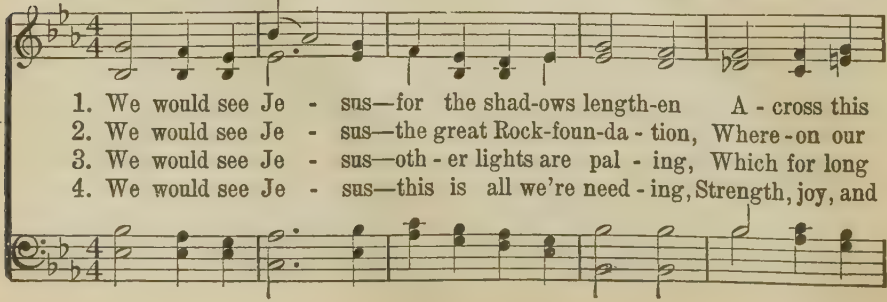
65 Jerusalem, the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny. *Ewing. 7s. 6s. D.* Alex. Ewing.



66 We Would See Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. *Raynolds.* F. Mendelssohn, Arr.



We Would See Jesus.

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
feet were set by sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i-
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-age are
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en,

strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
plead-ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night! A - MEN.

67 Holy Spirit, from On High.

W. H. Bathurst. *Seymour. 7s.* C. M. von Weber.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, Bend o'er us a pity - ing eye;
2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess Of our heart's un - god - li - ness;
3. Teach us, with re - pent - ant grief, Hum - bly to im - plore re - lief;
4. May we dai - ly grow in grace, And pur - sue the heav'n-ly race,

Now re-fresh the droop-ing heart; Bid the pow'r of sin de - part.
Show us ev - 'ry de - vious way Where our steps have gone a-stray.
Then the Sav-ior's blood re - veal, And our bro - ken spir - its heal.
Trained in wisdom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a - bove. A - MEN.

68 I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. Dana. Italian Air.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin - ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
3. There's the cit - y to which I jour - ney; My Re - deem-er, my Re-

D.C.—*I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can*

FINE.

tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and
deem-er is its light; There is no sor - row nor an - y

tar - ry but a night.

D. C.

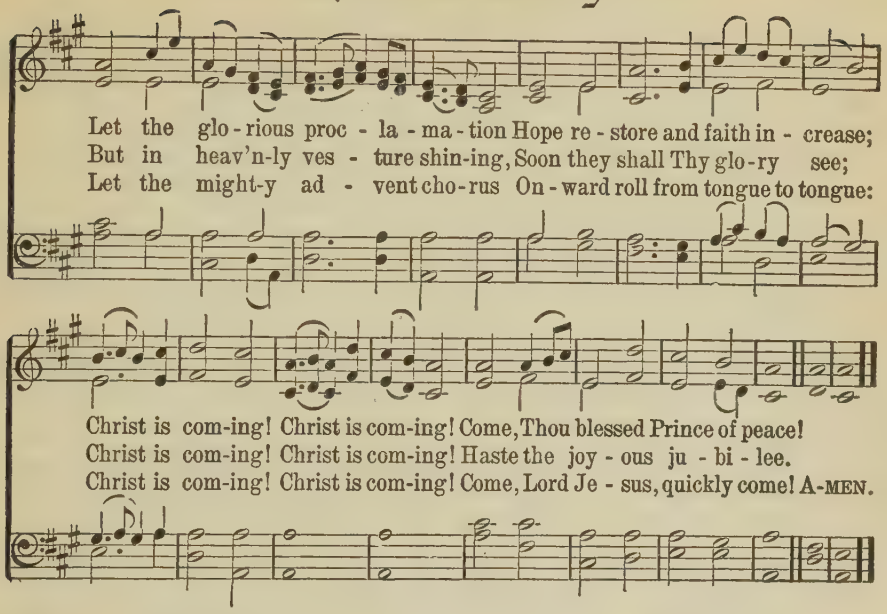
go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
drear-y, I long have wan-dered for - lorn and wea - ry.
sigh-ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing. A - MEN.

69 Christ is Coming!

John R. Macduff. *Helmsley. 8s. 7s. 4s.* H. Madan.

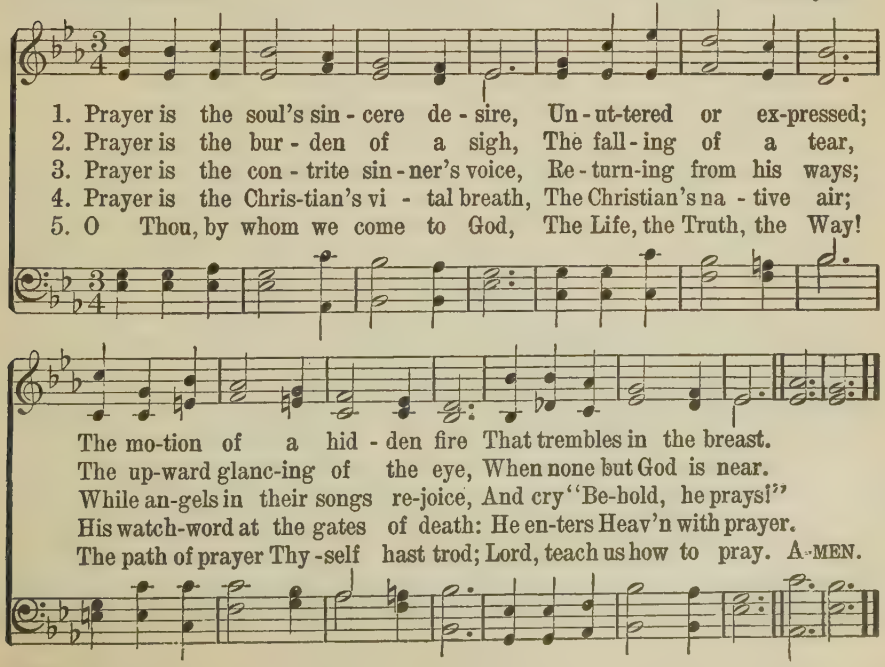
1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion Bid her groans and trav-ail cease;
2. Long Thine ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest and home and Thee;
3. With that "bless-ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main un - strung;

Christ is Coming!



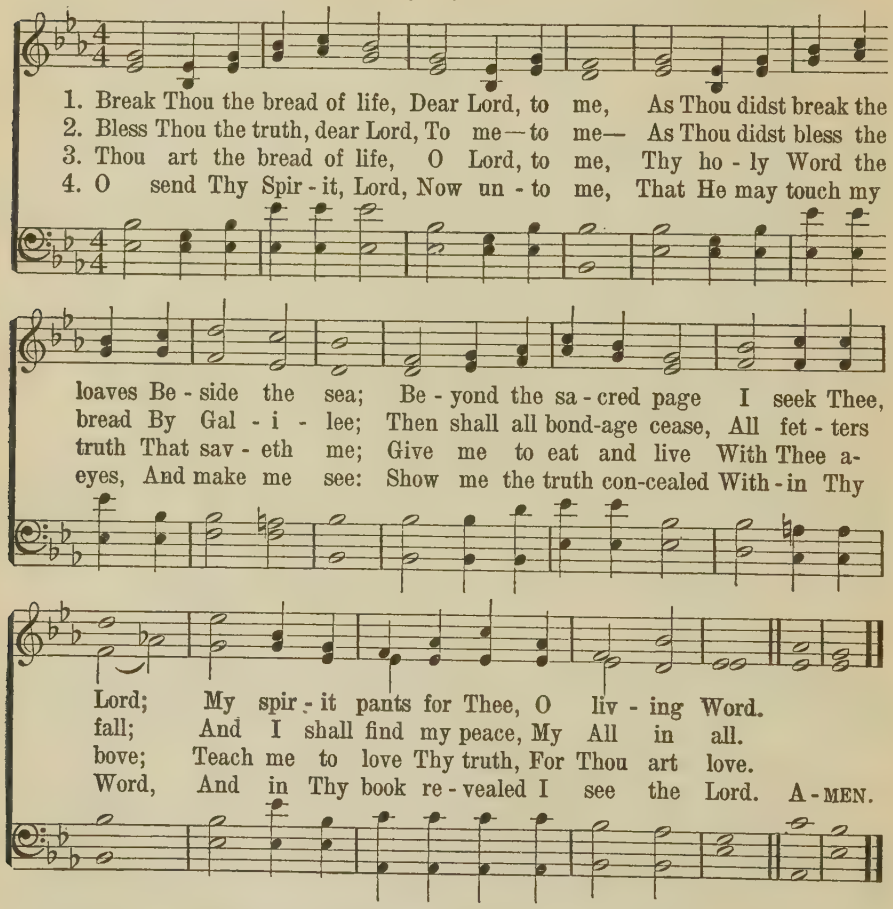
70 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

James Montgomery. *Prince of Peace. C. M.* William D. Maclagan.



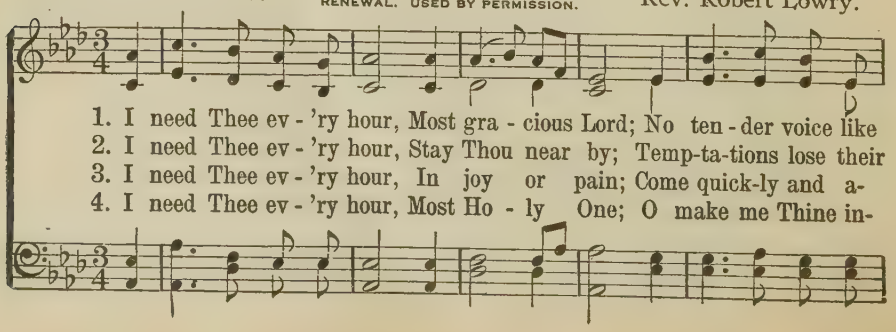
71 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.



72 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.



I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

73 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *Barnby. 6s. 5s.* Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

Steal a - cross the sky.

74 Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. *Wesley. 11. 10. 11. 10.* Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor - row and
proph-ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
ho - vah as - cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-

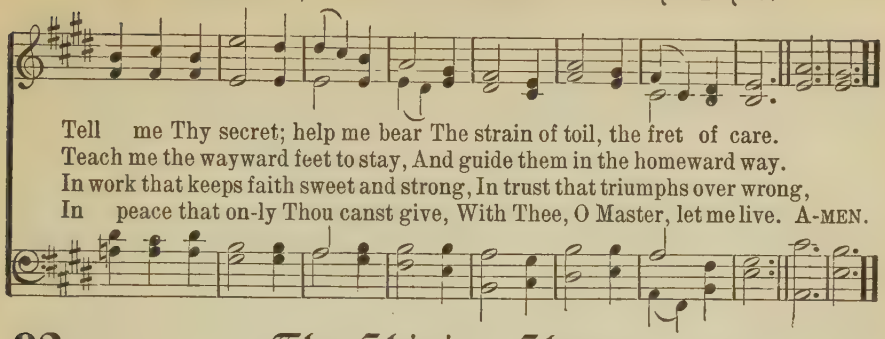
mourning; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
turn - ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - MEN.

75 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Silas J. Vail.

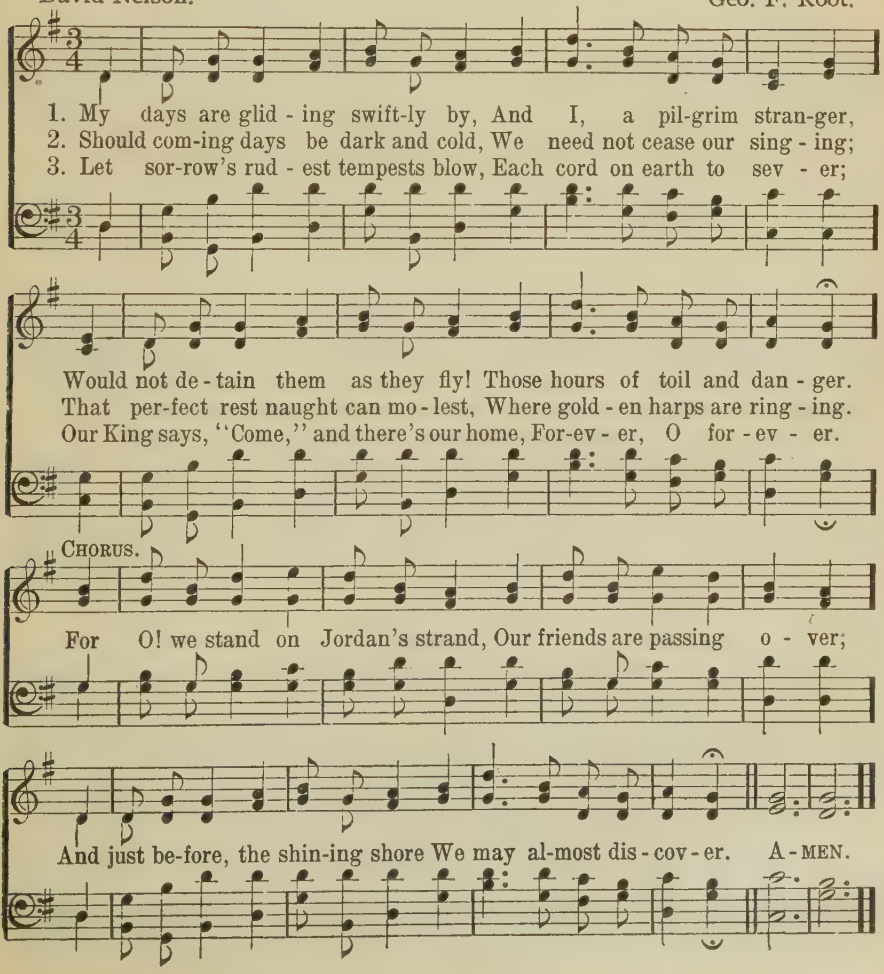
1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.



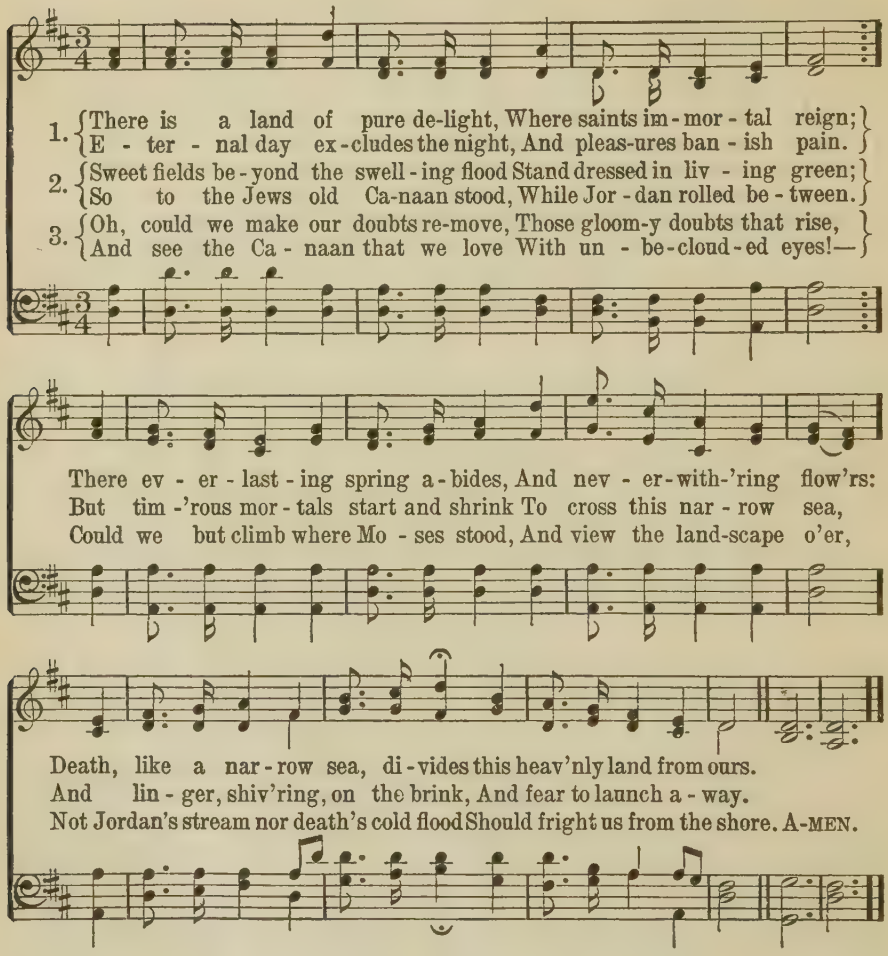
82 The Shining Shore.

David Nelson. Geo. F. Root.



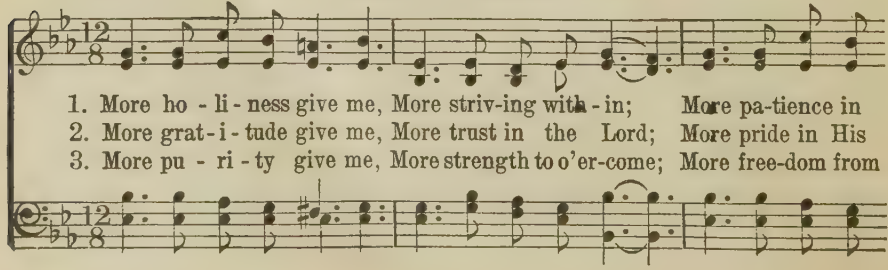
83 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *Varina. C. M. D.* Geo. F. Root.

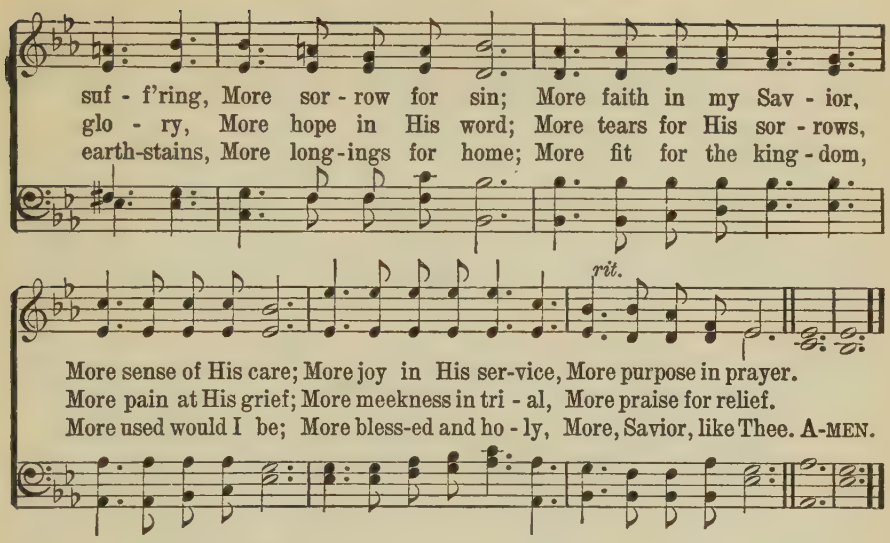


84 My Prayer.

P. P. Bliss. COPYRIGHT, 1916. USED BY PER. THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT. P. P. Bliss.

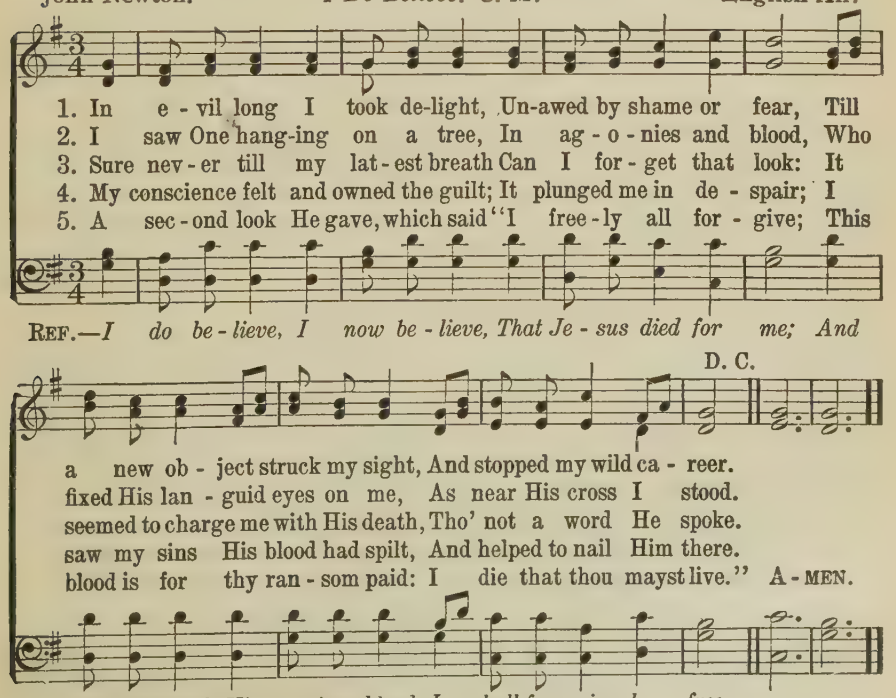


My Prayer.



85 In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. *I Do Believe. C. M.* English Air.



86 Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

John Marriott. *Trinity. 6s. 4s.* W. R. Braine.

1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
2. Spir - it of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, Ho - ly Dove,
3. Bless - ed and Ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,

And took their flight, Heár us, we hum - bly pray; And where the
Speed forth Thy flight: Move o'er the wa - ter's face, Bear - ing the
Truth, Love and Might! Bound-less as o - cean's tide, Roll - ing in

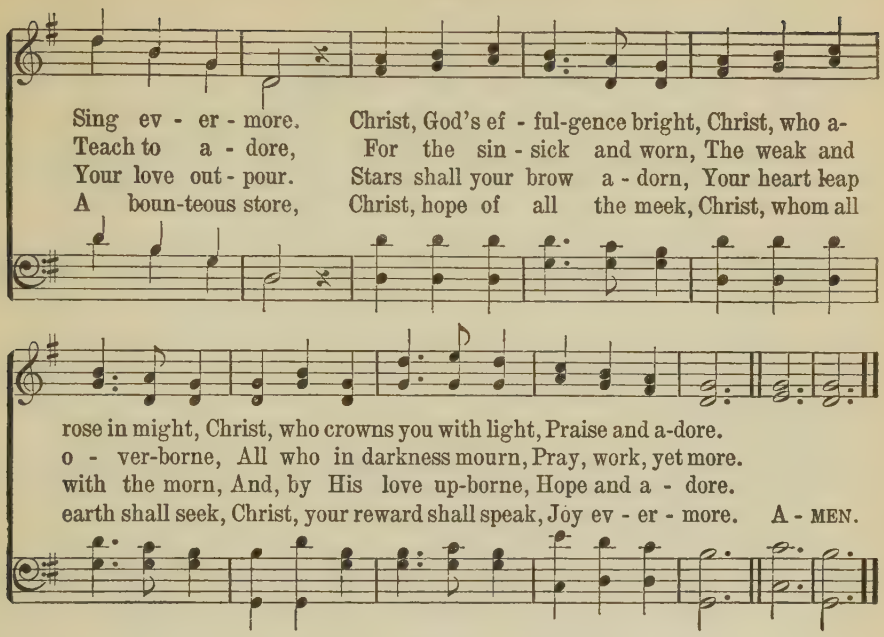
gos - pel's day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!
lamp of grace; And, in earth's darkest place, Let there be light!
full - est pride, Thro' the world, far and wide, Let there be light! A - MEN.

87 The Woman's Hymn.

Fannie E. S. Heck. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.

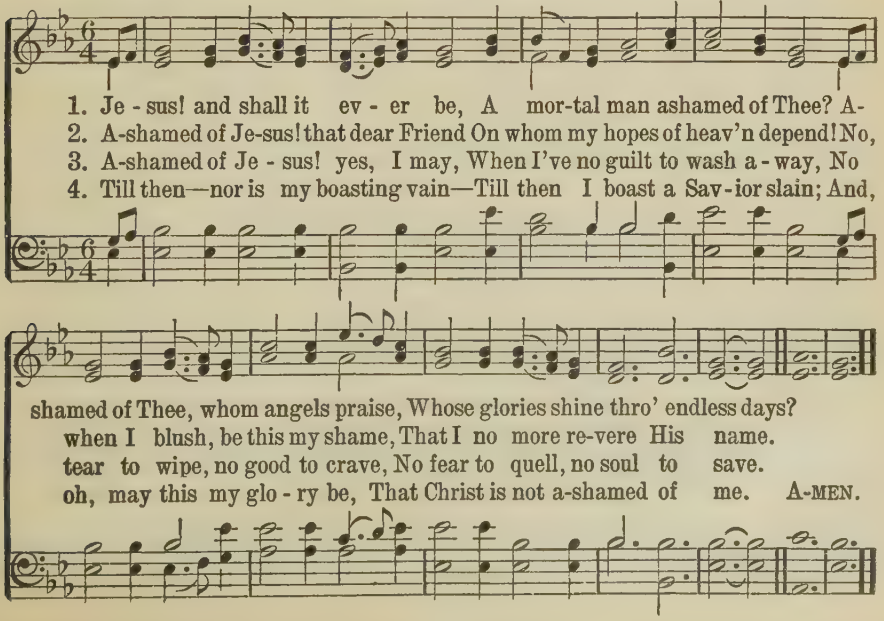
1. Come, wom - en, wide pro - claim Life thro' your Sav - ior slain;
2. Come, clasp-ing chil - dren's hands, Sis - ters from man - y lands,
3. Work with your cour - age high, Sing of the day - break nigh,
4. Then when the gar - nered field Shall to our Mas - ter yield

The Woman's Hymn.



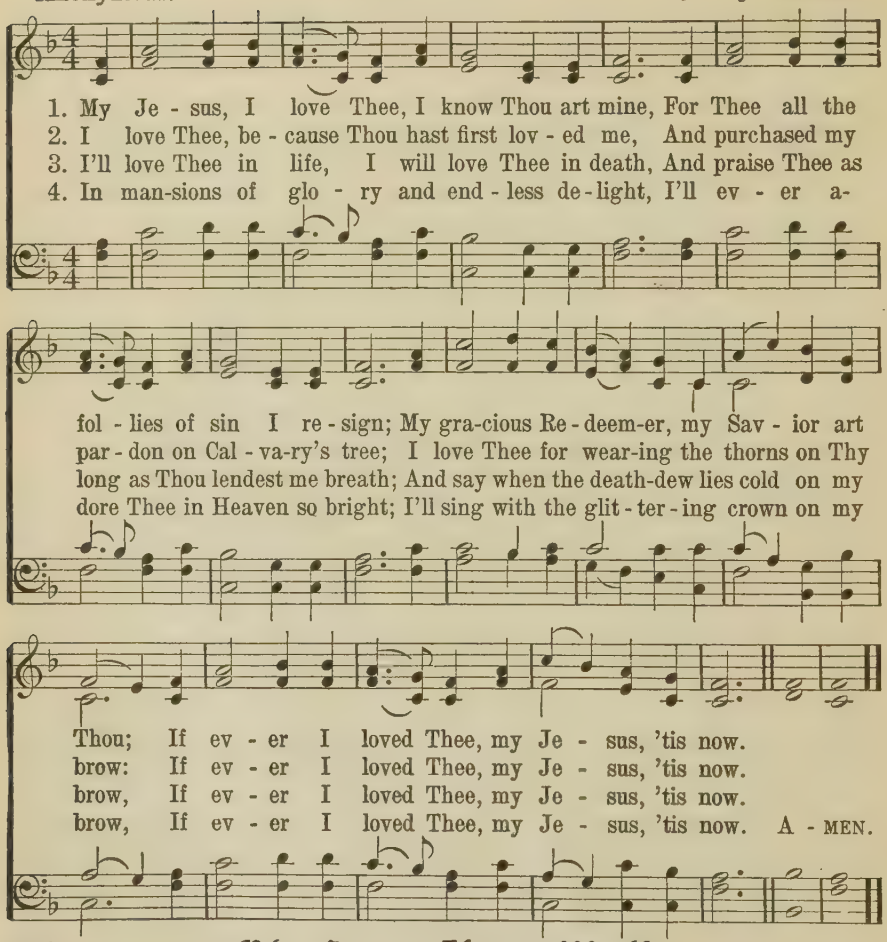
88 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be.

Joseph Grigg. *Woodworth. L. M.* Wm. Bradbury.



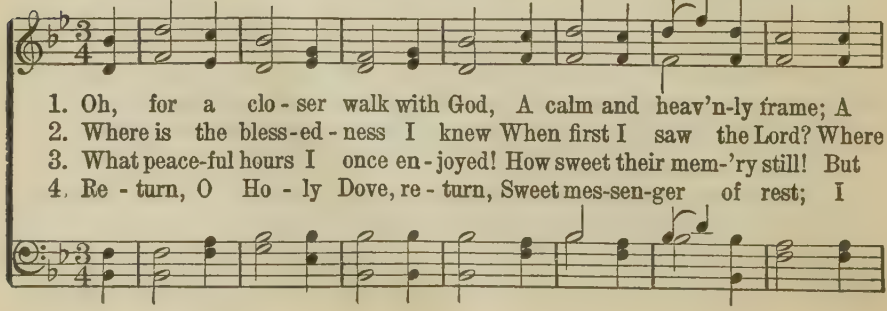
89 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anonymous. *Gordon. 11s.* A. J. Gordon.

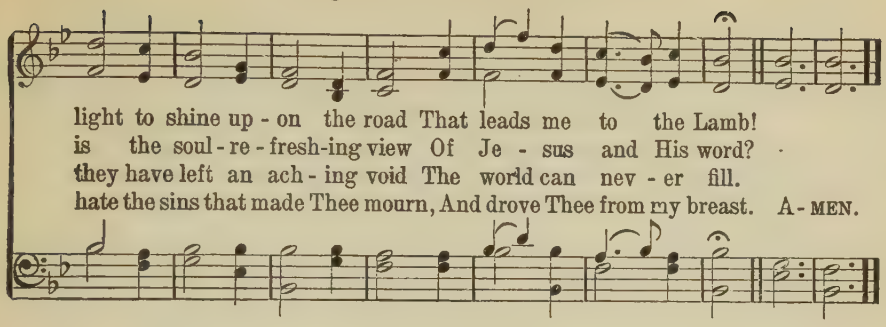


90 Oh, for a Closer Walk.

William Cowper. *Balerma. C. M.* Robt. Simpson.

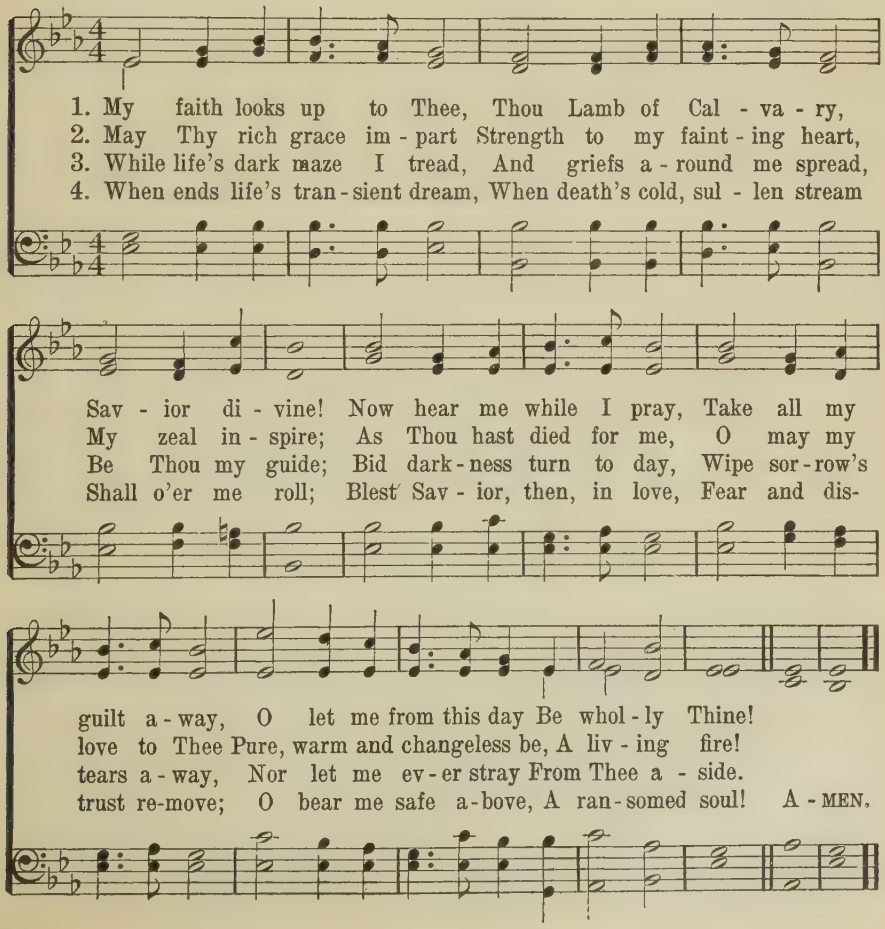


Oh, For a Closer Walk.



91 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.



92 Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart. *Greenville. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Jean Jacques Rousseau.

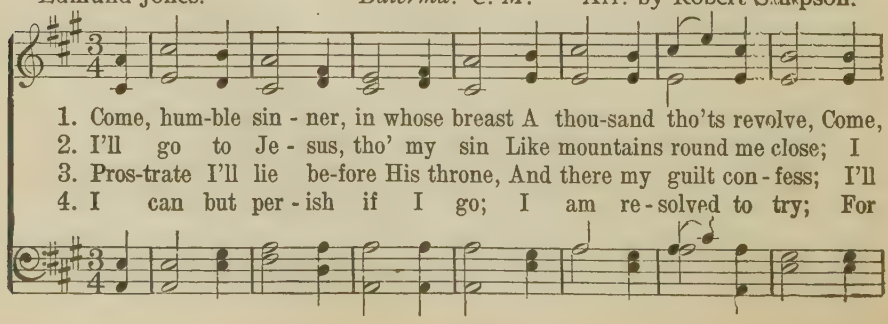
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r:
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh,
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him:
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all;

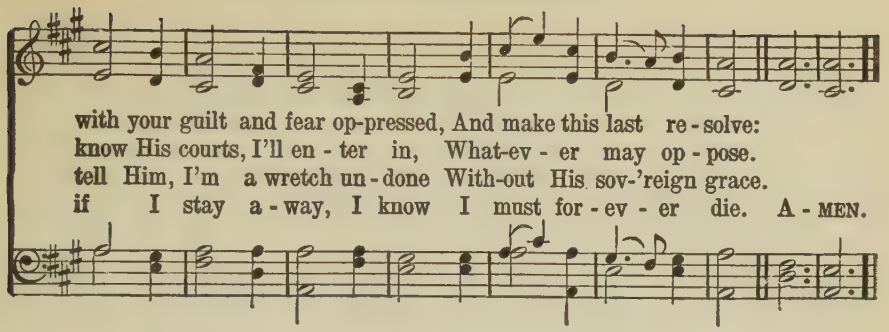
He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
With-out mon-ey, With-out mon-ey, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.
This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
Not the righteous, Not the righteous,—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call. A-MEN.

93 Come, Humble Sinner.

Edmund Jones. *Balerma. C. M.* Arr. by Robert Simpson.

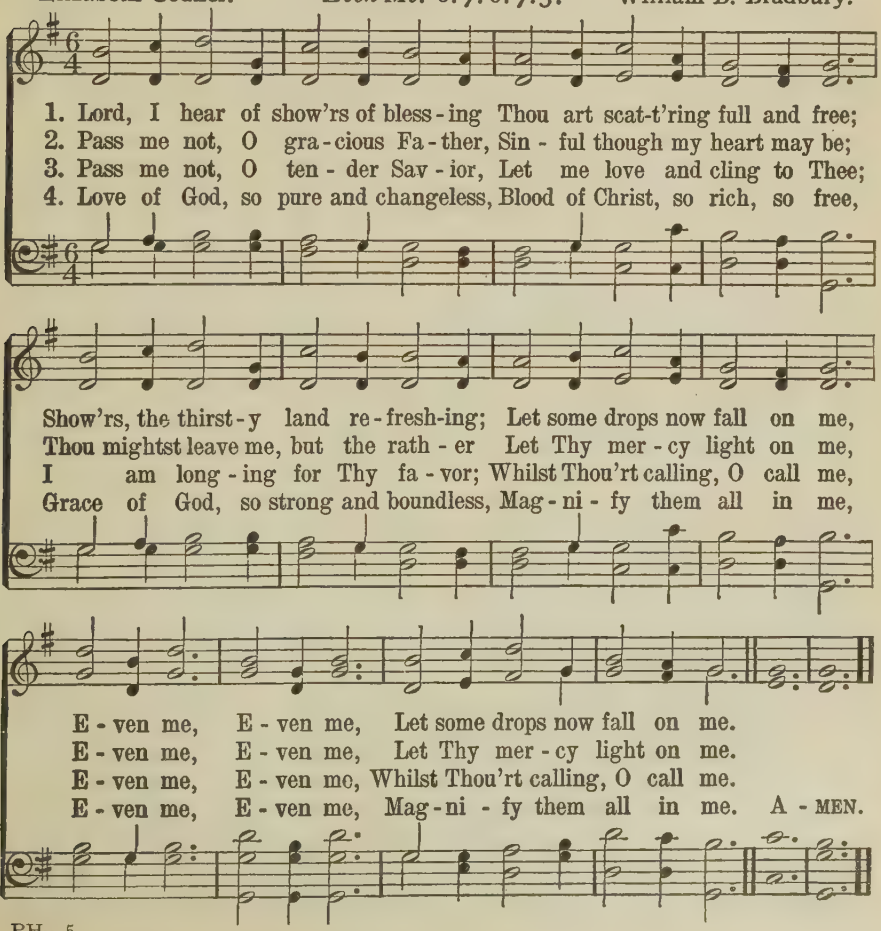


Come, Humble Sinner.



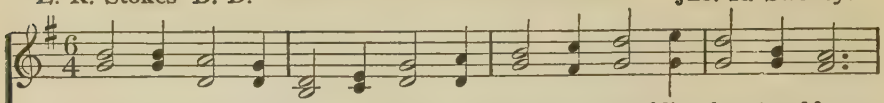
94 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. *Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.* William B. Bradbury.

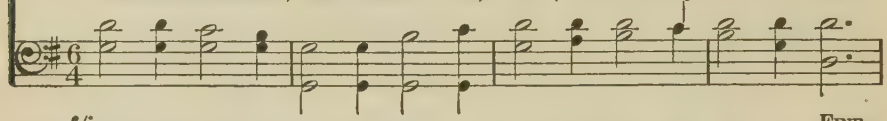


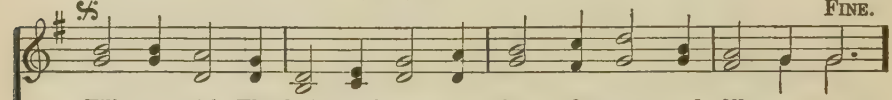
95 Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.

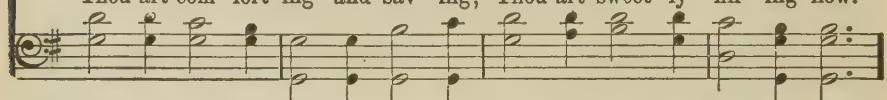


1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;

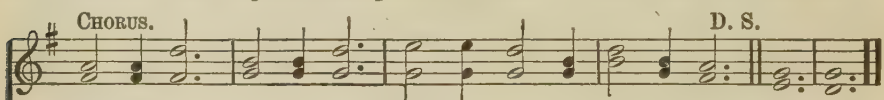




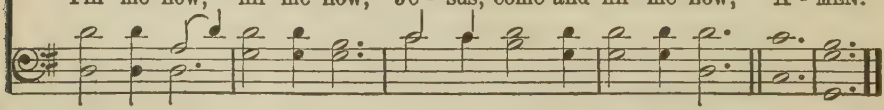
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.



D. S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*

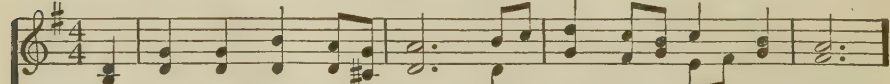


Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now; A - MEN.

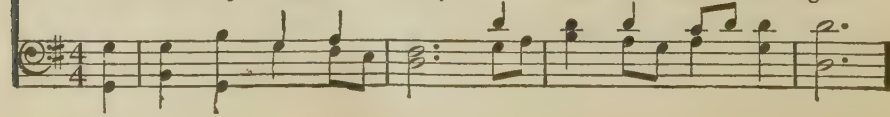


96 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

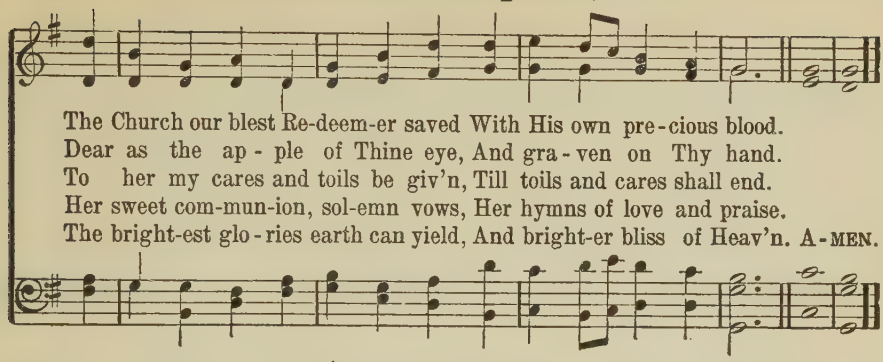
Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



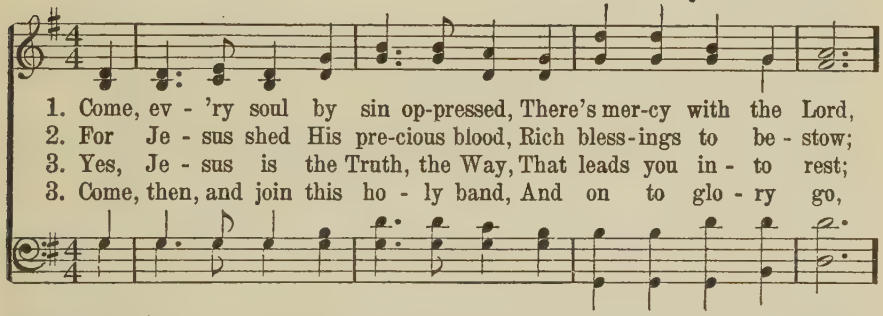
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



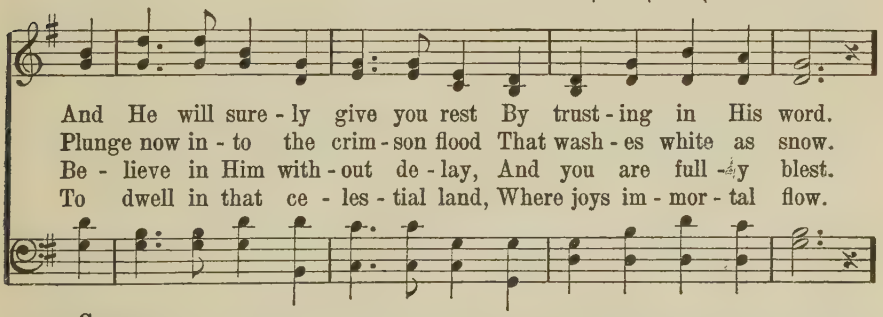
The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

97 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

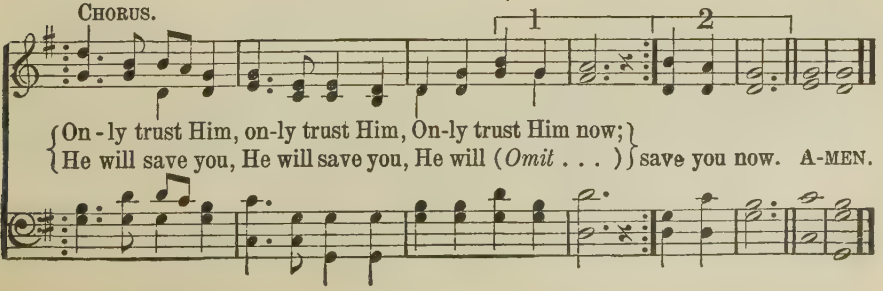


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.



{On - ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;}
{He will save you, He will save you, He will (*Omit . . .*)} save you now. A-MEN.

98 Give Me Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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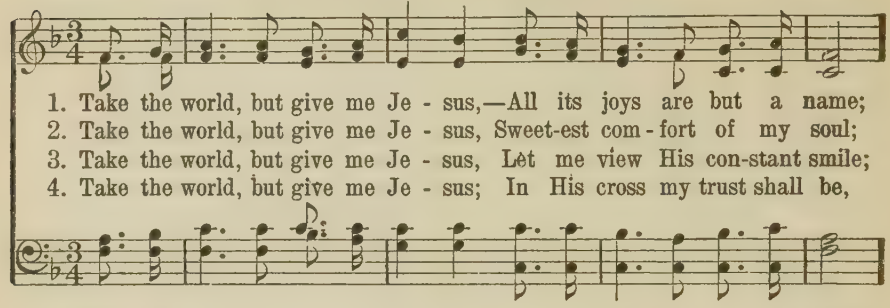
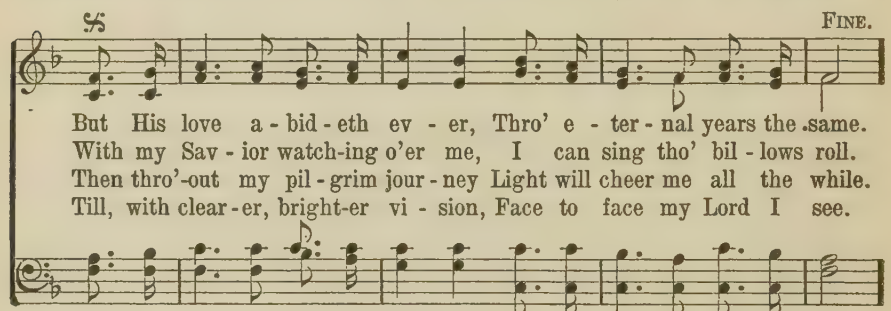
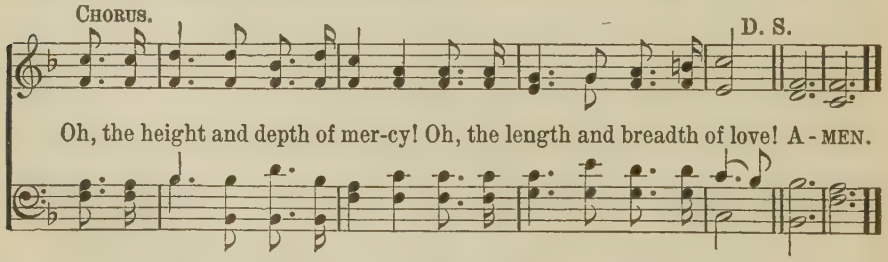


1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,



But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me, I can sing tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.

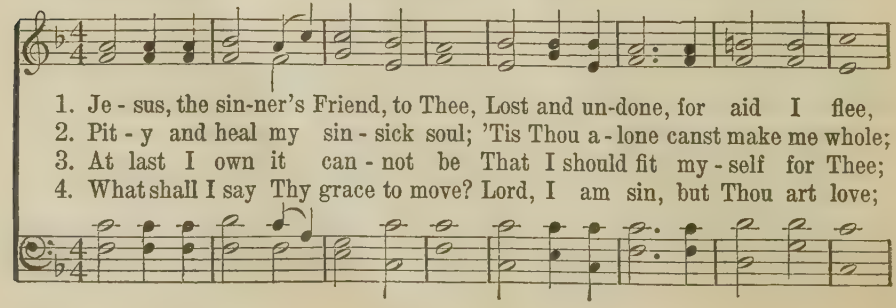
D. S.—*Oh, the full - ness of re - demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!*



Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love! A - MEN.

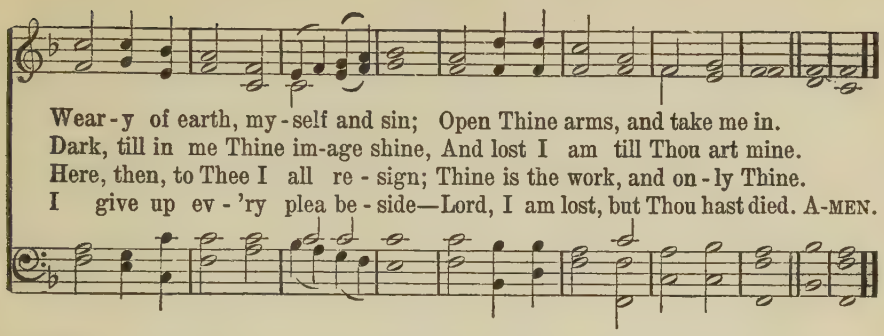
99 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

Charles Wesley. *Federal Street. L. M.* Henry K. Oliver.



1. Je - sus, the sin-ner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,
2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a - lone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my - self for Thee;
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love;

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.



100 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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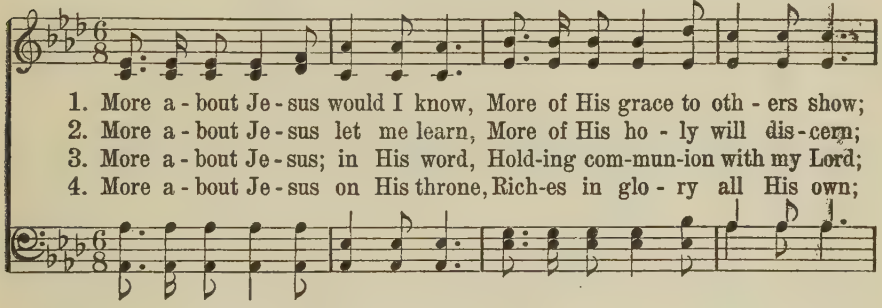
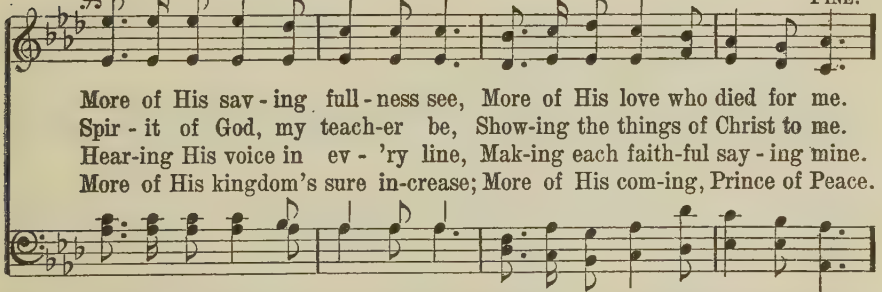
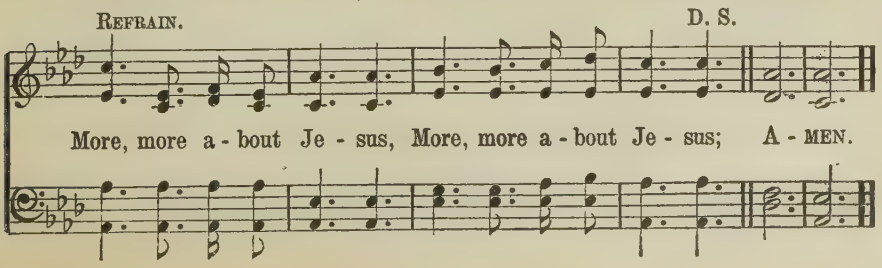




D. S.—*More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*



101 Savior, More Than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

FINE.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.

D. S.—*May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

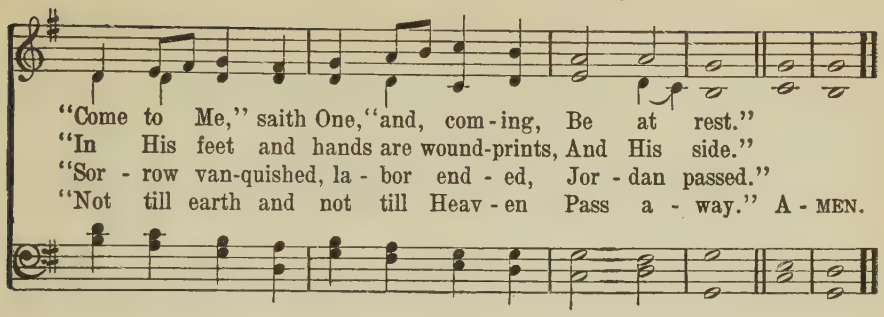
Ev - 'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

102 Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. *Stephanos. 8. 5. 8. 3.* Henry W. Baker.

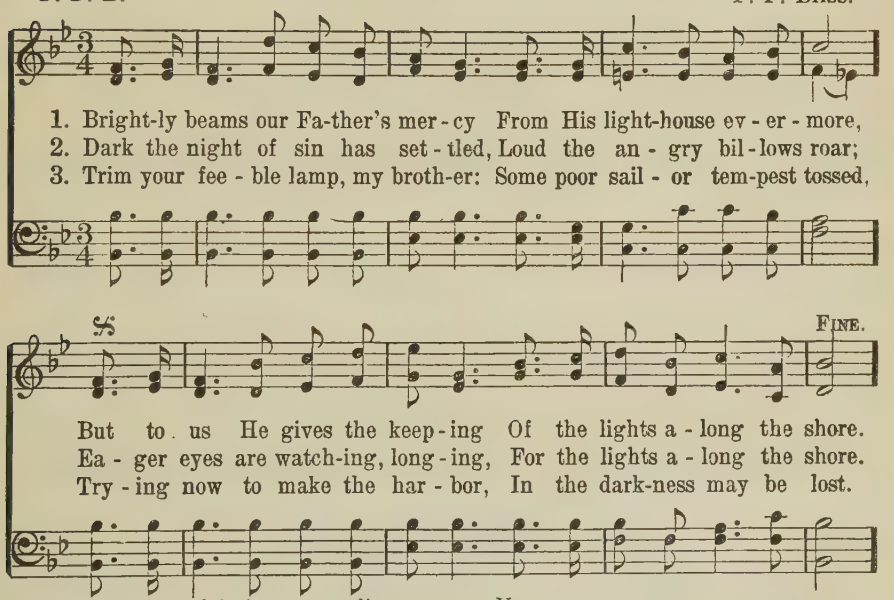
1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

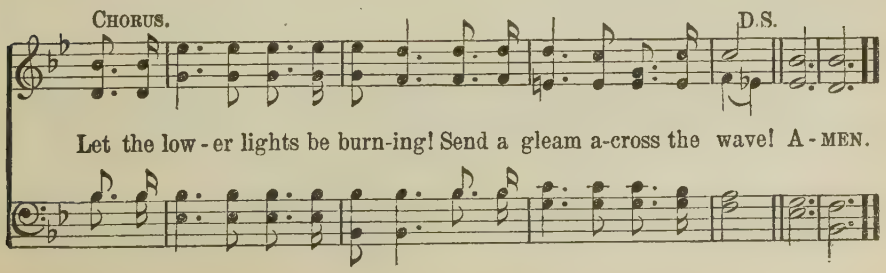
Art Thou Weary?



103 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

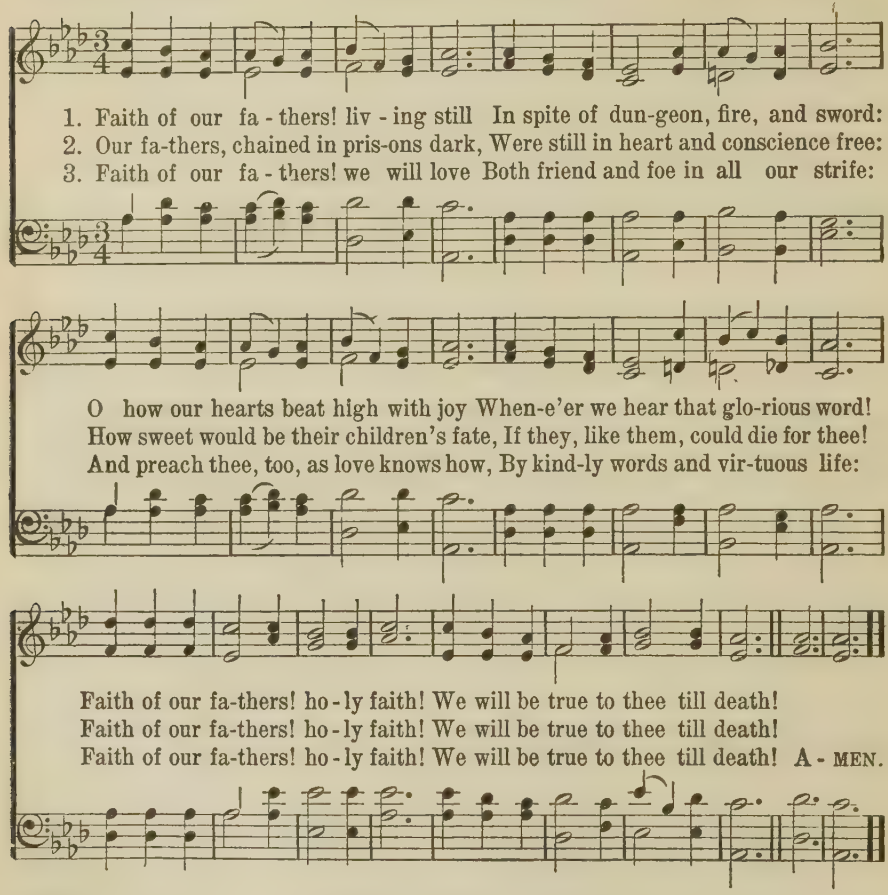
P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.





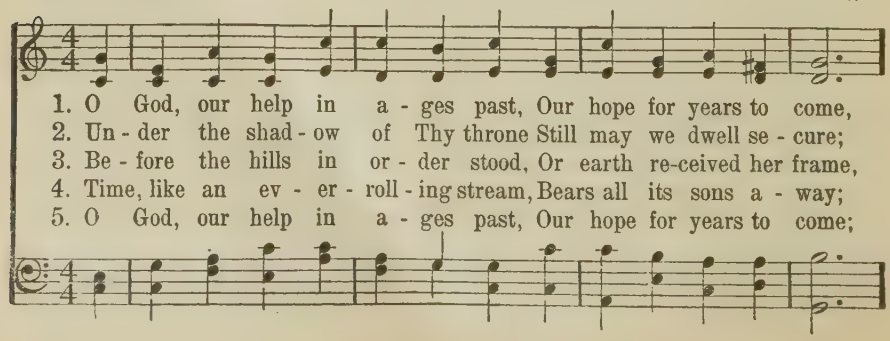
104 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. *St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.* H. F. Hemy.

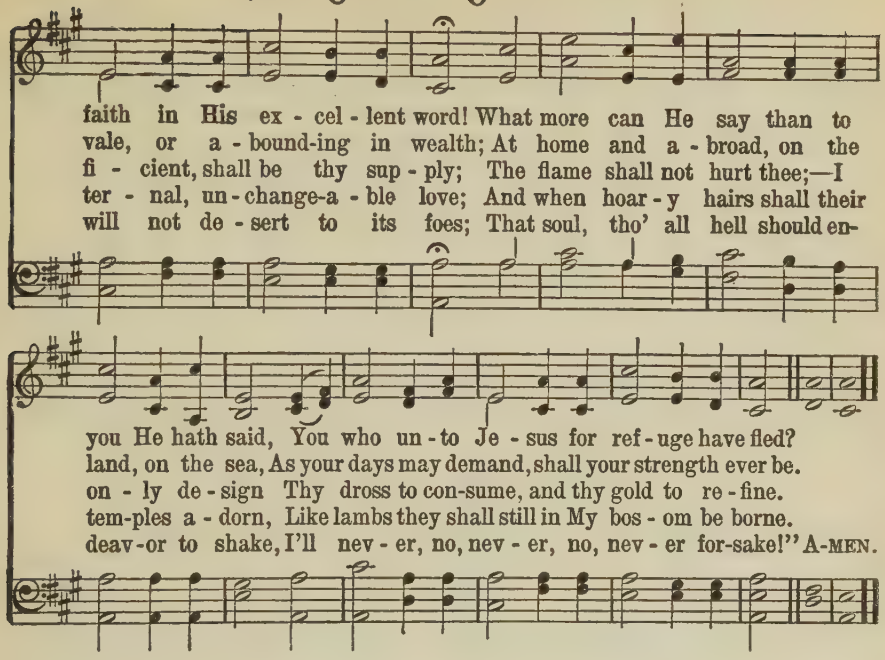


105 O God, Our Help.

Isaac Watts. *St. Anne. C. M.* William Croft.

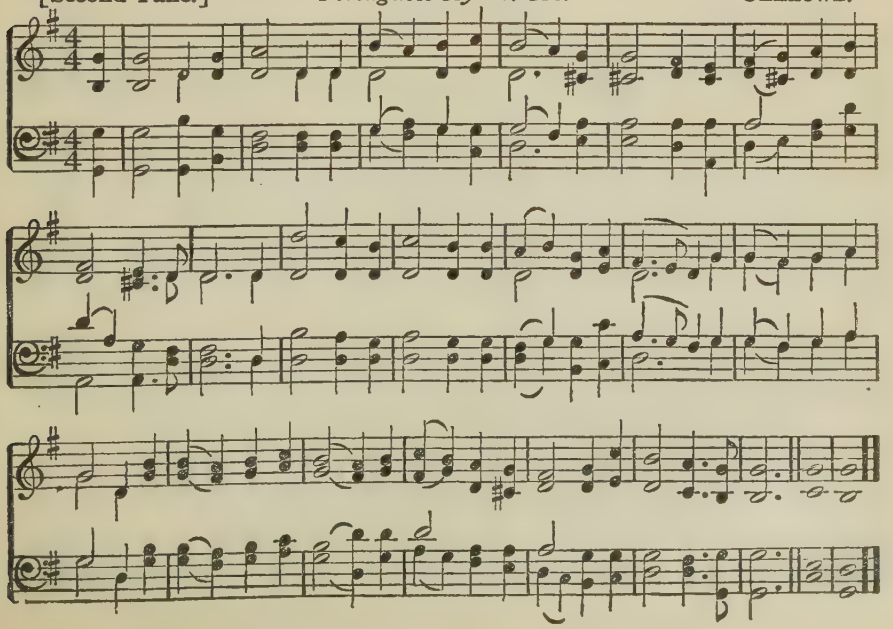


How Firm a Foundation.



109 How Firm a Foundation.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 11s.* Unknown.



110 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

Isaac Watts. *Warwick. C. M.* Samuel Stanley.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus:" "Wor-
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine; And
4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one To bless the sa - cred name Of

thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
bless-ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.
Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb. A-MEN.

111 I Love To Sing Of Heaven.

L. Hartsough. *Dunbar. S. M.* Chas. W. Dunbar.

1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an - gels are; Where
2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem - er reigns; Where
3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom - ised land so fair; Oh,

CHO.—*There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there; In*

D. C.

many a friend is gath - ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
rap-turous songs of tri - umph rise, In end - less, joy - ous strains.
how my rap-tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there. A - MEN.

Heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

112 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Horton. 7. 7. 7. 7. Xavier Schnyder.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A-MEN.

113 Broad Is the Road.

Isaac Watts. *Windham. L. M.* Daniel Read.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there;
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command:
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire-ly new,—

But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er attain, Which false a-pos-tates never knew. A-MEN.

114 O For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free; His
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye

glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.
mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
blind, be-hold your Sav-ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.

115 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

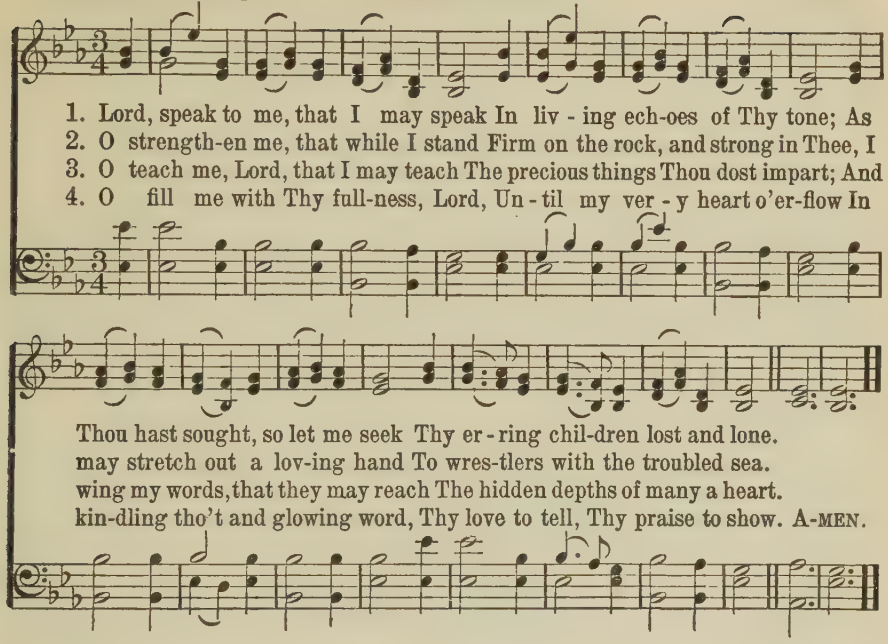
Benj. Beddome. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an-gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen-i-ten-tial grief Flow forth from ev-'ry eye.
thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
Heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A-MEN.

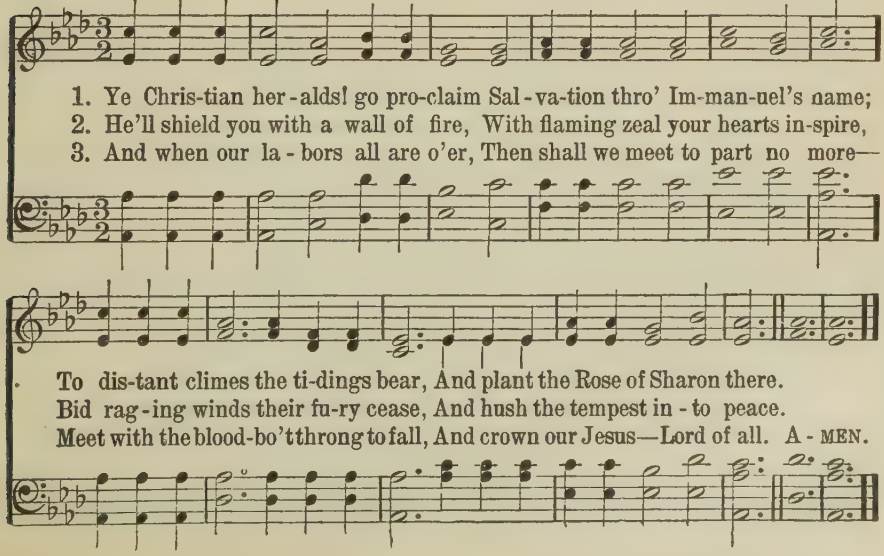
116 Lord, Speak to Me.

Frances R. Havergal. *Gratitude. L. M.* A. Bost.



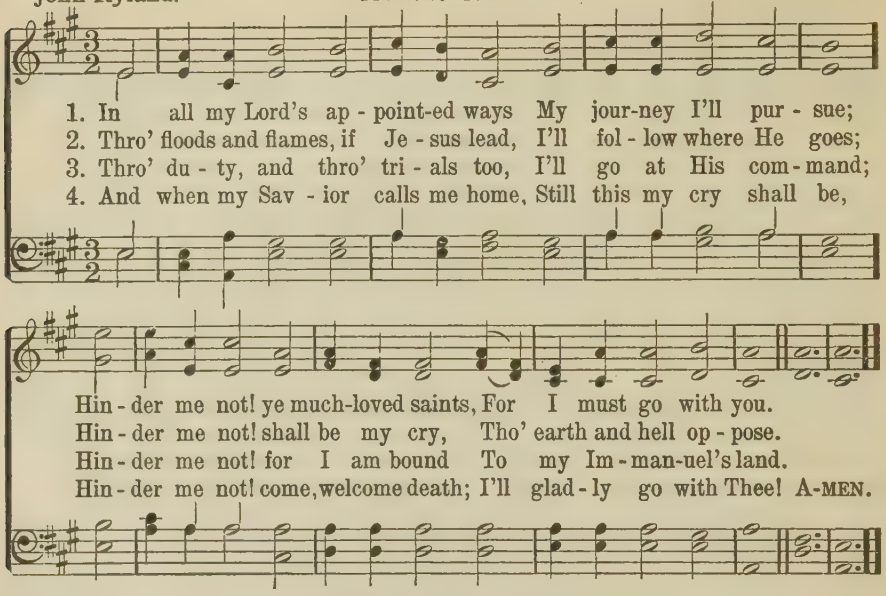
117 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper. *Missionary Chant. L. M.* H. C. Zeuner.



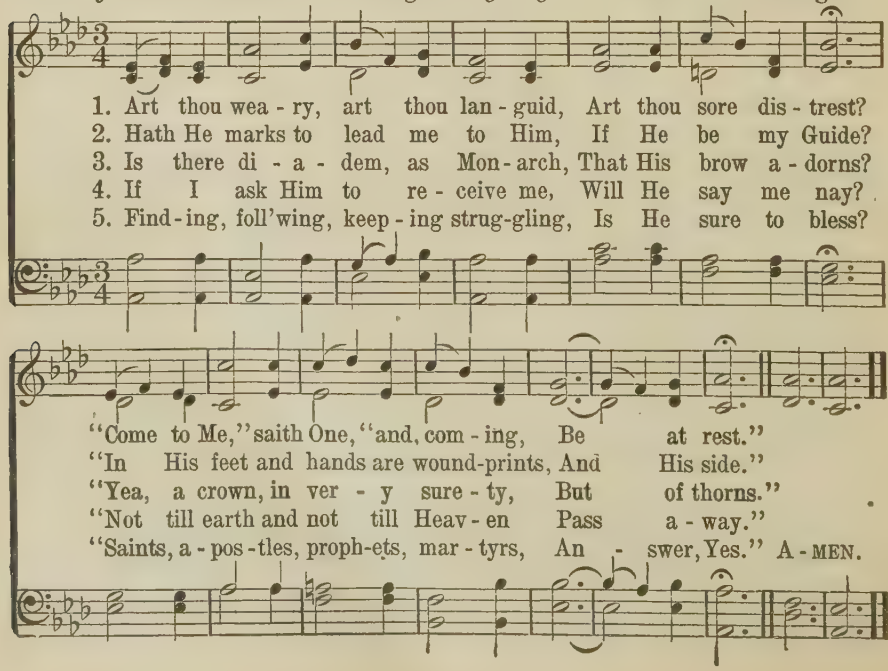
118 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways.

John Ryland. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.



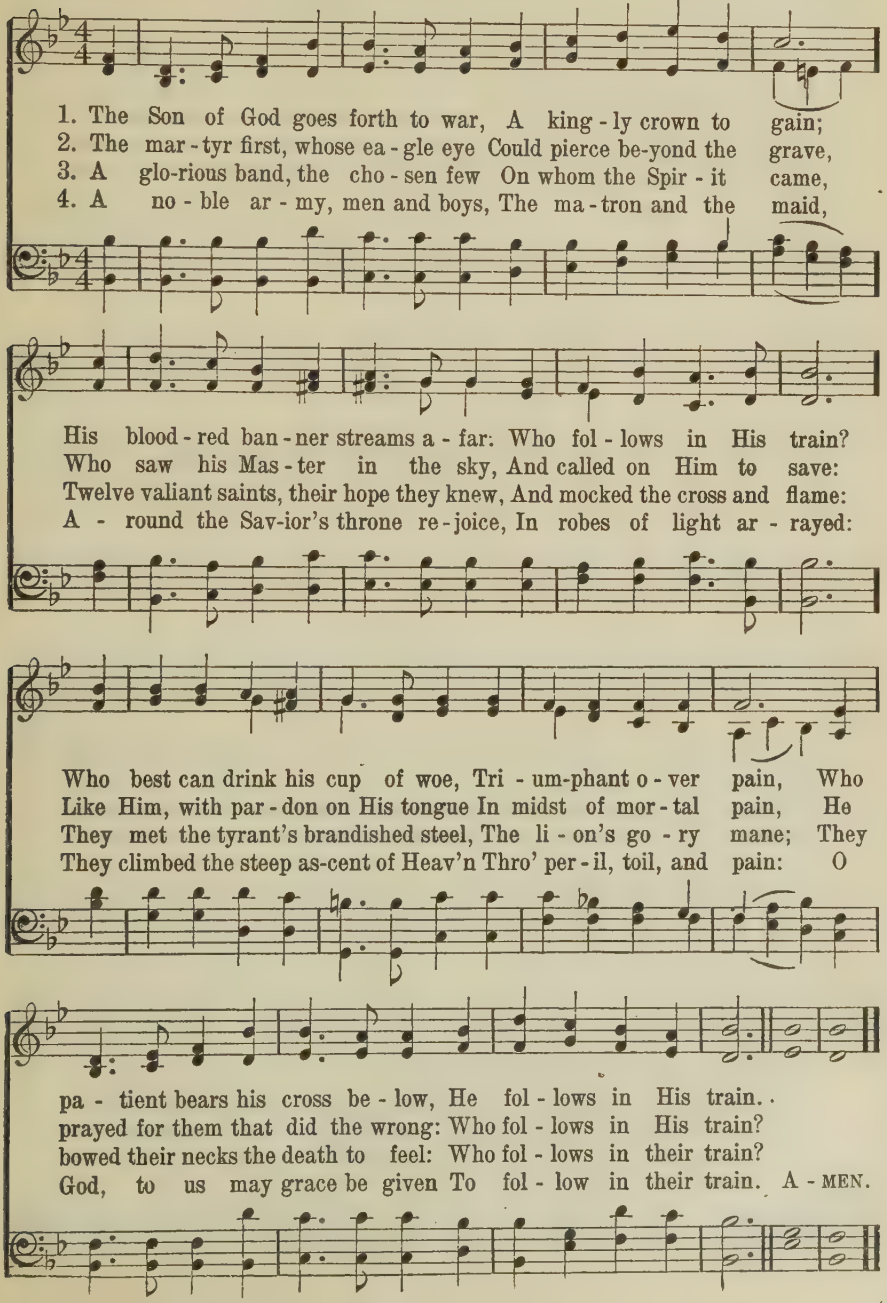
119 Art Thou Weary?

Rev. John M. Neale. *Bullinger. 8. 5. 8. 3.* Rev. W. Bullinger.



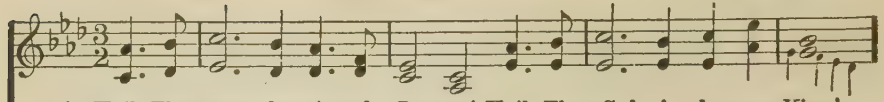
130 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.

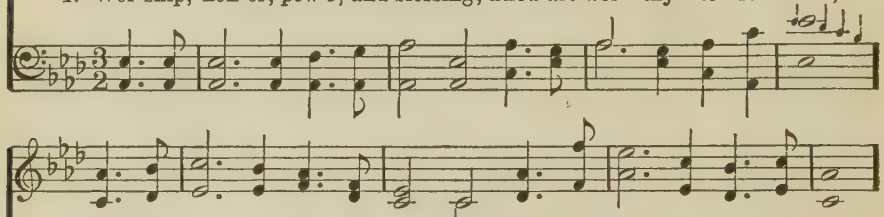


131 Hail, Thou Once Despised.

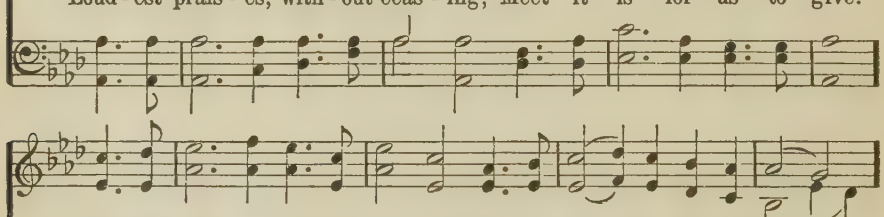
John Bakewell. *Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.* Louis von Esch.



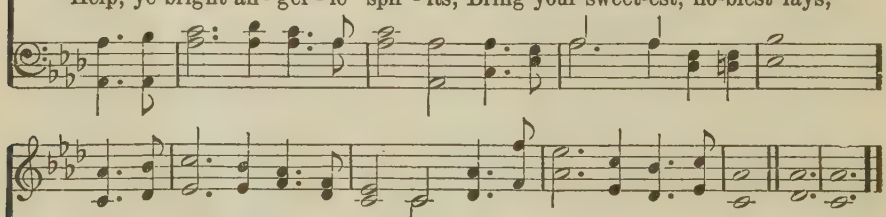
1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;



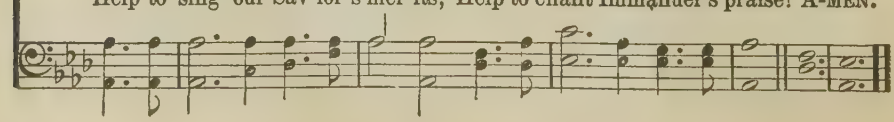
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;

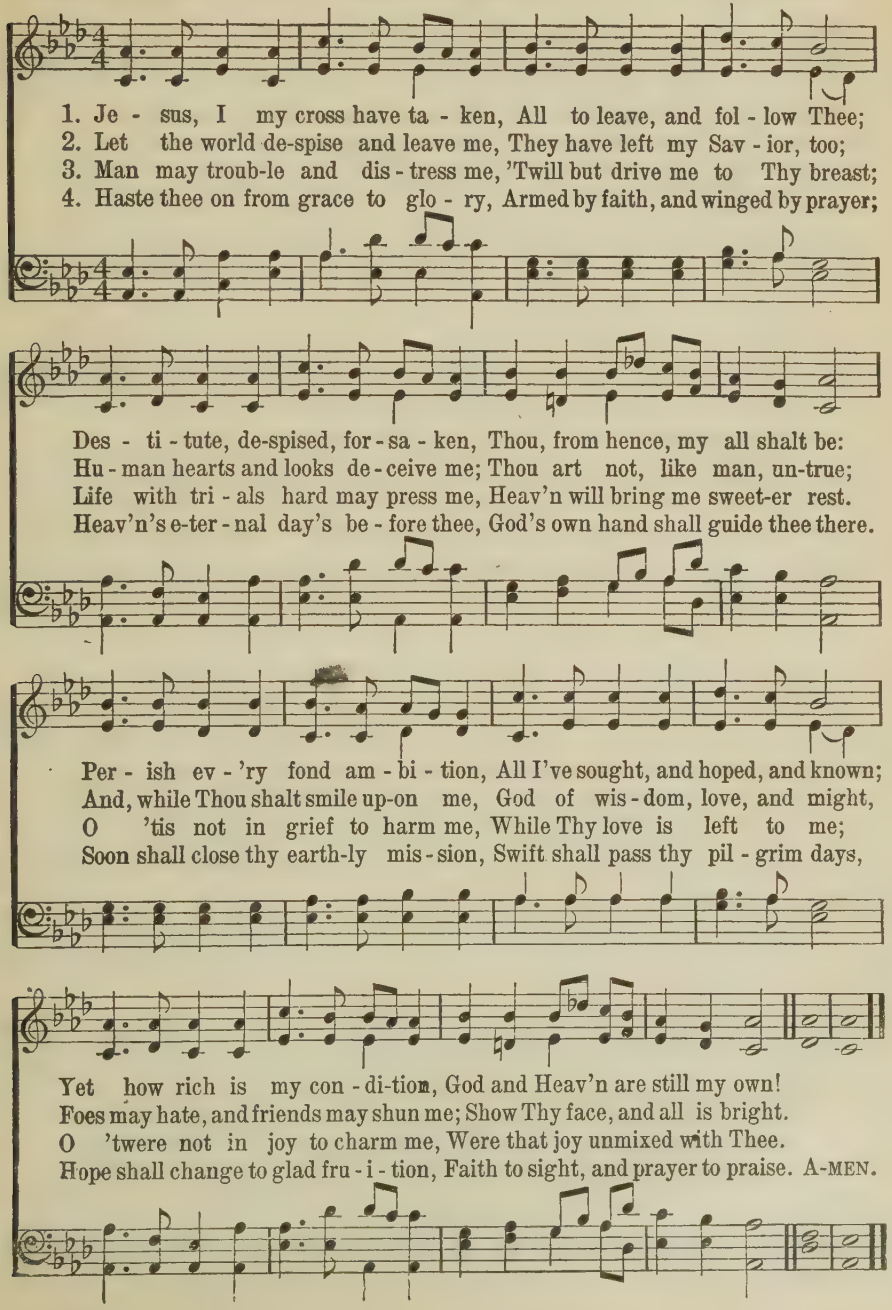


By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.



134 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.



135 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. *Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:

From man-y an an - cient riv - er, From man-y a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

136 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* G. J. Webb.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And

na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

137 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

ff *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.

138 Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel

1. There's One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul dis-tressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;

A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as - sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a - round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:

Once He trav - eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow - land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin-ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,

Who more per-fect-ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com-fort the breaking heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er-more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

139 Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee. A-MEN.

140 Let Him In.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

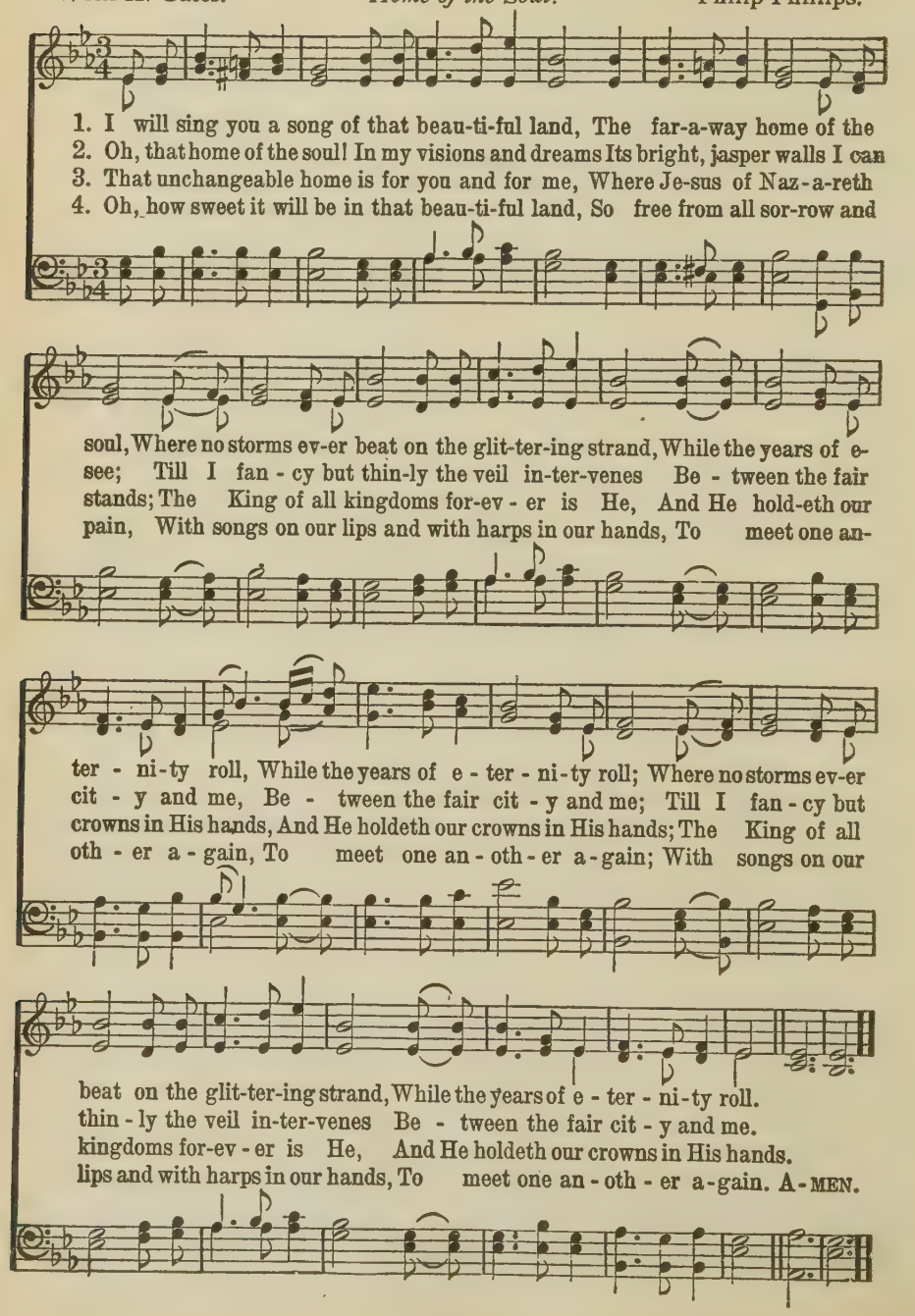
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will

Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

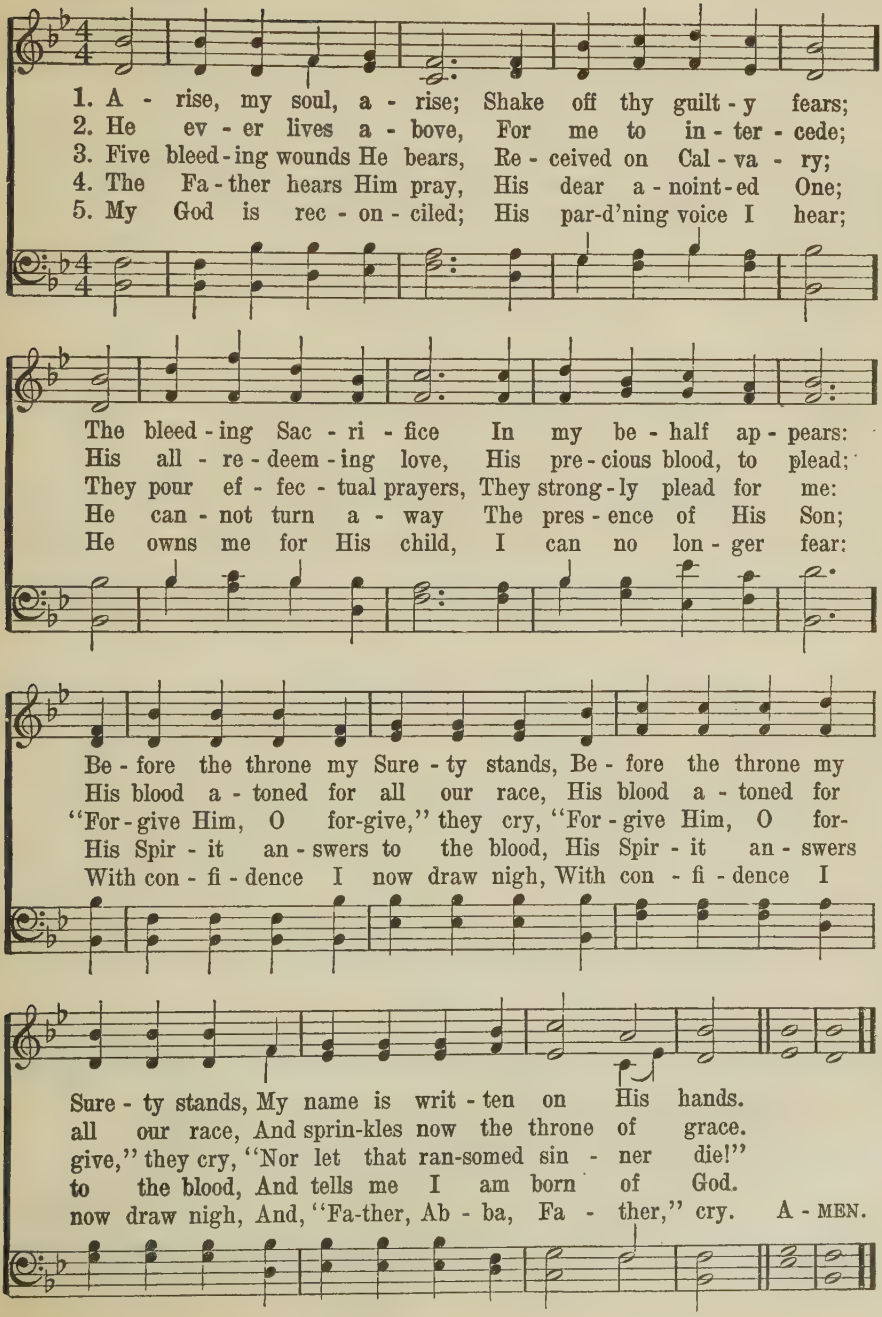
141 I Will Sing You a Song.

Ellen H. Gates. *Home of the Soul.* Philip Phillips.



144 Arise, My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Lenox. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.* Lewis Edson.



145 When I Go Home.

Jennie Ree. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A lit - tle while, and then the sum - mer Day, When I go Home;
2. Work ceas-es not in sun-shine or in show'r, Till I go Home;
3. All will be well, and all be hap - pi - ness, When I go Home;
4. I'll meet the loved ones I have lost a - while, When I go Home;

'Tis lone-some win - ter now, but 'twill be May, When I go Home;
But in the still - ness of the twi - light hour, I dream of Home;
The wan - der - ings all o'er, and lone - li - ness, When I go Home;
And, best of all, I'll see my Sav - ior smile, When I go Home;

Be - yond the gloom of moor and fen I see The wel-come warm of
And when the night-wind moans a - cross the wold I feel no dread of
There will be light at e - ven - tide for me, The light that nev - er
Oh, what a joy thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, To sing the praise of

those who wait for me, When I go Home, when I go Home.
dark, or chill of cold— I dream of Home, I dream of Home.
was on land or sea, When I go Home, when I go Home.
Him who died for me, When I go Home, when I go Home. A - MEN.

Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. IN RENEWAL. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

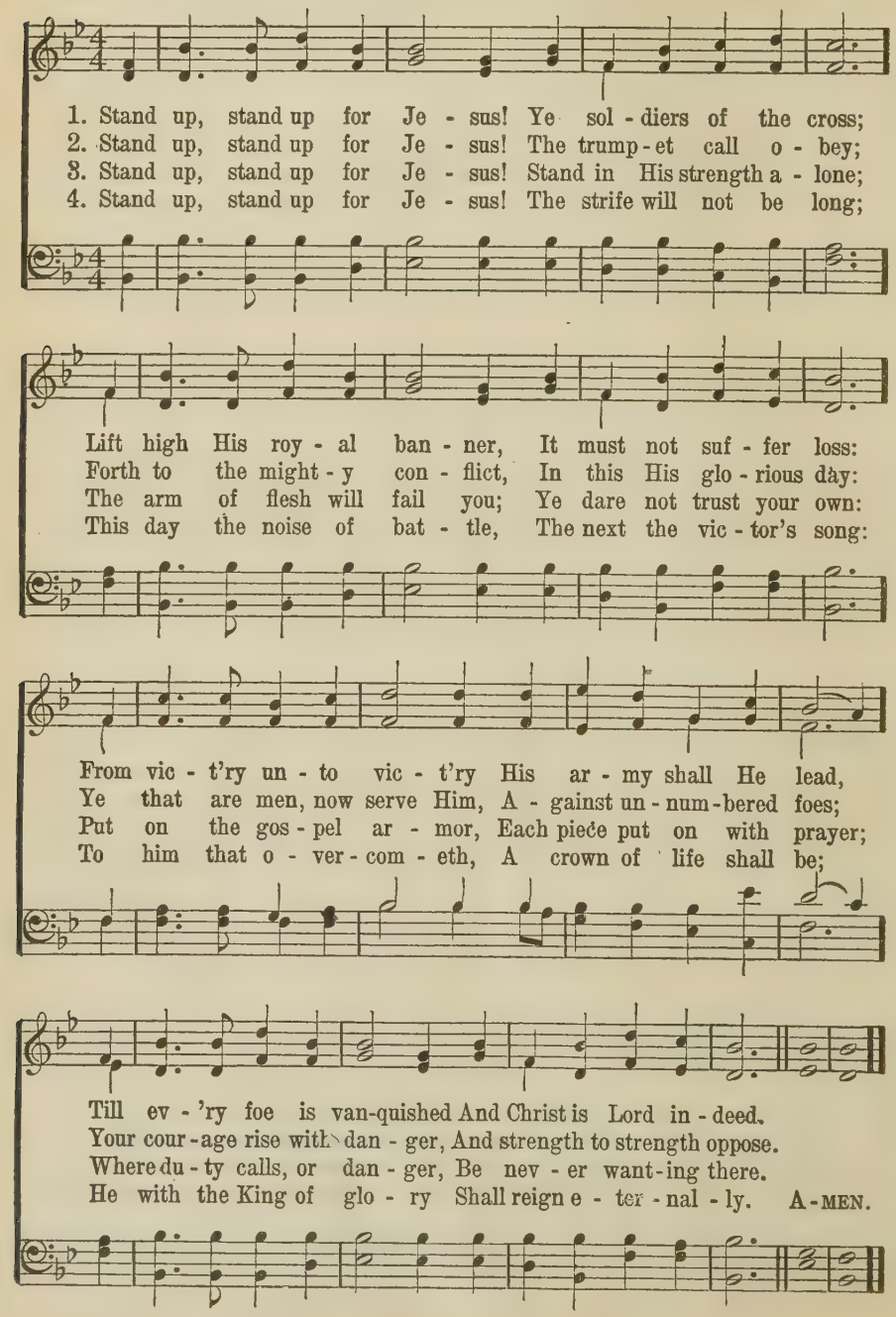
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.

147 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield, Jr. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* George J. Webb.



148 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave:

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains; And
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave; When

sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A-MEN.

149 The Crowning Day.

El Nathan.

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CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

James McGranahan.

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned, By the man-y
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall
3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-hind us
4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day, By ear-nest

still neg-lect-ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon He'll come in glo-ry,
shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau-ty of the Sav-ior
all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore; A joy in our Re-deem-er,
con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way, By gath'ring in the lost ones,

FINE.

The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
As we to Him are nigh, In the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.
For whom our Lord did die, For the crowning day that's com-ing by and by.

D. S.—*Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.*

CHORUS.

Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is coming by and by, When our Lord shall come in

D. S.

"power," And "glory" from on high. Oh, the glorious sight will gladden A-MEN.

150 The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome.

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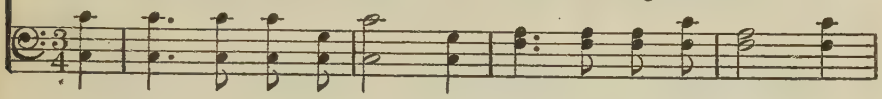
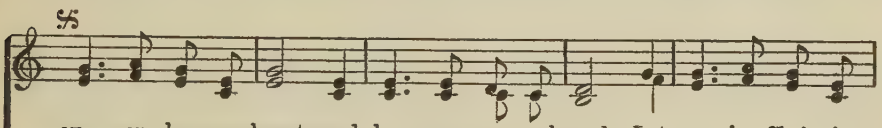
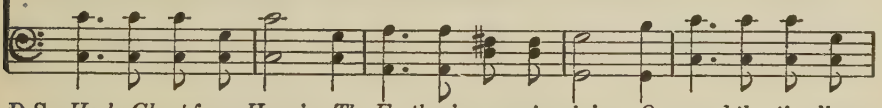
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher-ev-er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To

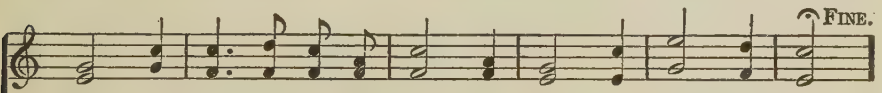




ever-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev-'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a child of

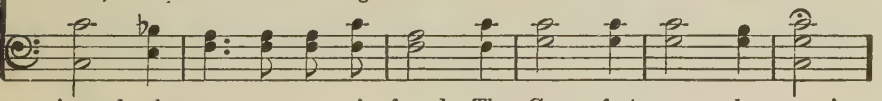


D.S.—*Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*



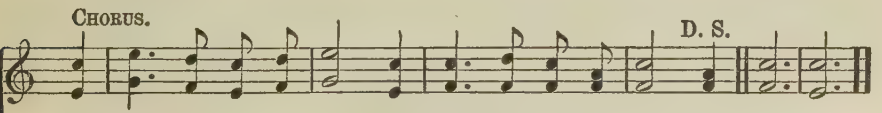
FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!



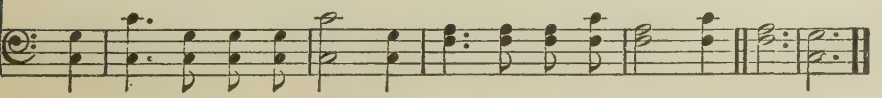
'round, wher-ev-er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!

CHORUS.



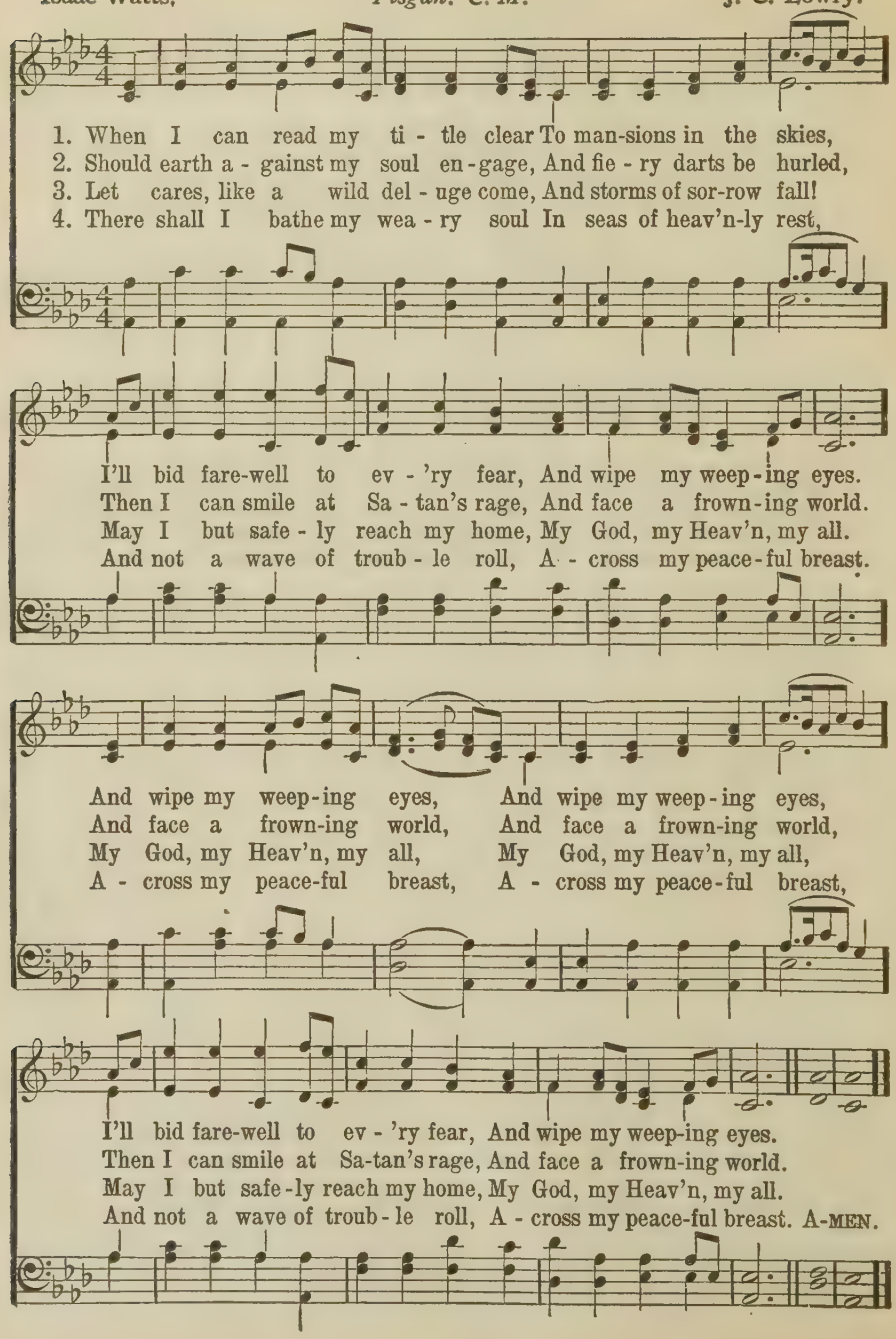
D. S.

The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The A-MEN.



151 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. *Pisgah. C. M.* J. C. Lowry.



A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. *Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.* Martin Luther.

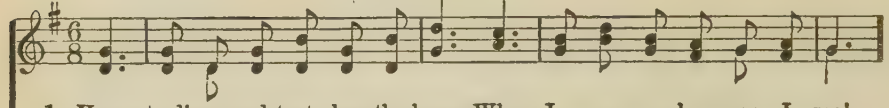
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;

Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

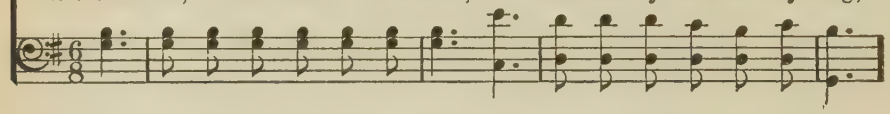
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

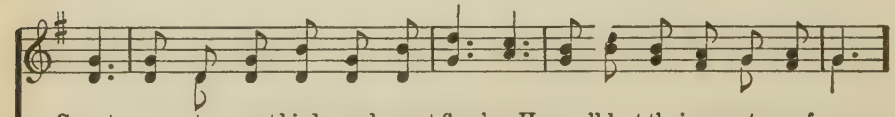
153 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. *De Fleury. 8s.* Lewis Edson.

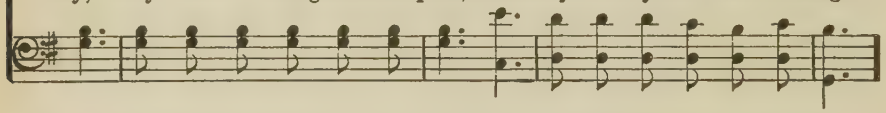


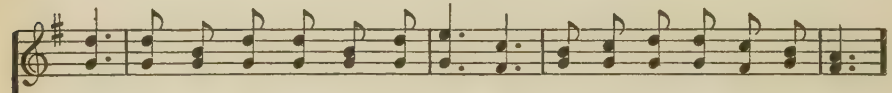
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu - sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



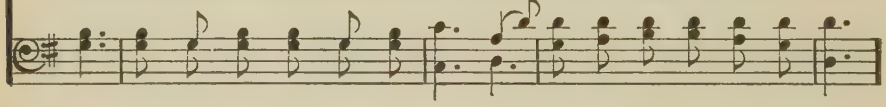


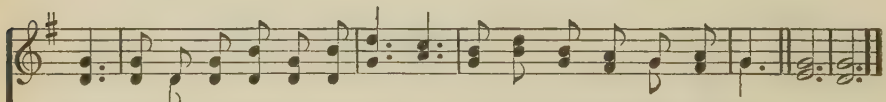
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
His pres-ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re-joice:
No chang-es of sea - son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?



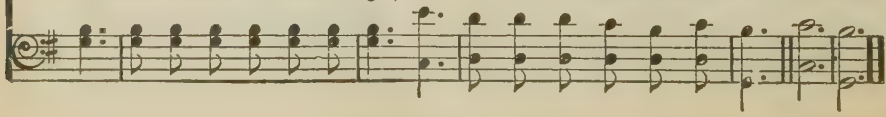


The mid - sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap-pear;
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re - store;





But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un - to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.



154 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Sabbath. 7s.* Lowell Mason.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;

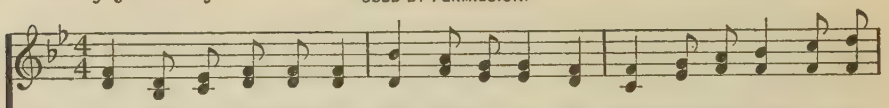
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may

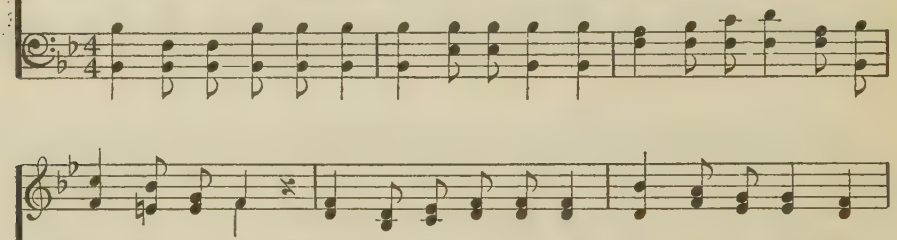
all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.

155 Rescue the Perishing.

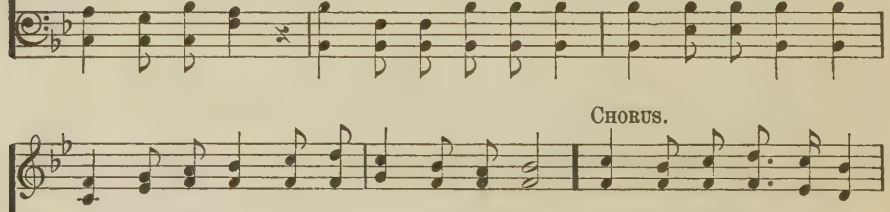
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. William H. Doane.



1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

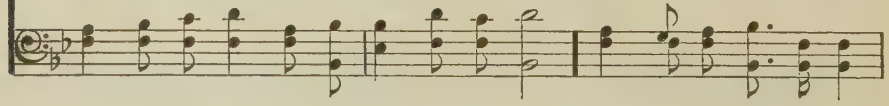


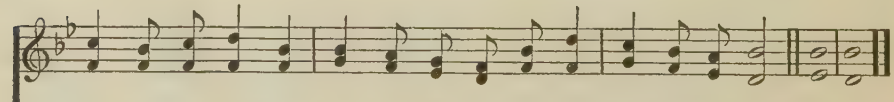
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;



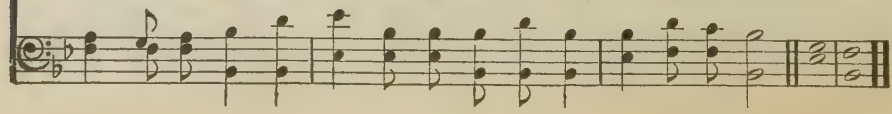
CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



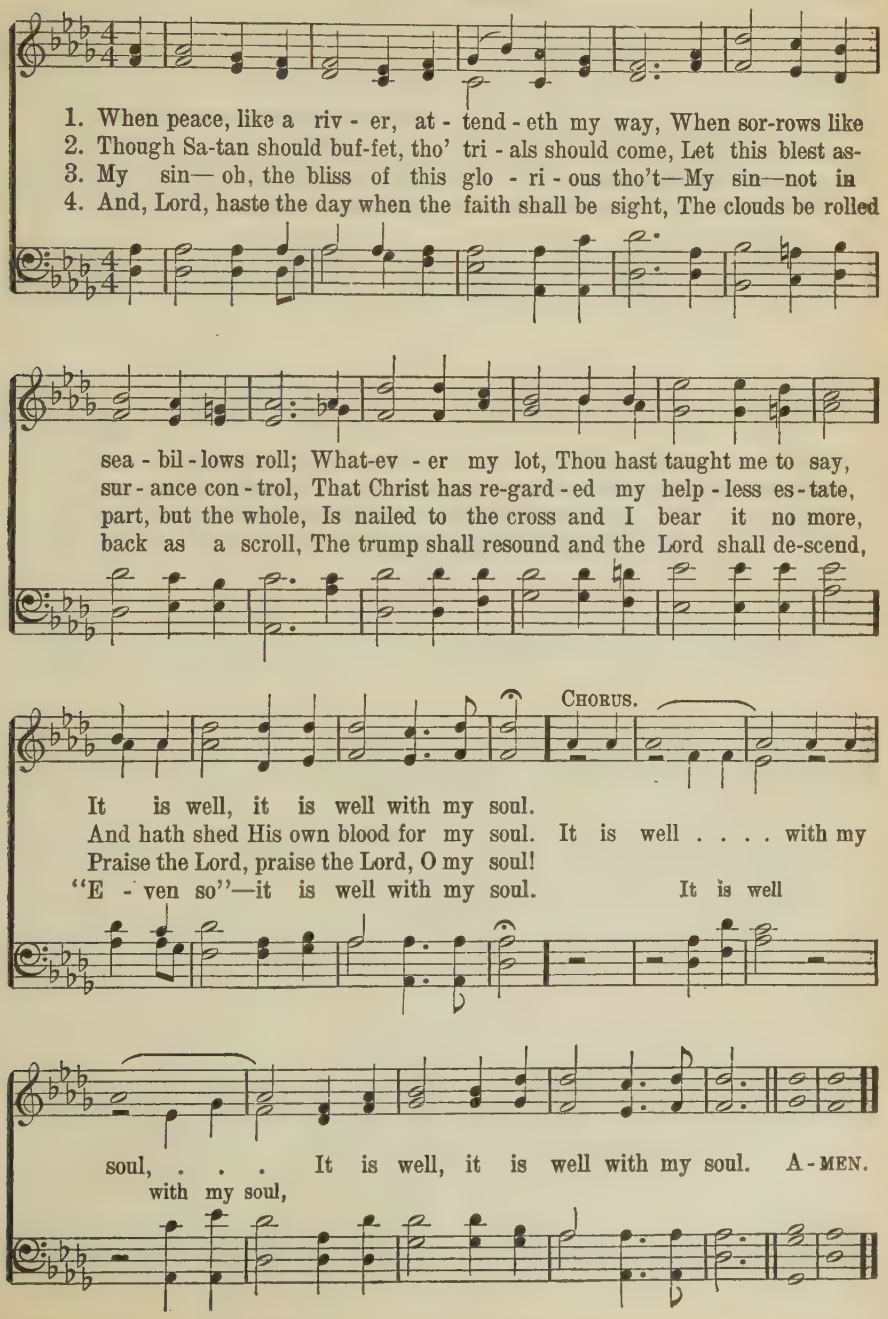


Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.



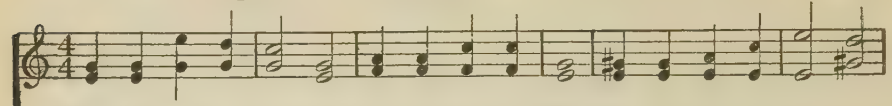
156 It Is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

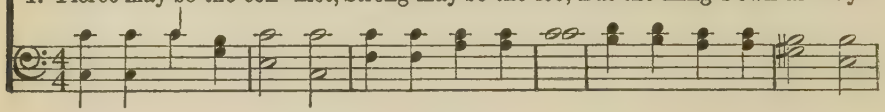


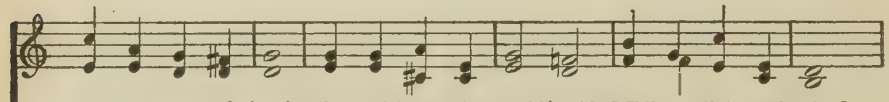
157 Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. *Armageddon.* Sir John Goss.

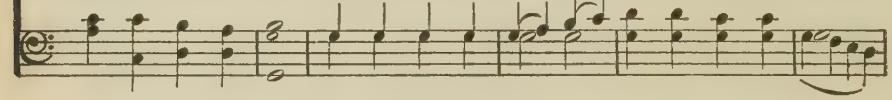


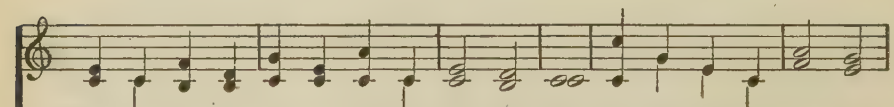
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



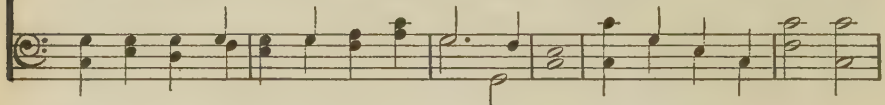


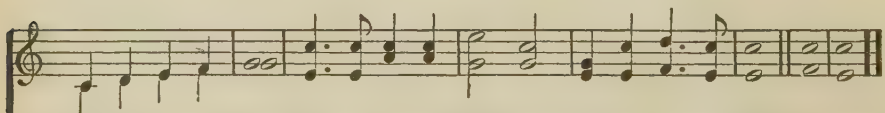
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior-psalm; But for Love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o-ver-throw: Round His standard rang-ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;



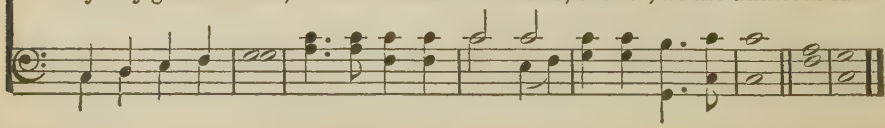


Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the triumph sure. Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,



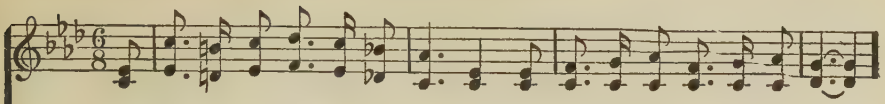


By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine. A-MEN.

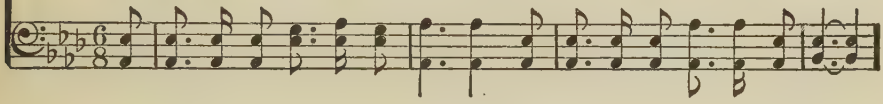


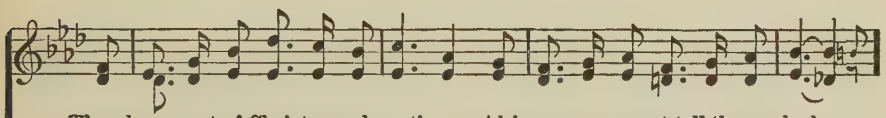
160 Some One Who Knows.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

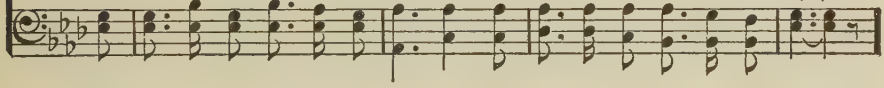


1. How man - y are lost in the dark-ness, With spirits whose sor-row o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You sure-ly will has-ten to go,
4. Wher - ev - er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temp-ta-tion o'er-thrown,

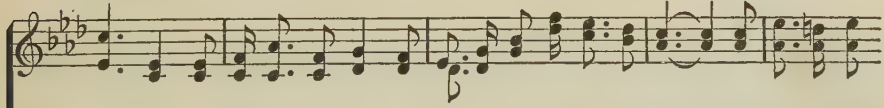




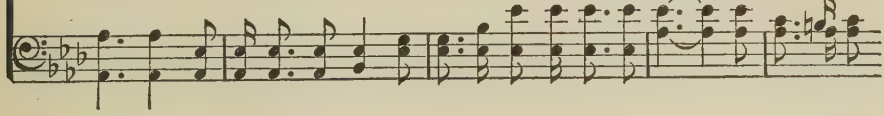
They know not of Christ or sal-va-tion,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows.
And win them to share in His king-dom Of glad-ness and glo-ry a - bove.
And teach them of life ev - er - last-ing, The won-der-ful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Je-sus the Com-fort-er known.

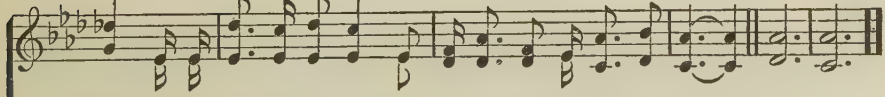


CHORUS.

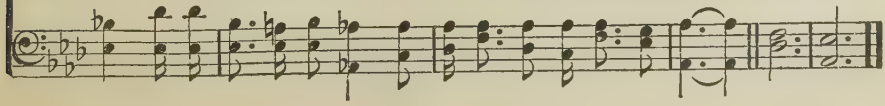


Some one must tell them who knows The mercy that Jesus bestows: Oh, let the Light





shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows. A - MEN.



161 Precious Promise.

Nathaniel Niles.

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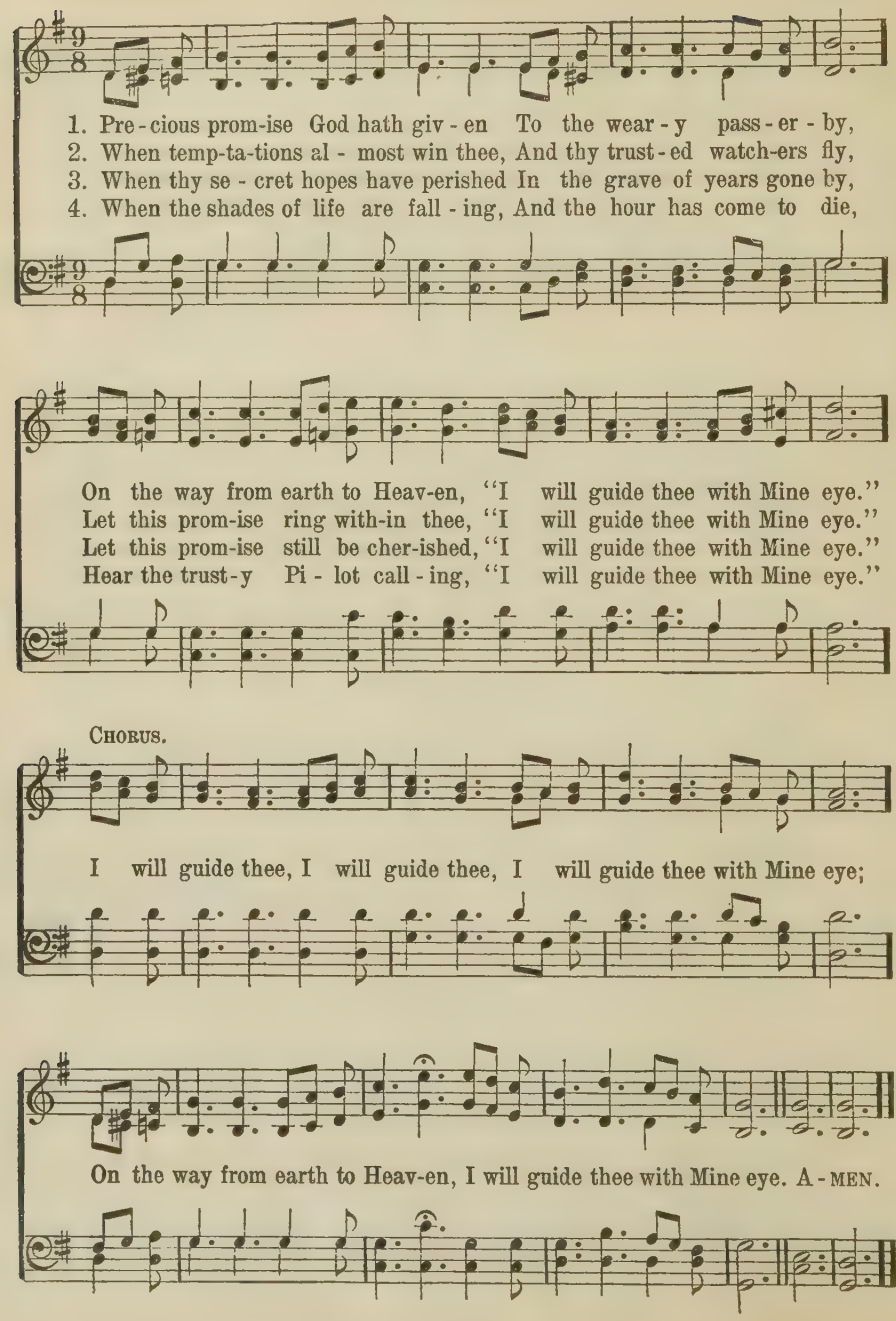
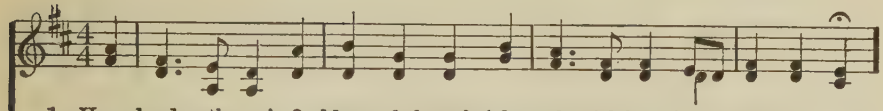
P. P. Bliss.

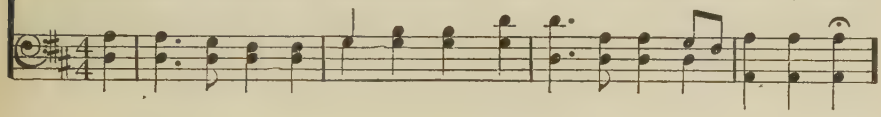


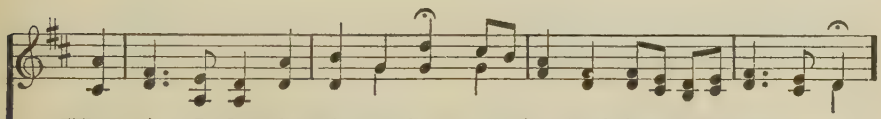
He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

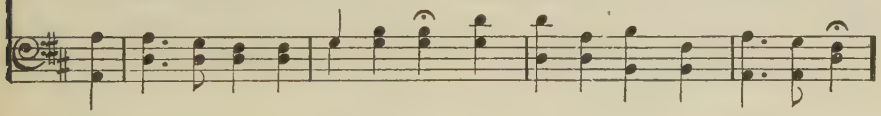


1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,





What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.



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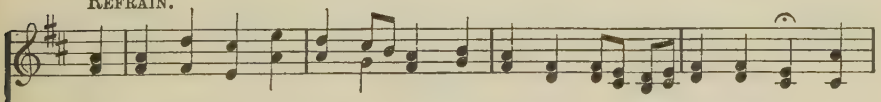
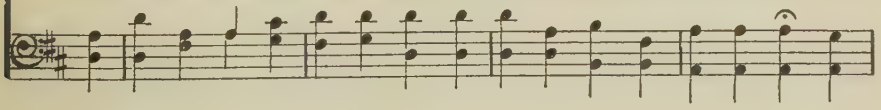
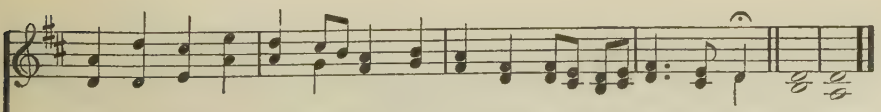
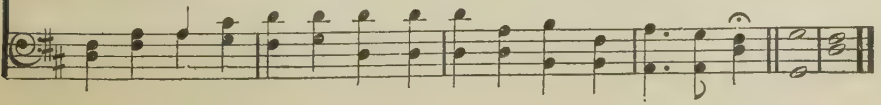


He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His



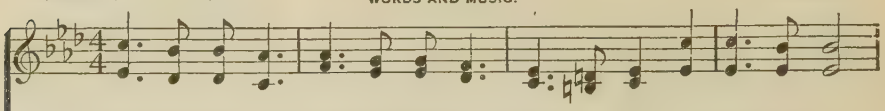


faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-MEN.

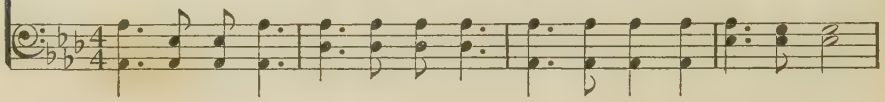


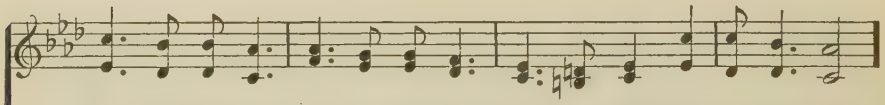
165 Your Best Friend is Always Near.

Isabel C. Allam. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

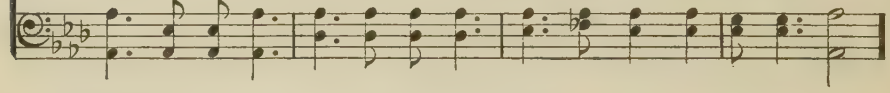


1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fondest hopes have perished, When so free-ly falls the tear,
4. When the val-ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;





In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.



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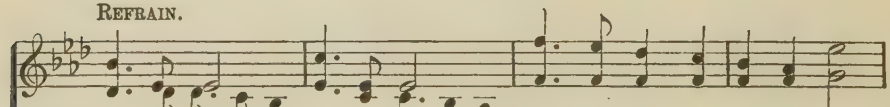
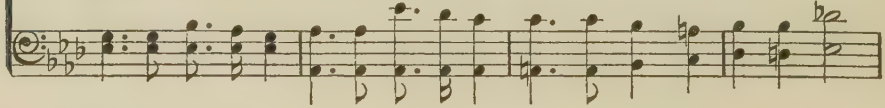
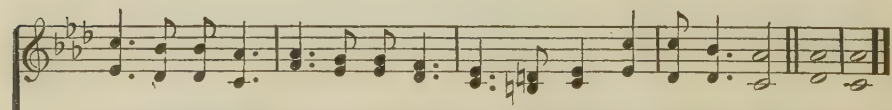
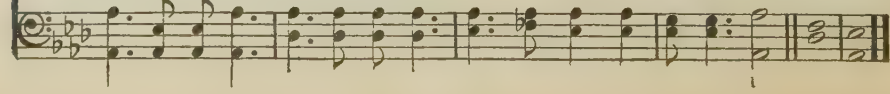


Al-ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al-ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,





In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near. A-MEN.



166 My Father Planned It All.

H. H. Pierson. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What though the way be lone - ly, And dark the shad - ows fall;
2. The sun may shine to - mor - row, The shad - ows break and flee;
3. He guides my halt - ing foot - steps A - long the wear - y way,
4. A day of light and glad - ness, On which no shade will fall,—

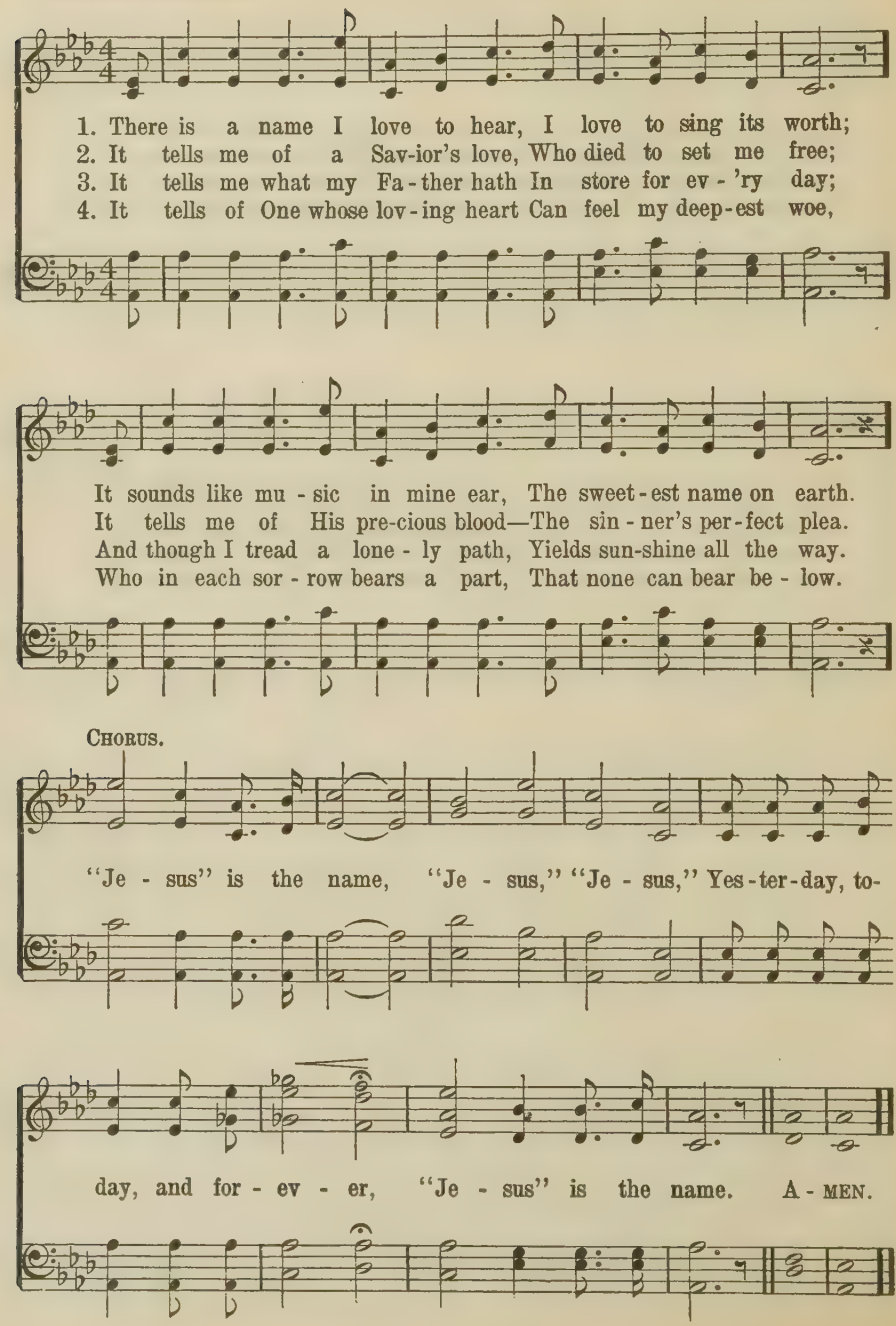
I know, wher-e'er it lead - eth, My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .
'Twill be the way He choos - es,—The Fa-ther's plan for me. . . .
For well He knows the path - way Will lead to end - less day. . . .
'Tis this at last a - waits me—My Fa-ther planned it all. . . .

CHORUS.

I sing thro' shade and sun - shine, And trust what-e'er be - fall; His way is best—it leads to rest; My Fa-ther planned it all. A - MEN.

167 Jesus is the Name.

Frederick Whitfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. P. Scholfield.

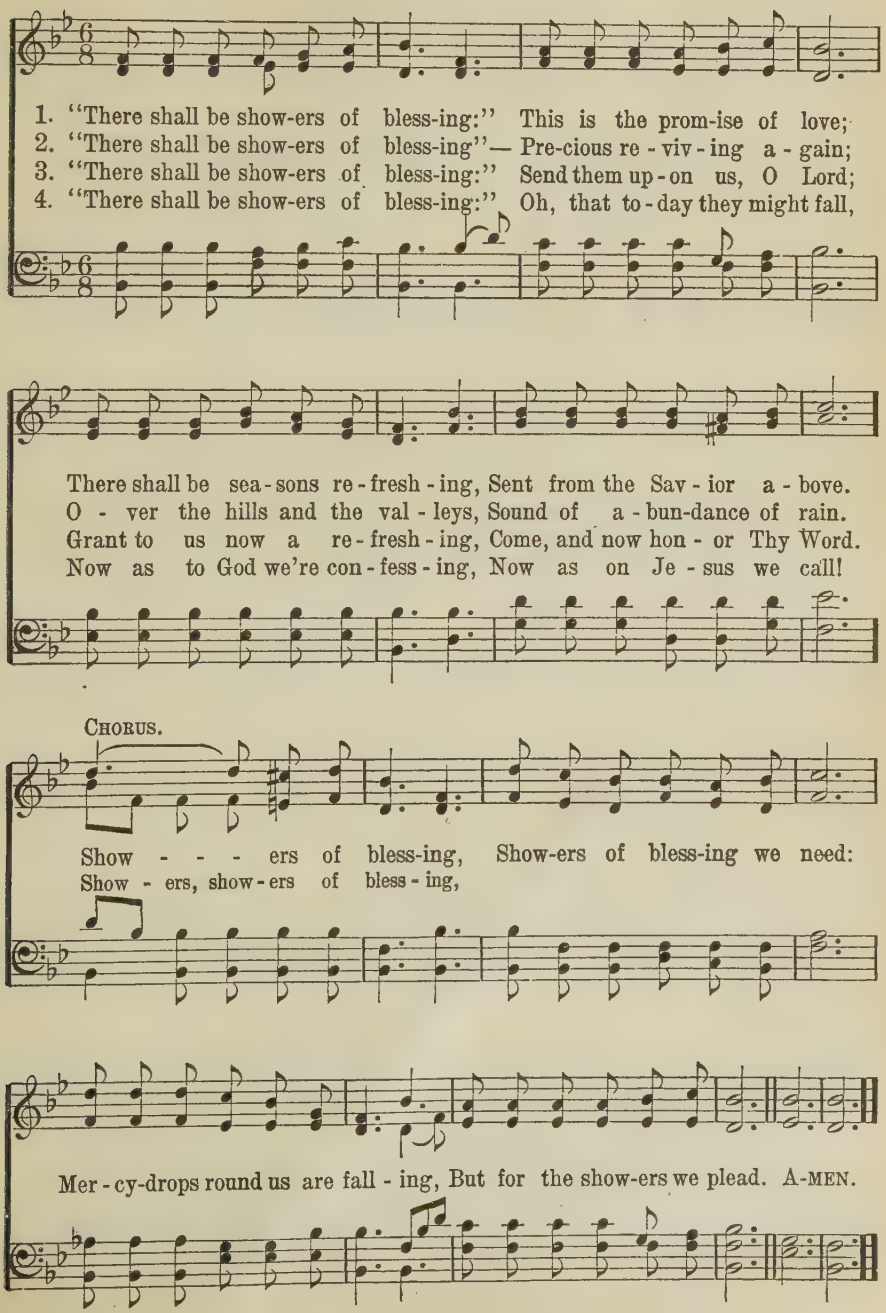


168 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, 1910, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

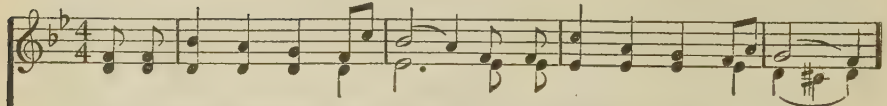
James McGranahan.



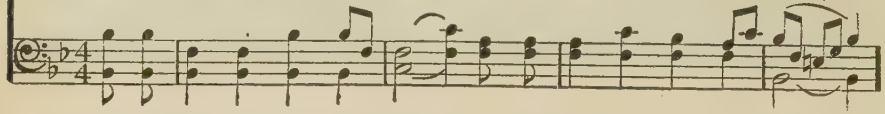
169 Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

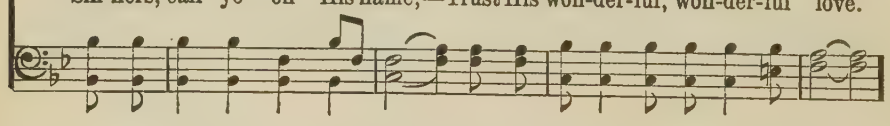
A. C. F. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Albert C. Fisher.



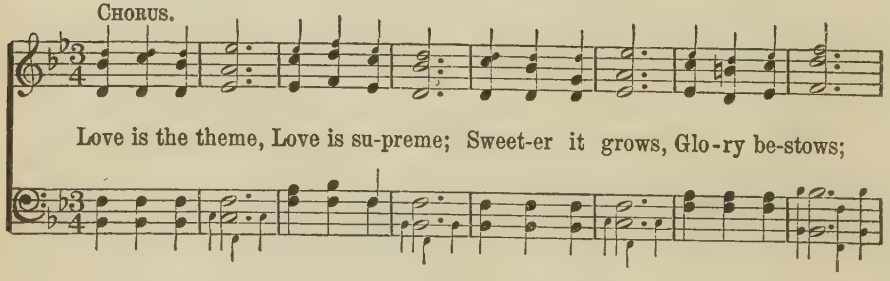
1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib - ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless - ed Mas - ter came,



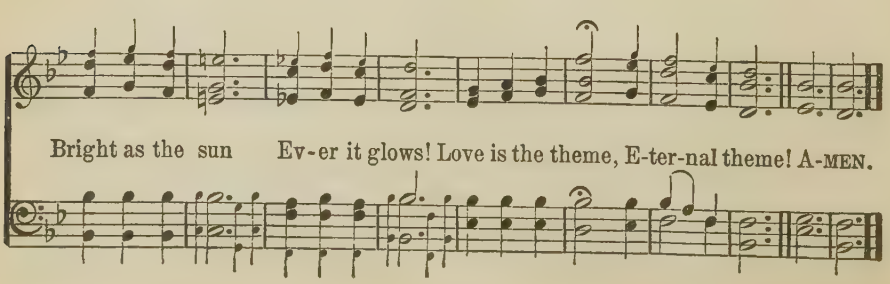
Thro' the a - ges it has shown,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin-ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



CHORUS.



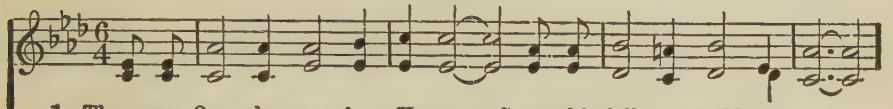
Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;



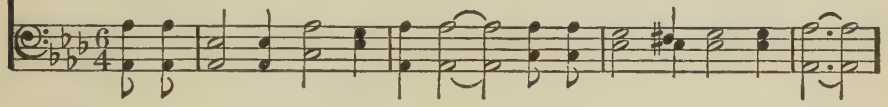
Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.

170 Do You Love Him?

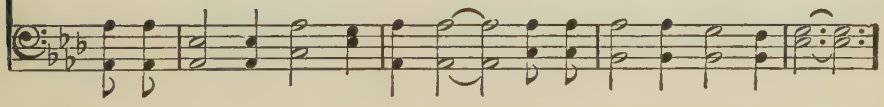
T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY. E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.



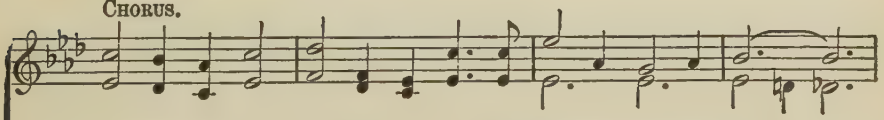
1. There was One who came from Heav-en, Came this fall - en world to save,
2. His was love di - vine and ten - der, More than we could think or dream;
3. On the cru - el cross up - lift - ed, He did all that love could do,
4. Love like that can nev - er fail us, He will al-ways be our Friend;



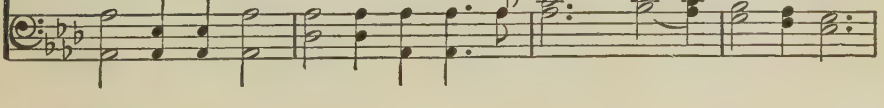
Sparing naught for our re-demp - tion, E'en His ver - y life He gave.
His was in - fi - nite com-pas - sion, His the sac - ri - fice su - preme.
To con-strain our hearts to love Him,—How can we but love Him too?
Hav-ing loved us so, as sin - ners, He will love us to the end.



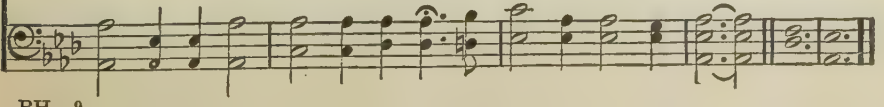
CHORUS.



Do you love Him? Do you love Him? May this your an - swer be:. . . .
May this your an - swer be:



Yes, I love Him, yes, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

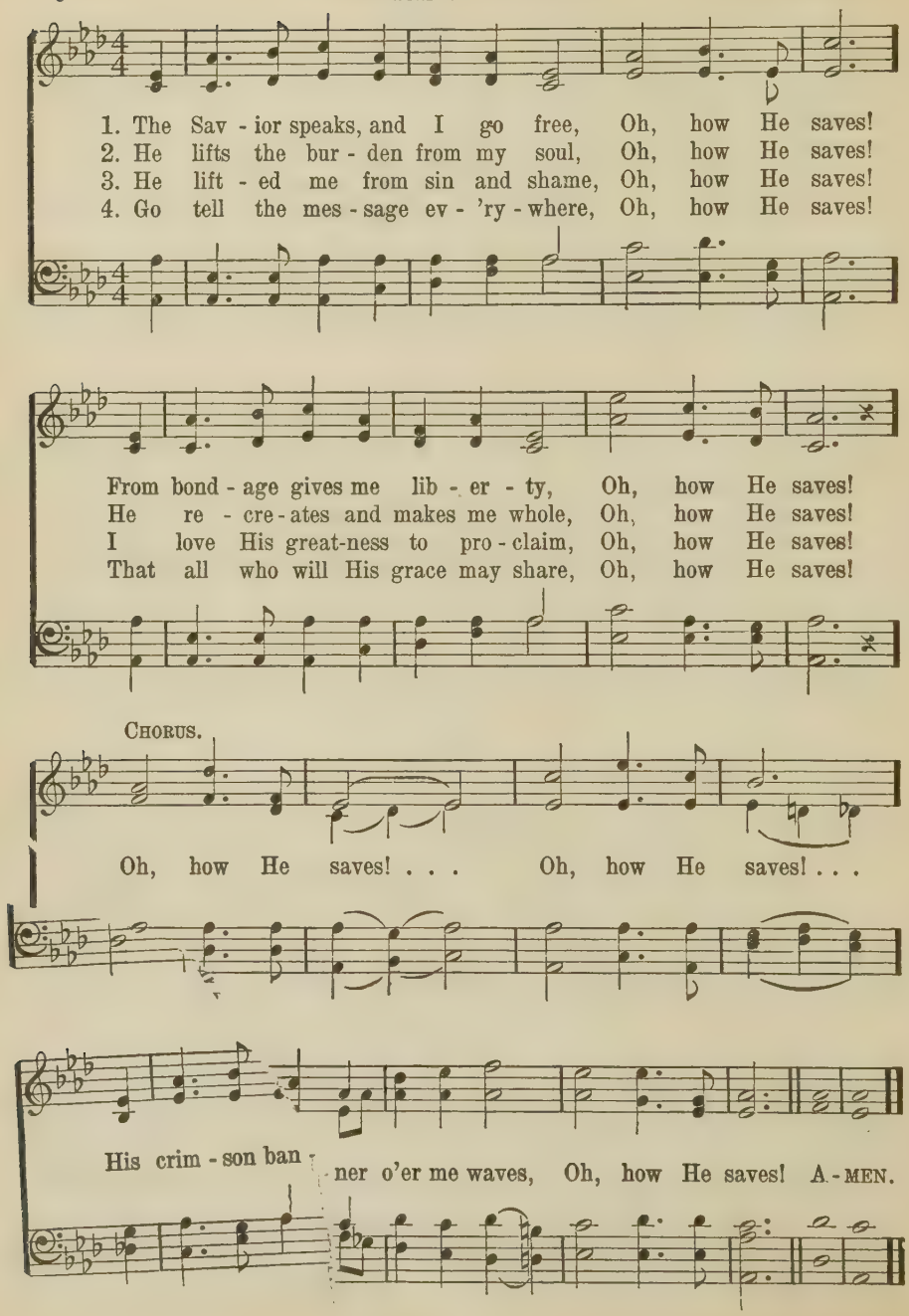


171 Oh, How He Saves!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.



172 Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE, JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

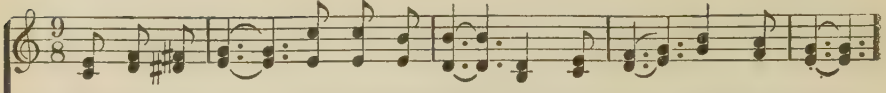
CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er

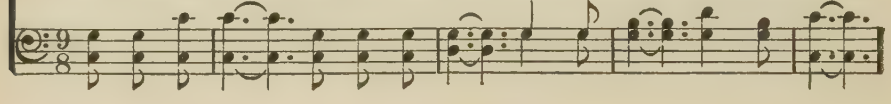
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.

173 Some Sweet Day.

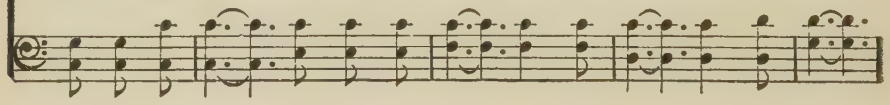
I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. I. E. Reynolds.



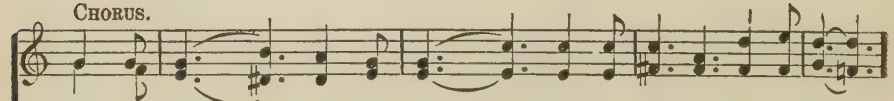
1. There is a land our eyes shall see, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. From care and toil we shall be free, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. A - round the throne we'll sing His praise, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
4. We'll meet the loved ones gone be - fore, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



Where we shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
E - ter - nal joy in Heav'n 'twill be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
A - loud the great ho - san - nas raise, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
To know and greet them as of yore, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

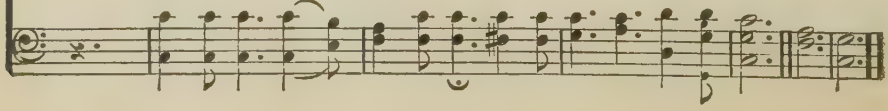


CHORUS.



Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . We shall dwell in "Glo-ry-Land;"
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,

Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . With the ransomed we shall stand. A-MEN.
Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,



Near the Cross.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

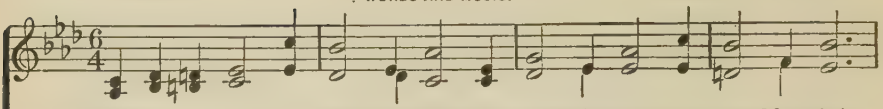
REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

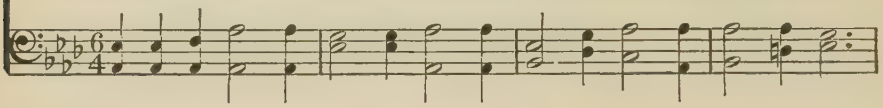
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

175 Beyond Our Sight.

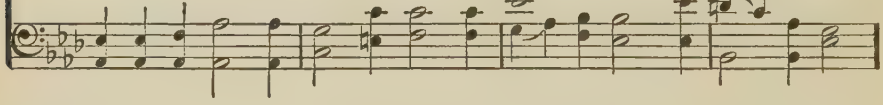
T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.



1. There is a land be-yond our sight, Un-marred by sin, un-dimmed by night,
2. No cru-el strife, no bit-ter hate, That bet-ter world can des-o-late,
3. How man-y van-ished fa-ces dear In mem'-ry's gold-en light ap-pear,
4. How dark and cheerless life would be If faith no bright-er world could see,

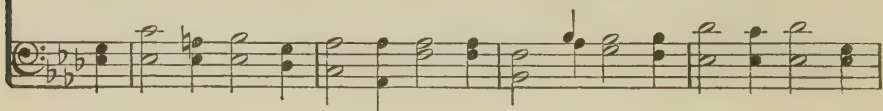


A land with-out one grief or care, No pain nor death can en-ter there.
For love a-lone hath full con-trol In that blest home-land of the soul.
Of those who, pass-ing on be-fore, Are safe with Christ for-ev-er-more!
If, wea-ry "pil-grims of the night," We had no home be-yond our sight!

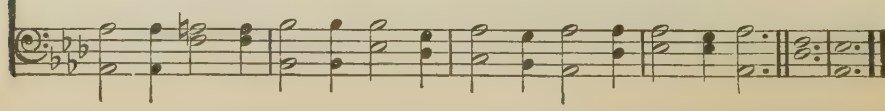


CHORUS.

Be-yond our sight! beyond our sight! "There is a land of pure delight," A

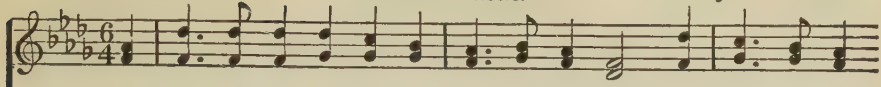


world, than all our dreams more fair,—God grant us each an entrance there! A-MEN.

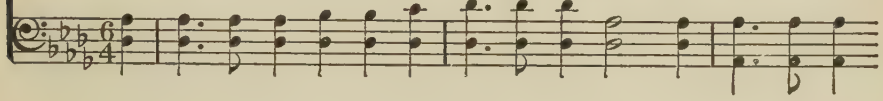


176 Pardon On Calvary.

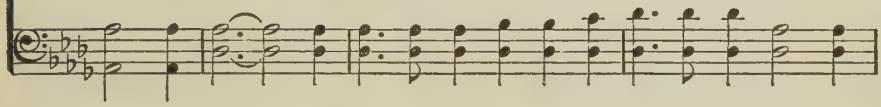
Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.



1. O ye who have wan-dered in sor - row a-way,—There's par - don on
2. Since Je - sus has died on the cross for us all, There's par - don on
3. His hand is held out in com - pas - sion to you, There's par - don on
4. O has - ten to lay all your sin at His feet, There's par - don on

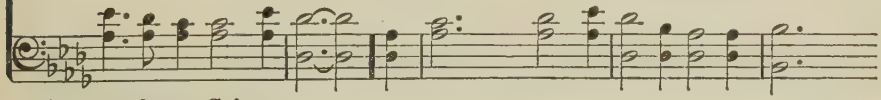


Cal - va - ry; A par - don to sin - ners is of - fered to - day; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your hearts can be cleansed if you come at His call; There's
Cal - va - ry; Your long wast-ed lives He in love will re - new; There's
Cal - va - ry; Come now and ac - cept His re-demption complete; There's



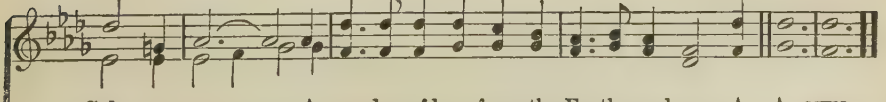
FINE. CHORUS.

par-don on Cal - va - ry. There's par-don on Cal - va - ry, . . . There's pardon on
There's par - - don on Cal-va-ry, There's par-

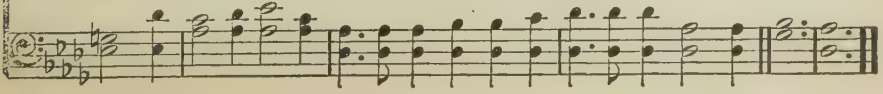


D. S.—*par-don on Cal - va - ry.*

D.S.



Cal - va - ry; . . . . A par-don of love from the Fa-ther a-bove, A A - MEN.
don on Cal - va - ry;



177 At Calvary.

Wm. R. Newell.

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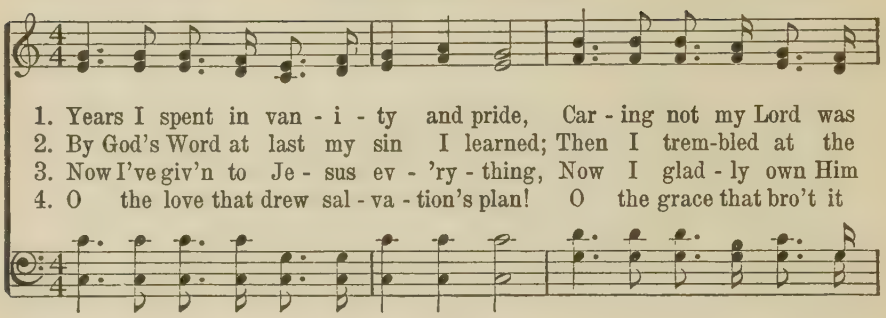
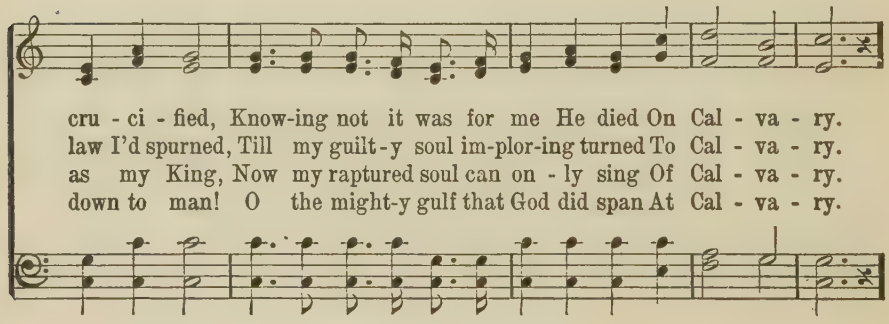
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

D. B. Towner.

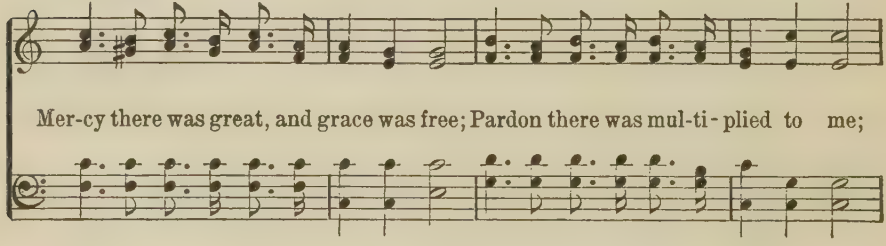


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. O the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! O the grace that bro't it

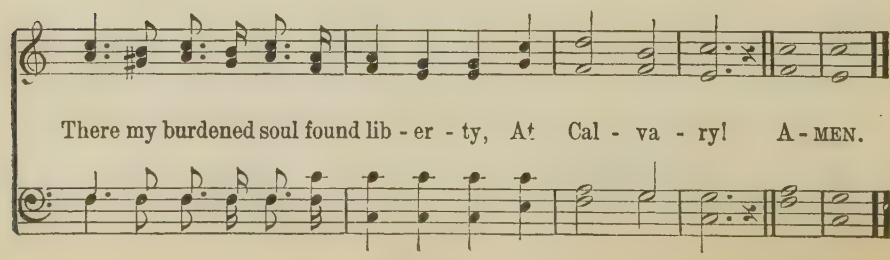


cru - ci - fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man! O the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.



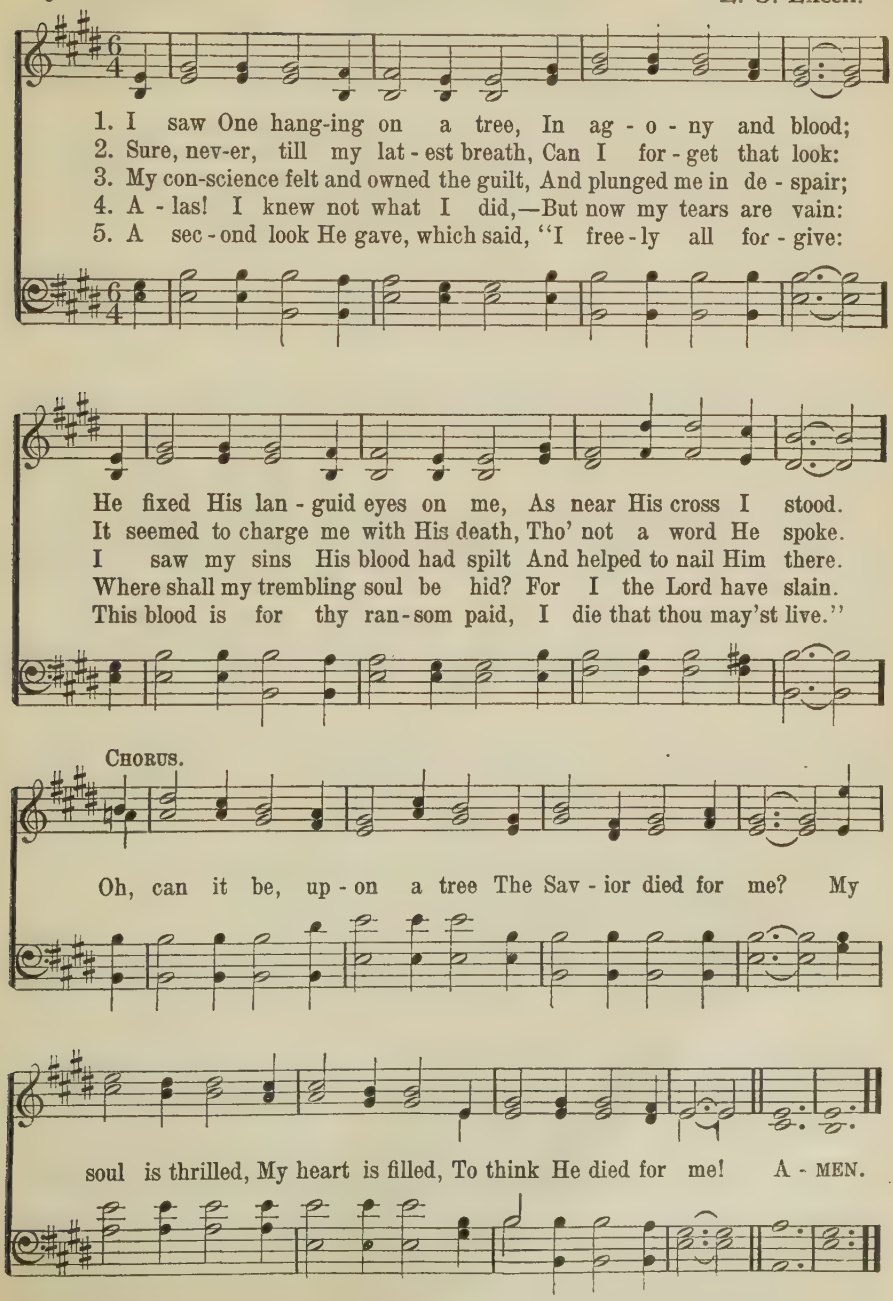
Mer-cy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was mul-ti-plied to me;



There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry! A - MEN.

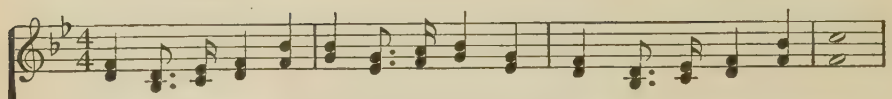
178 He Died For Me.

John Newton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

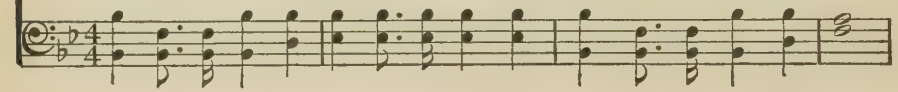


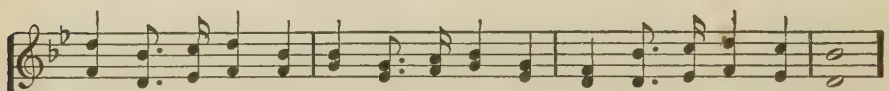
179 I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY FILLMORE BROS.
OWNED BY J. A LEE & CO. J. H. Fillmore.

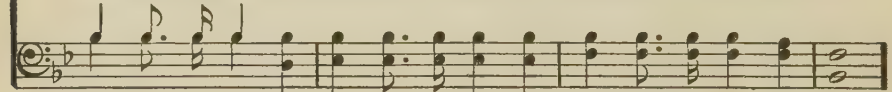


1. I am resolved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;

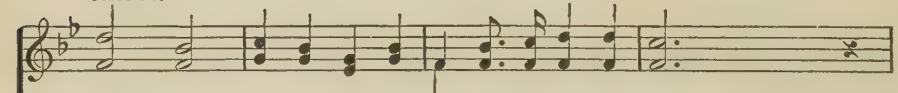




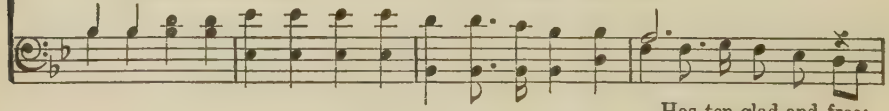
Things that are higher, things that are no-bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.



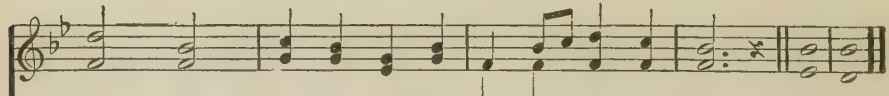
CHORUS.



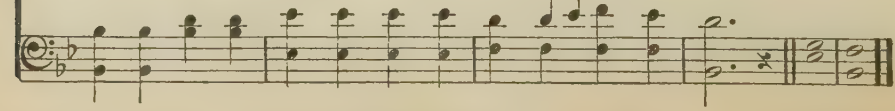
I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten, has-ten to Has-ten so glad and free;



Has-ten glad and free;

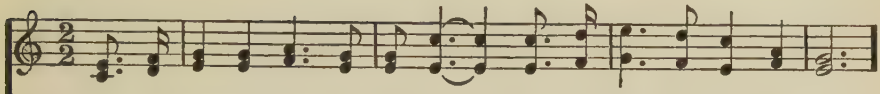


Je-sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.
Je-sus, Je-sus,

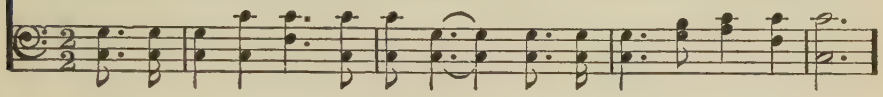


180 Rest for the Weary.

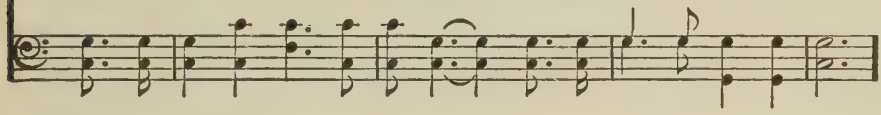
William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.



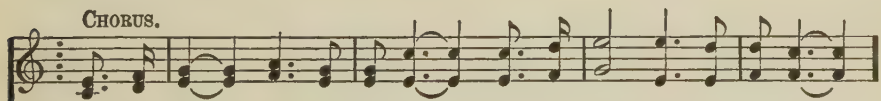
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit-ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
4. Death it-self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;



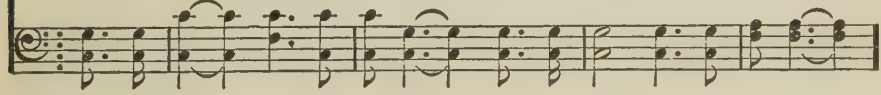
There my Sav-ior's gone be-fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re-quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that ce - les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, oh, ye ran - somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.



CHORUS.



{There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y,
{On the oth-er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.}
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.} A-MEN.

181 He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

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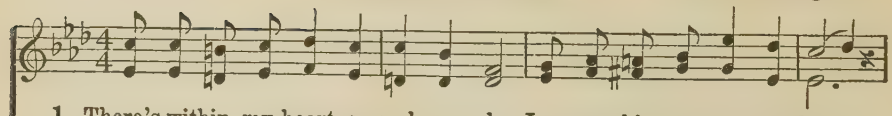
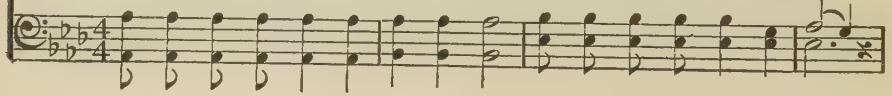
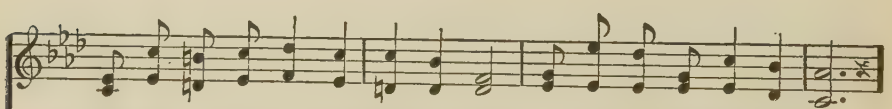
CHARLIE TILLMAN, OWNER.

L. B. Bridgers.

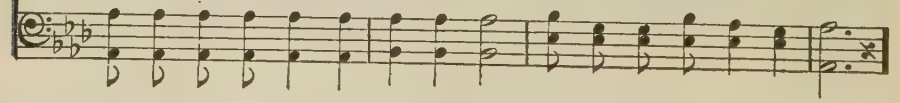


1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;

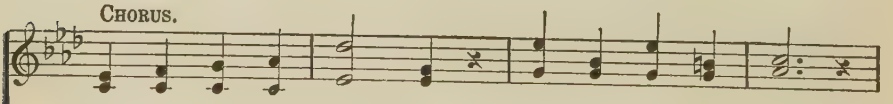




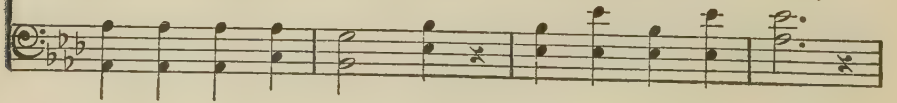
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.

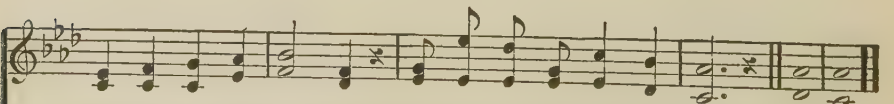


CHORUS.

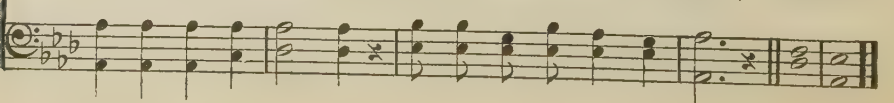


Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,





Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



Beautiful River.

Robert Lowry.

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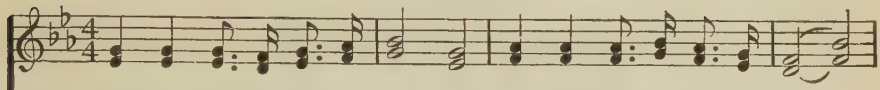
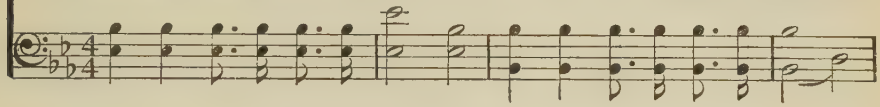
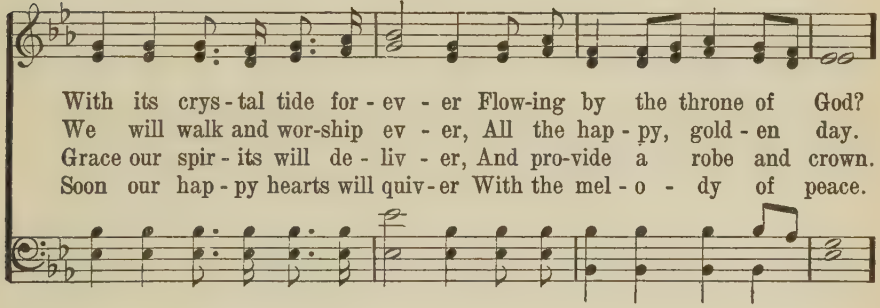
Robert Lowry.



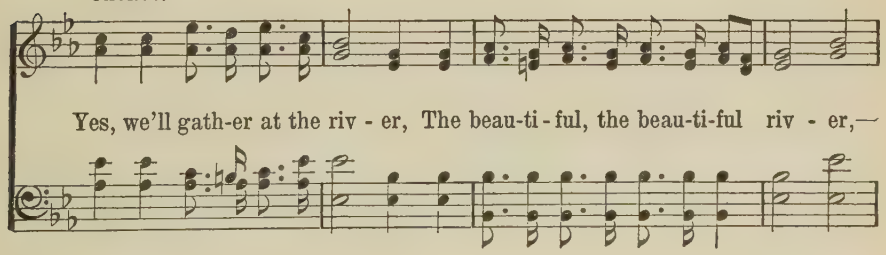
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



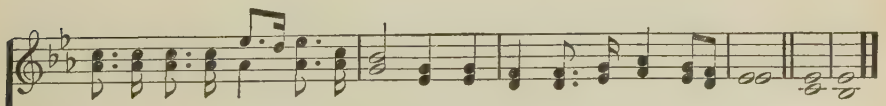


With its crys-tal tide for-ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

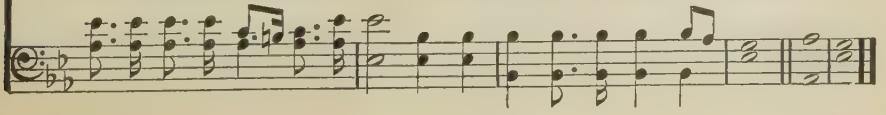
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—

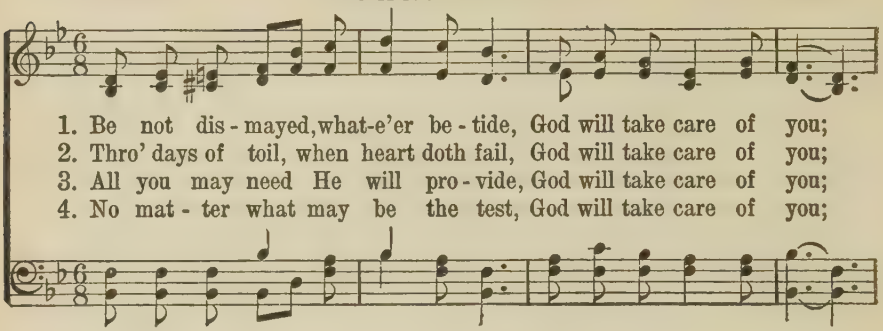


Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

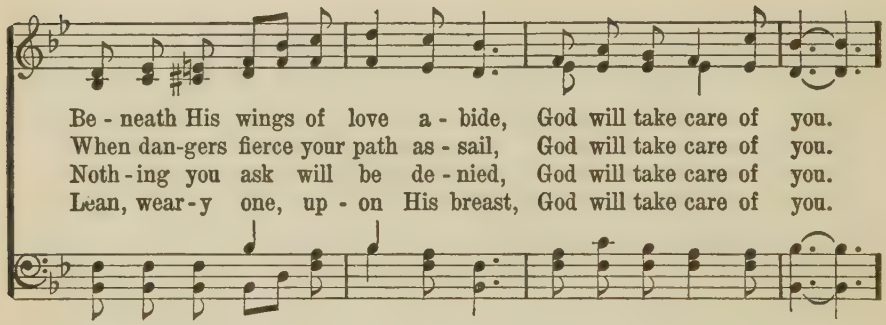


185 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION. W. S. Martin.

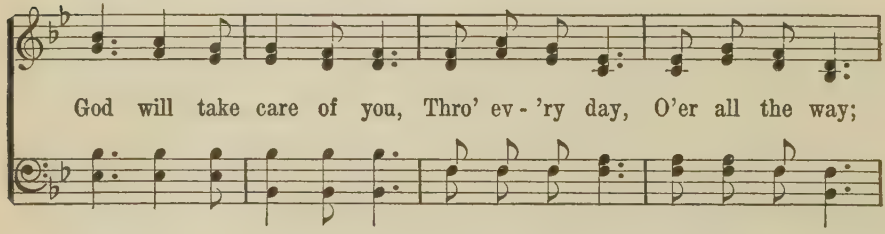


1. Be not dis - mayed, what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

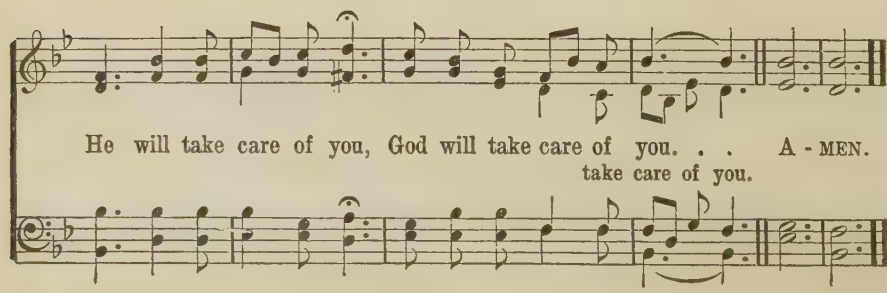


Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
take care of you.

Sweeter Than All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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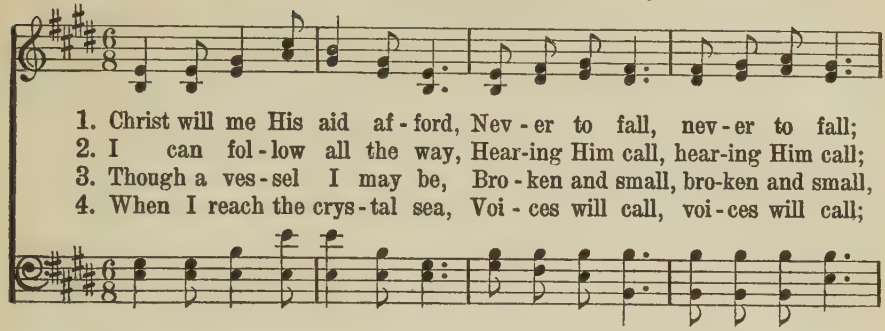
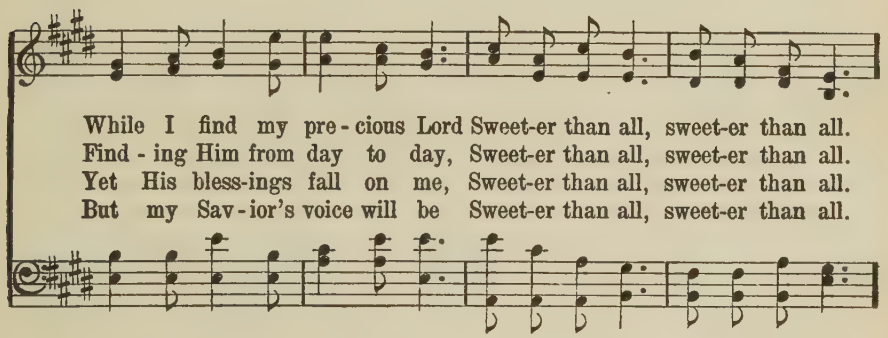
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

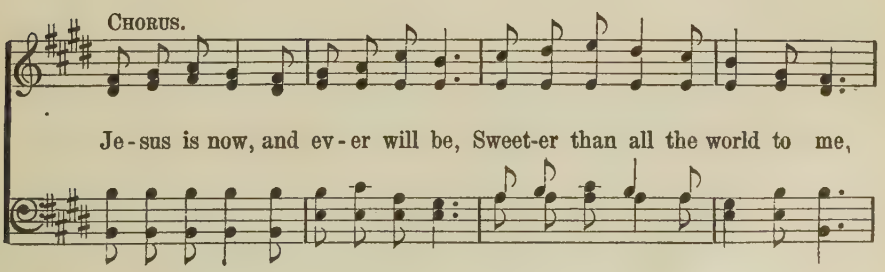
J. Howard Entwisle.



1. Christ will me His aid af - ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall;
2. I can fol - low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Though a ves - sel I may be, Bro - ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys - tal sea, Voi - ces will call, voi - ces will call;

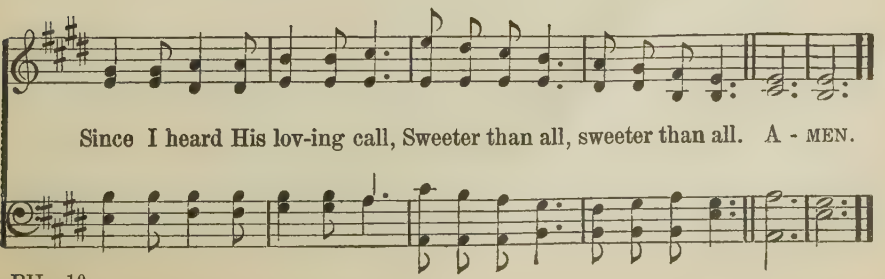


While I find my pre - cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find - ing Him from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav - ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.



CHORUS.

Je - sus is now, and ev - er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,



Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all. A - MEN.

187 The Same Old Way.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won - drous sto - ry In the same old way?

He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?

CHORUS.

In the same old way, In the same old way; God will

f

bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way. A - MEN.

192 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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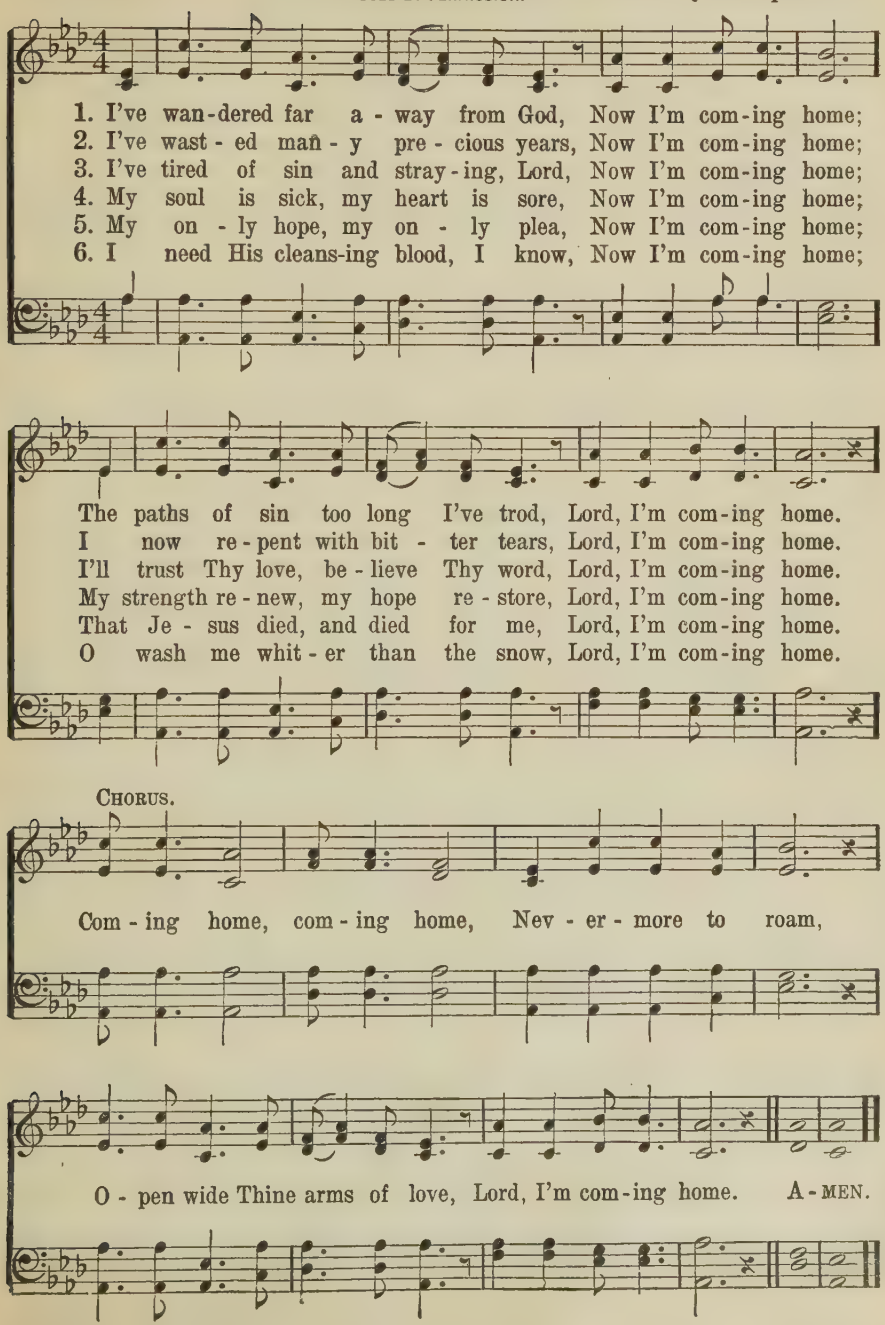
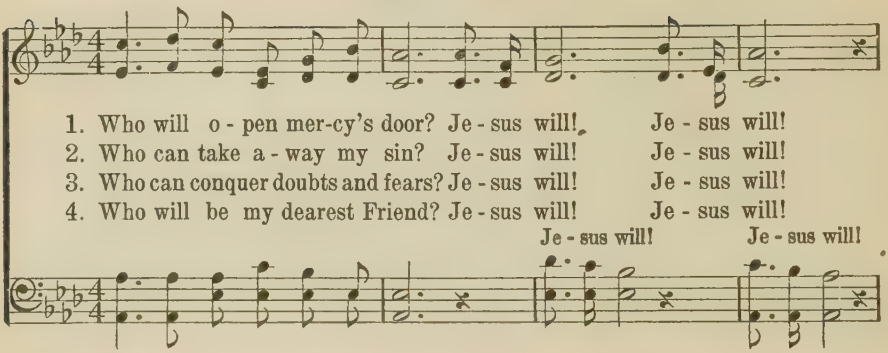
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



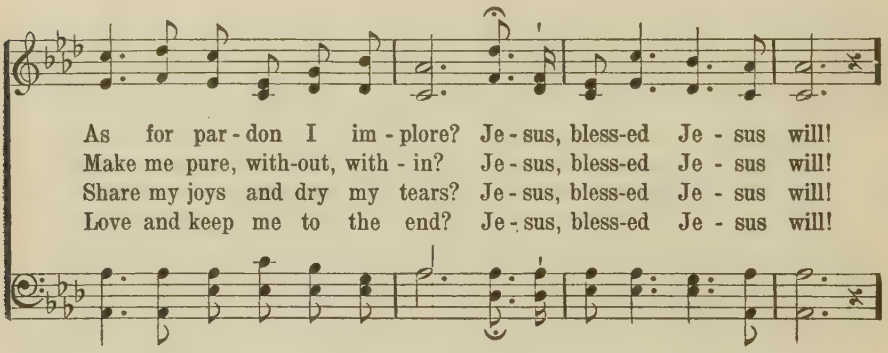
193 Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. B. D. Ackley.



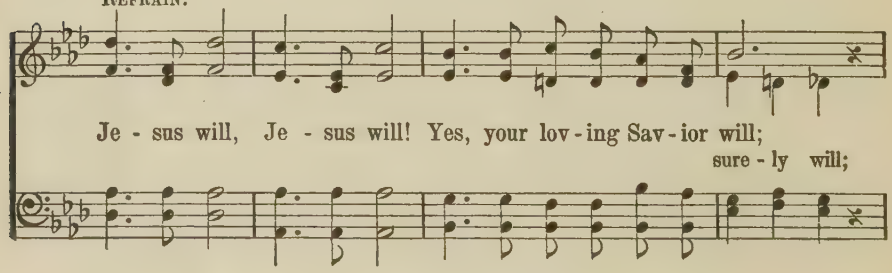
1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

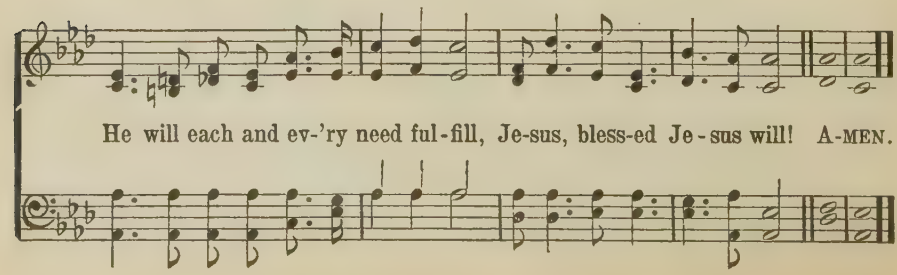


As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

REFRAIN.



Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;



He will each and ev-'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will! A-MEN.

198 Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.

1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va-
2. While standing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o-
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will

ry; Be - neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e - nough for
ny, Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, e - nough for
tree, I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e - nough for
be, To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e - nough for

CHORUS.

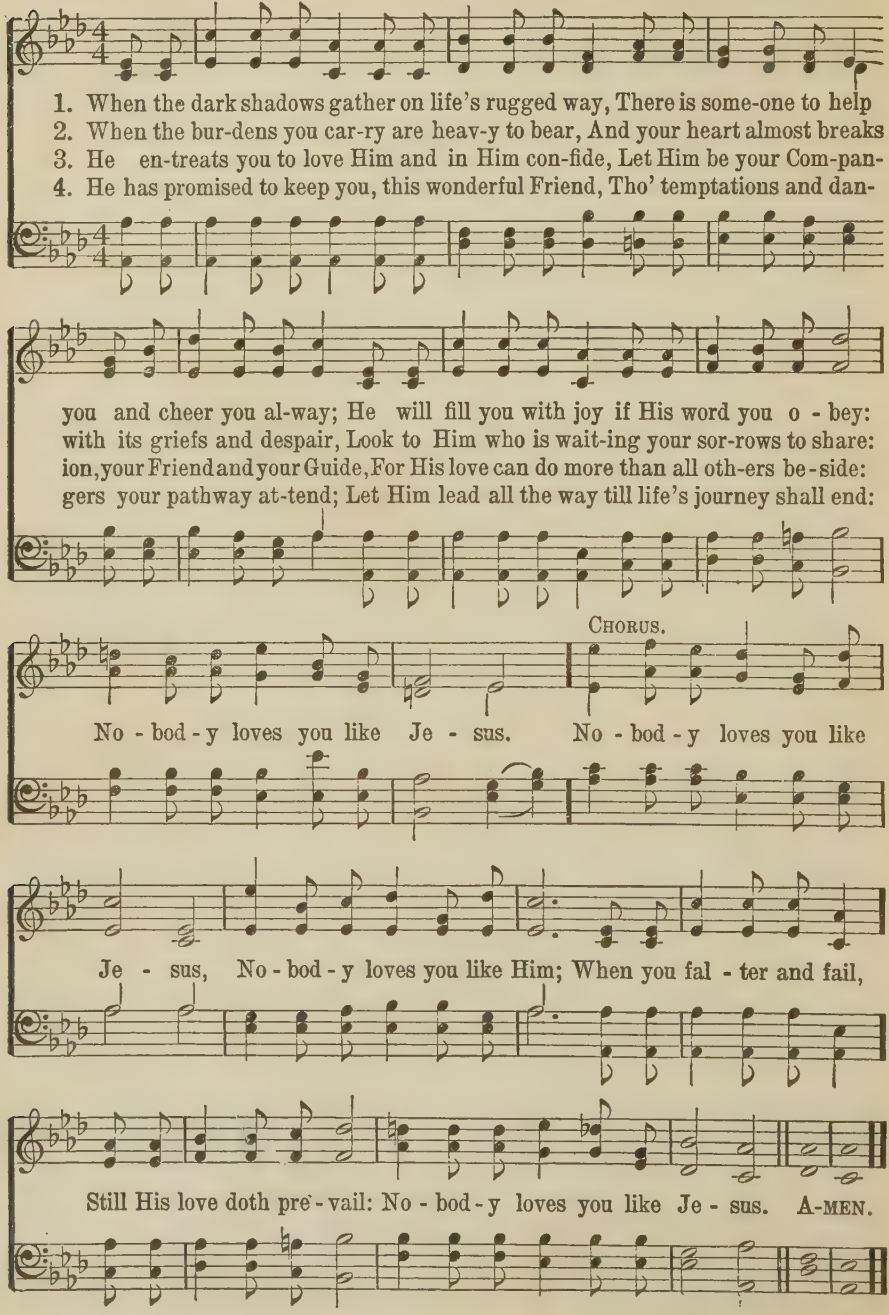
me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, . . .
e-nough for me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,

Grace as fath - om-less as the sea, . . Grace for time and e-
Grace as fath - om-less as the roll - ing sea, Grace for time and e-

ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . e-nough for me. A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, His a - bun - dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

199 Nobody Loves You Like Jesus.

Alfred Barratt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.



200 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

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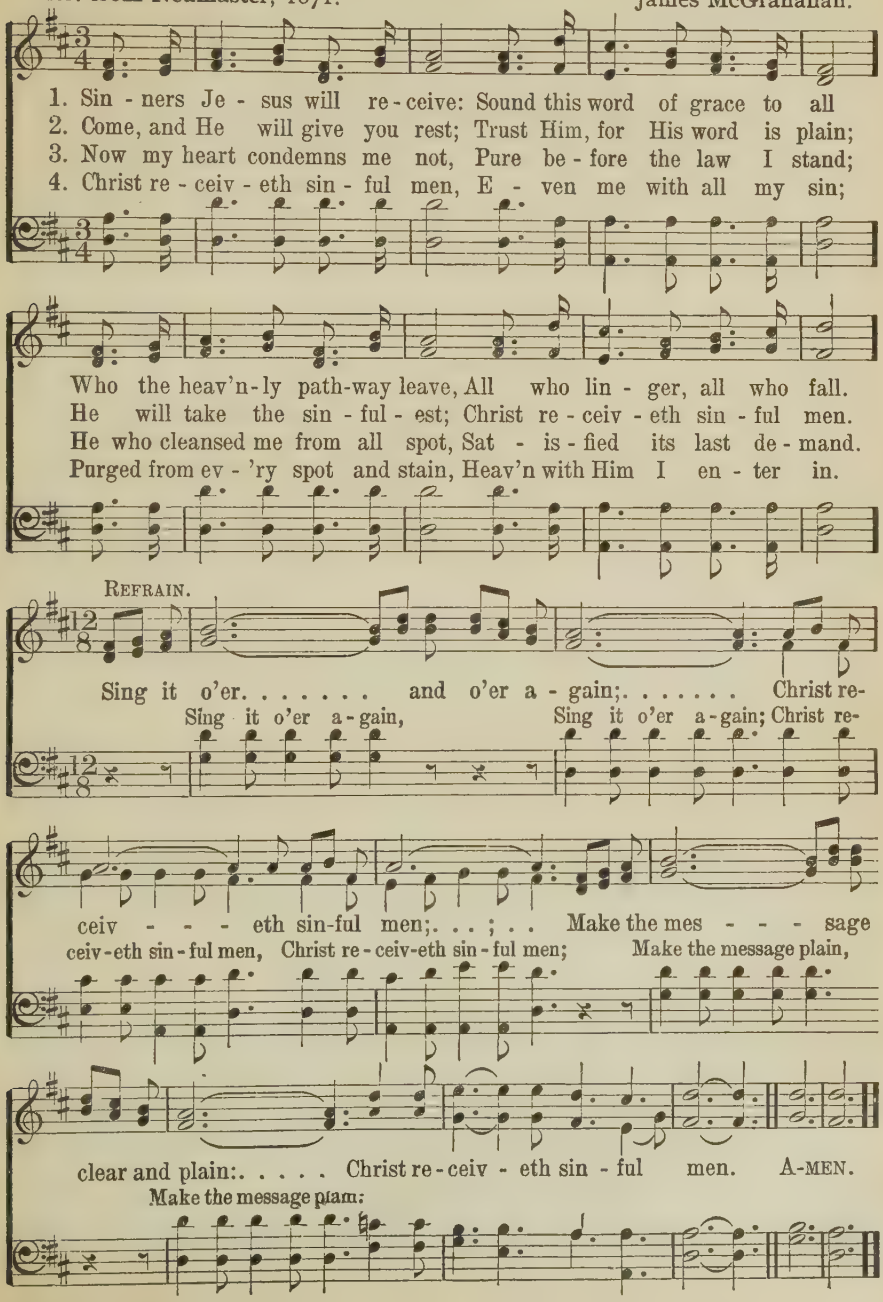
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.



201 Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,

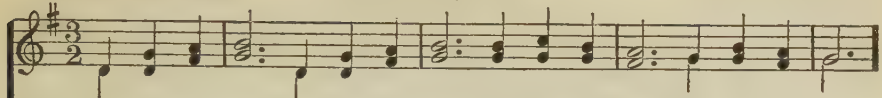
CHORUS.

Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command, great Commander; "On!"

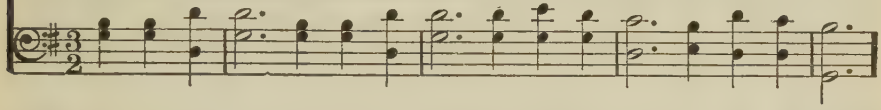
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

O Happy Day.

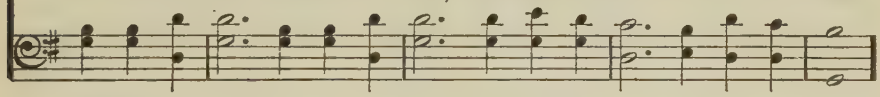
Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.



1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,



Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



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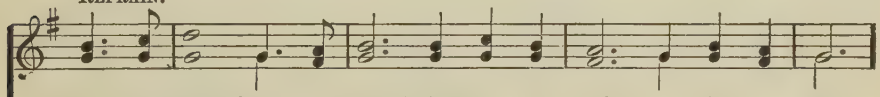
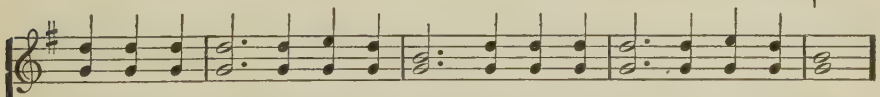
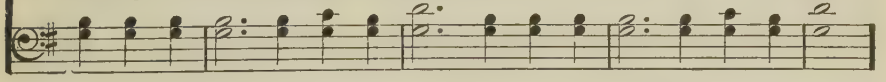


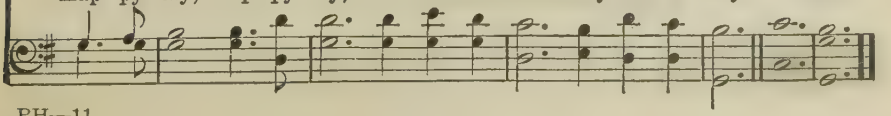
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day:



Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-MEN.



203 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

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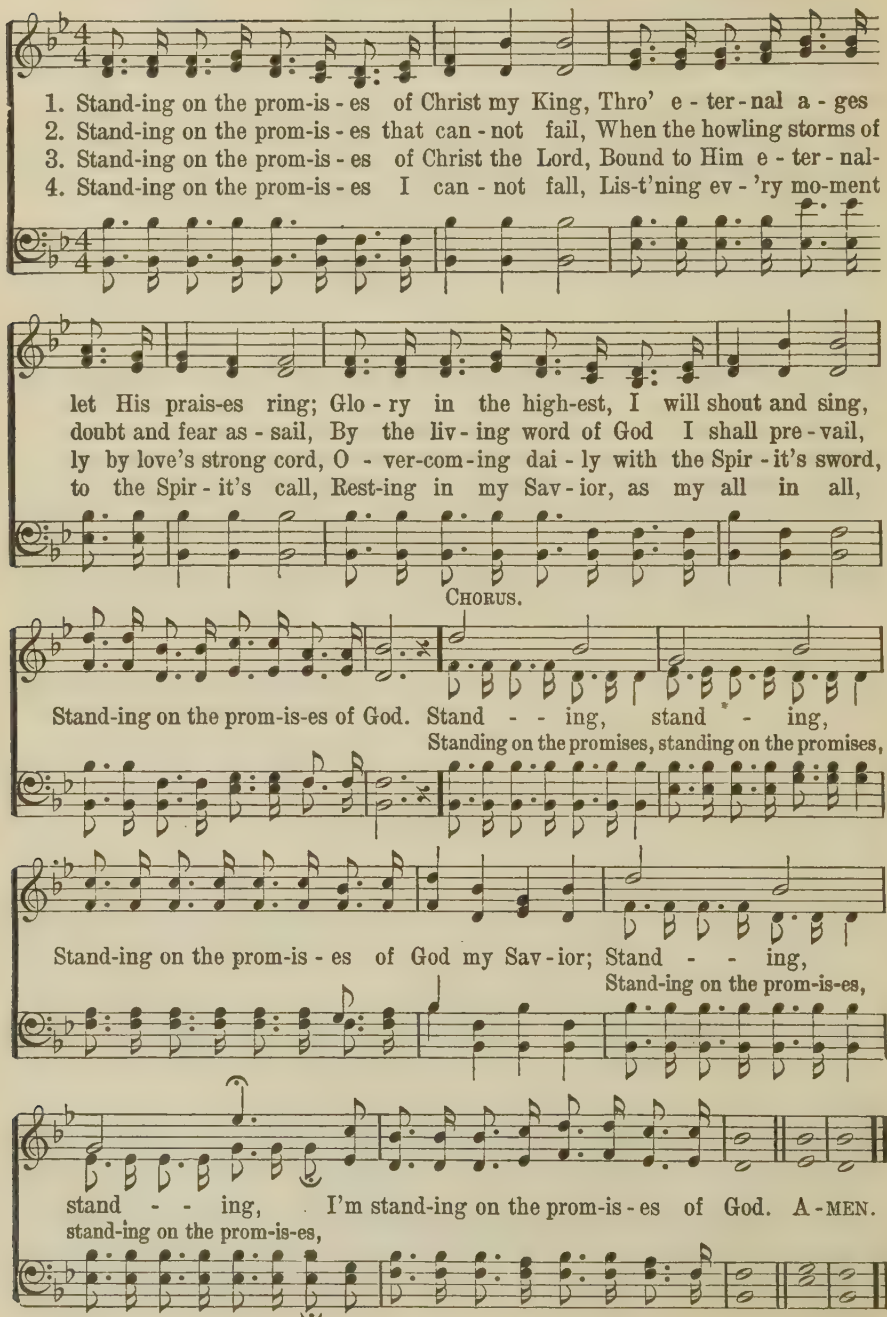
R. Kelso Carter.



Only a Sinner.

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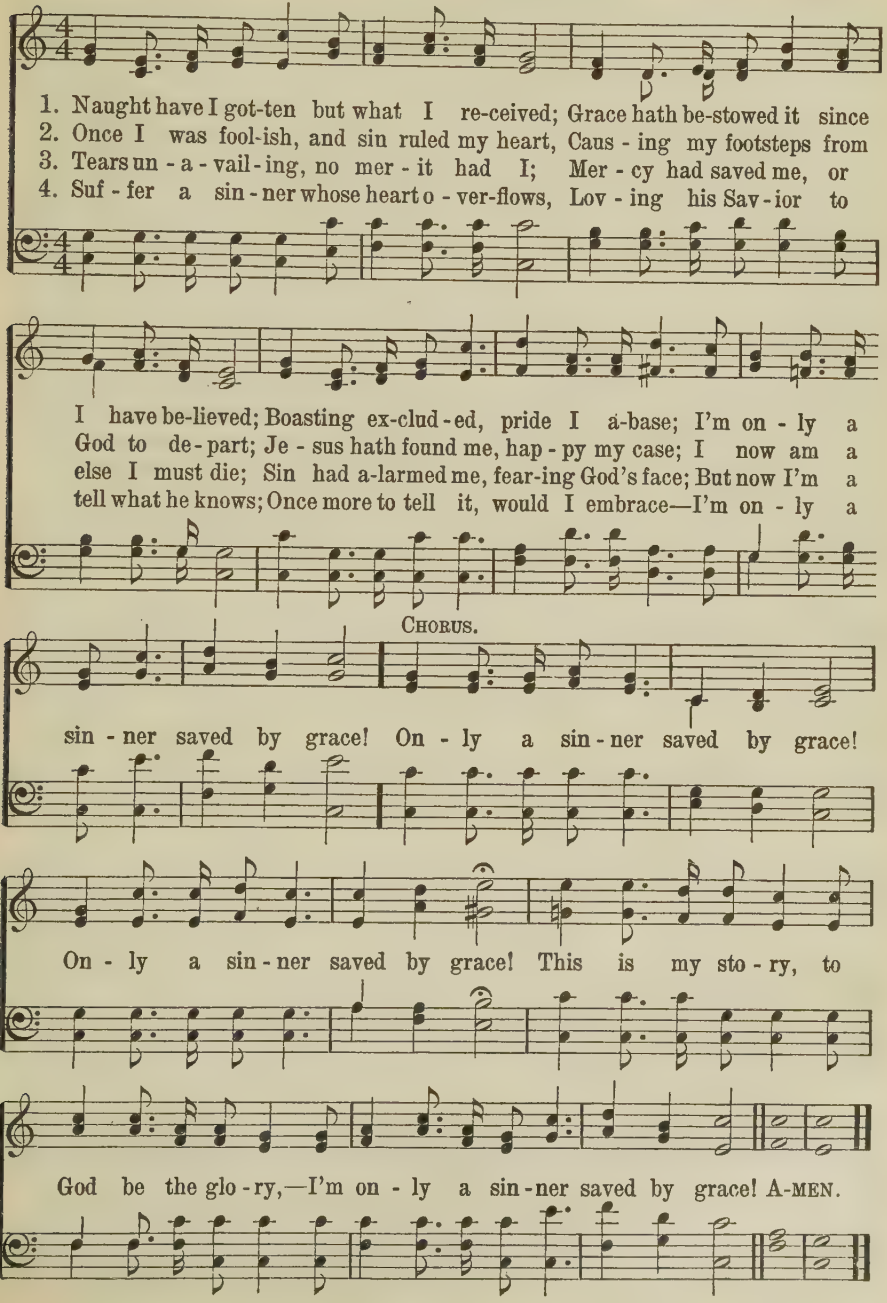
James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.



205 Cancelled!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. When my debt to God was rest - ing on my soul, And I trod the
2. My ac-count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the
3. Grat - i - tude to Him has tuned my heart to praise, I'm grate-ful for
4. When I stand a - lone and face the set - ting sun, And dark-ness ob-

down-ward road, I looked up to Him who died to make men whole, And He
heav - y load; Je - sus paid my debt, I love Him more each day, For He
gifts be - stowed; And my song will flow thro' all the com - ing days, For He
scures the road, He will guide me home and say to me, "Well done," For He

CHORUS.

can-celled the debt I owed. Je - sus can-celled the debt I owed,
I owed,

Je - sus lift - ed the might-y load; . . . . Grace di - vine touched my
might - y load;

rit.

soul and made me whole, When He can-celled the debt I owed. A-MEN.

206 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how

sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

207 Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.
RENEWAL, 1905, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal-va-tion and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain,
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly ut-tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain,
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo-rious rest, And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest, The life ev - er last - ing if ye would ob-tain,
4. A dear one in Heav-en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re-frain:

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain." (a-gain.) "Ye must be born a- gain," a - gain, "Ye must be born a - gain," a - gain, I ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain." a-gain. A - MEN.

208 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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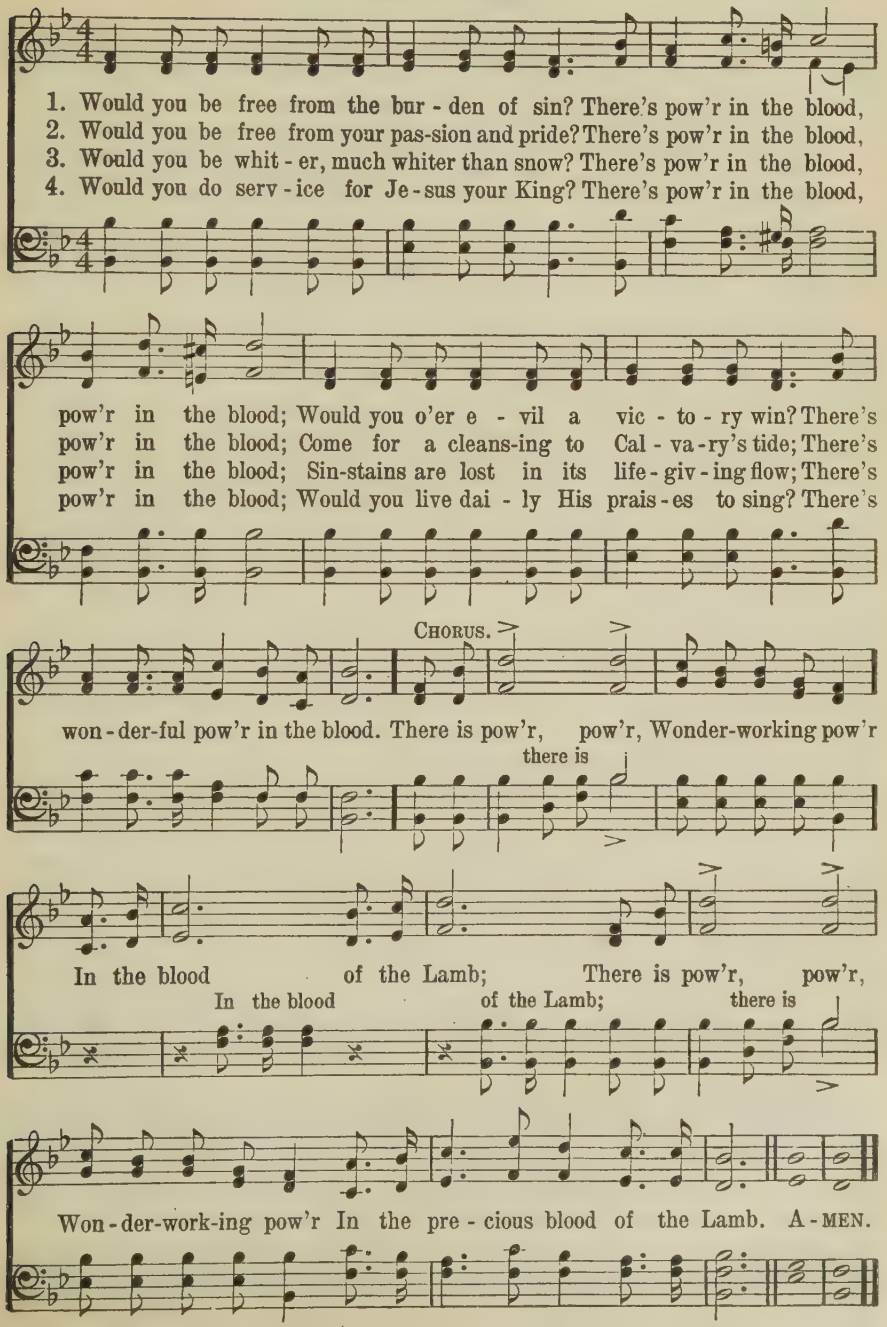
L. E. Jones.



209 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll;

Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul. A-MEN.

The Bible.

B. Barton.

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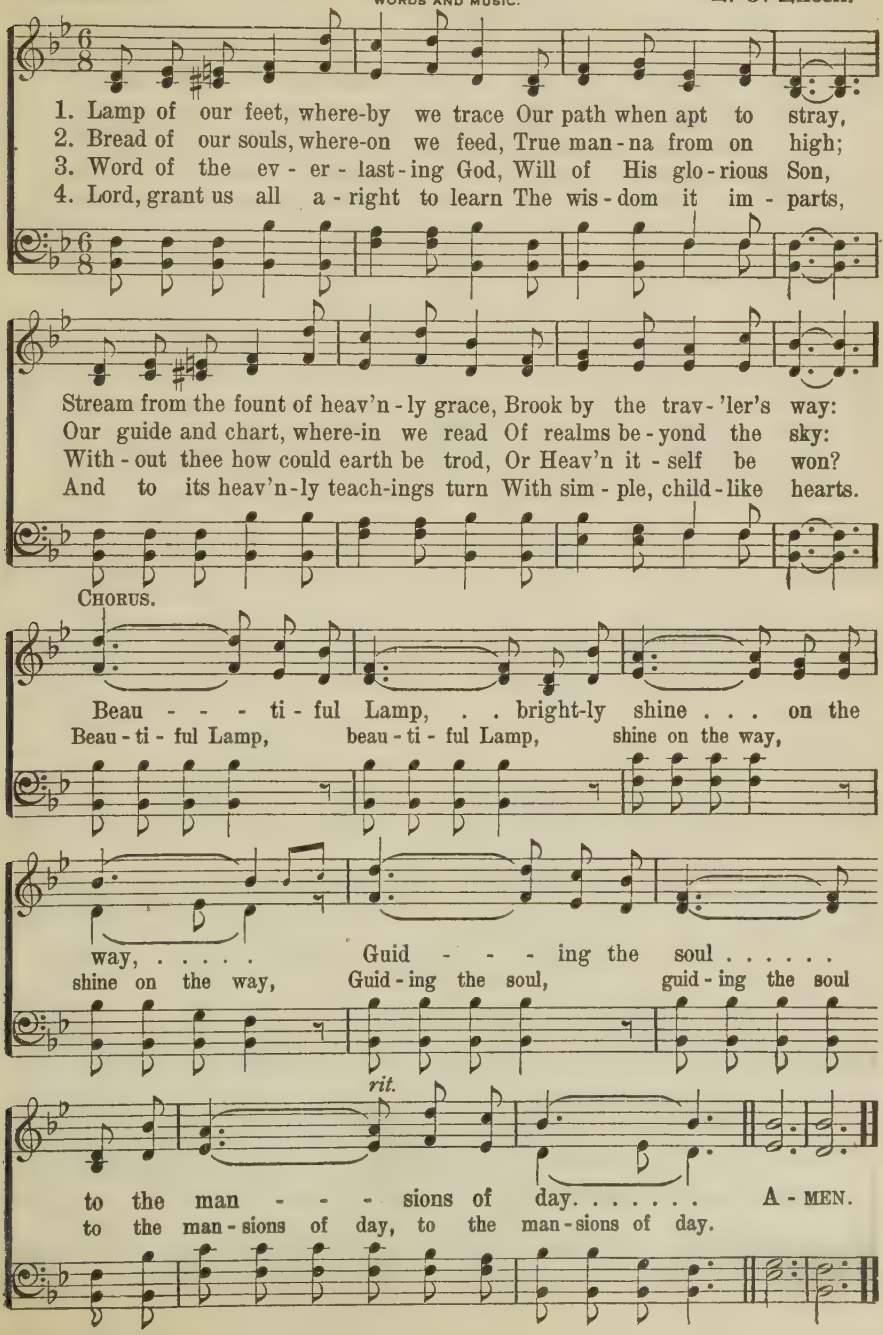
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



211 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap - tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay:

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a- by and by,
cross on the ev - er-green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo - ses ev - er-green shore,
and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er-more. A-MEN.

212 My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast.

J. Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;

My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleans-es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

f CHORUS.

O come, an-gel band, come and a-round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a- way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.

213 Jesus is the Friend You Need.

I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. I. E. Reynolds.

1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;

When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-deed;
Je - - sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-deed;
He who no-teth ev-'ry tear, He will ban-ish ev-'ry fear,
Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.

214 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Foun-tains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. A - MEN.

215 Send the Light.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold - en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

1

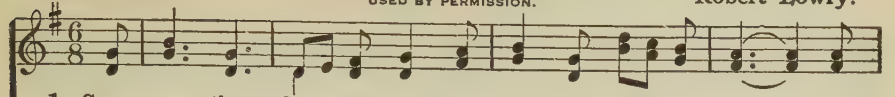
bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to
the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine

2

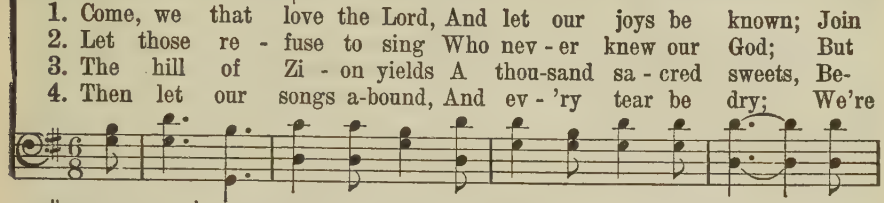
shore! . . . . . shine . . . for-ev - er - more. . . . . A-MEN.
from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev - er-more.

220 We're Marching to Zion.

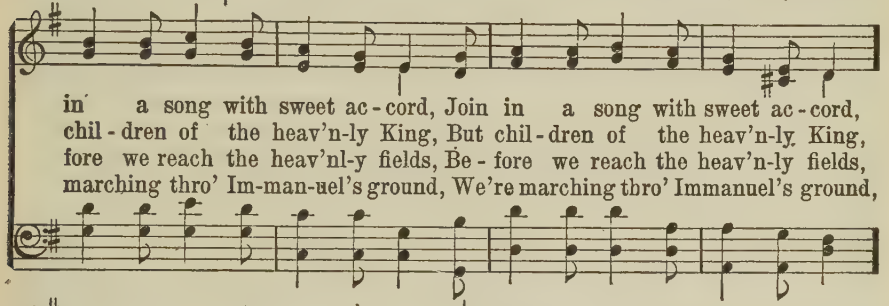
Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



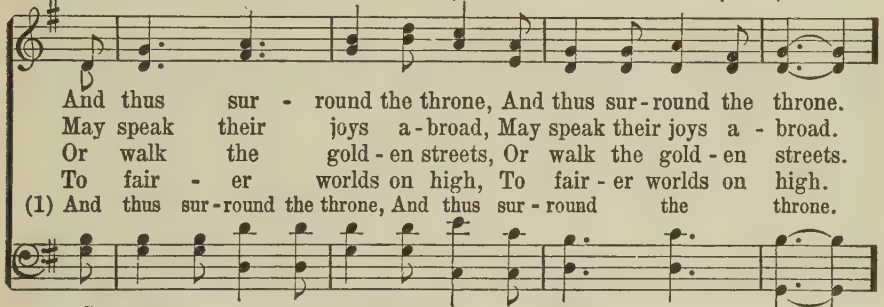
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

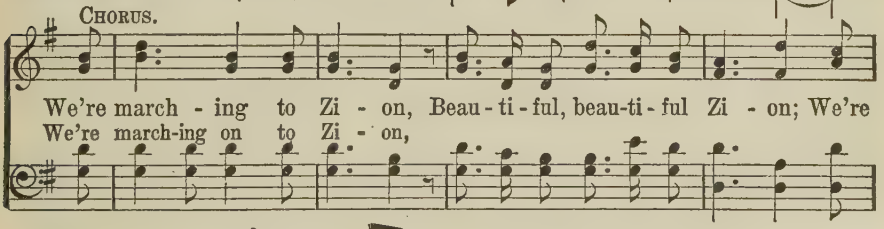


And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

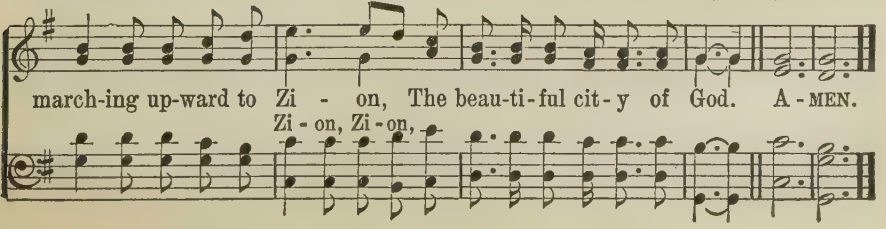


CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

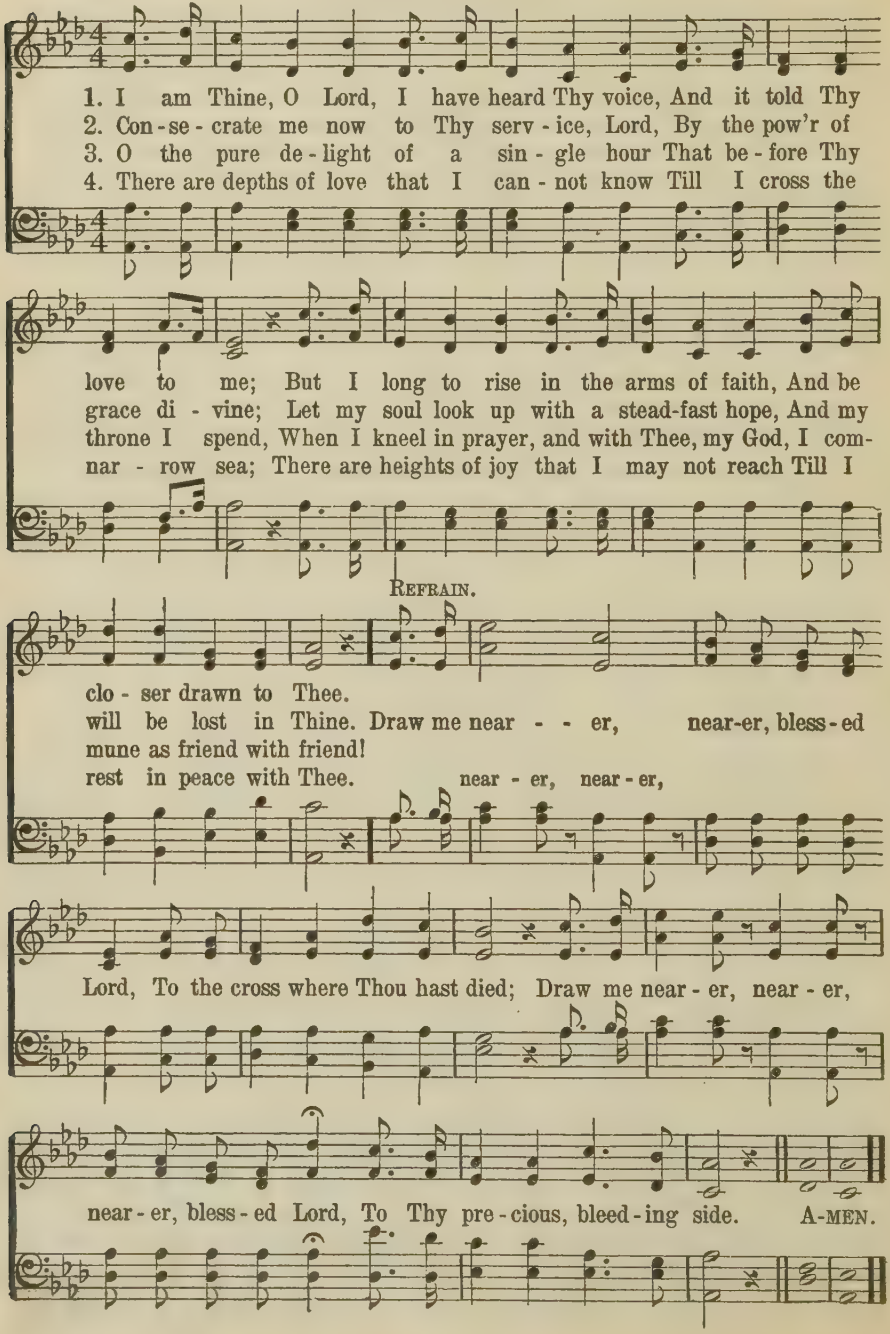


march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,



221 I Am Thine, O Lord.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.



222 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

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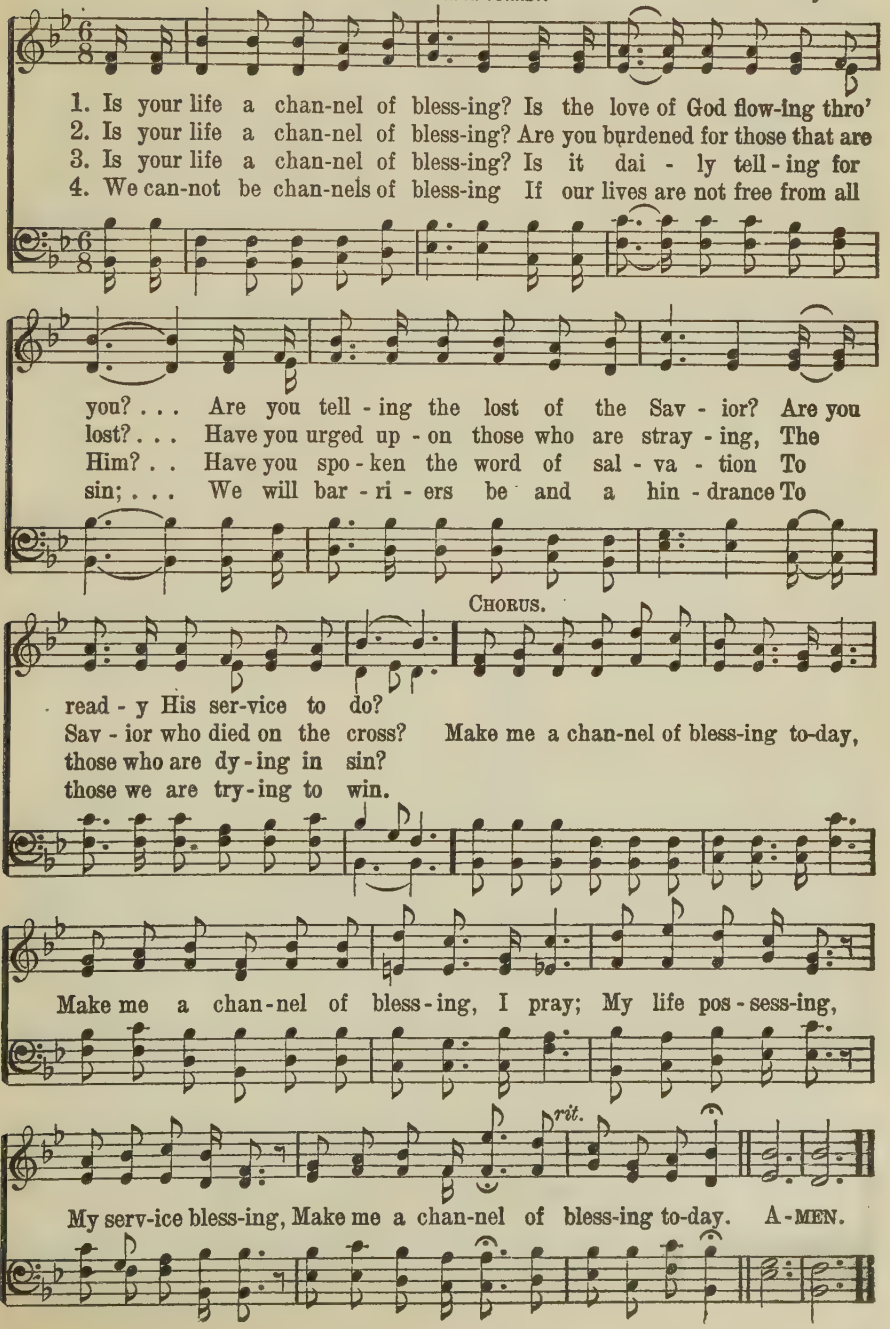
H. G. Smyth.



223 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - ing to - day, . . .
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - - - ing to - day, ... Je - - - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
call - ing to - day,

224 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

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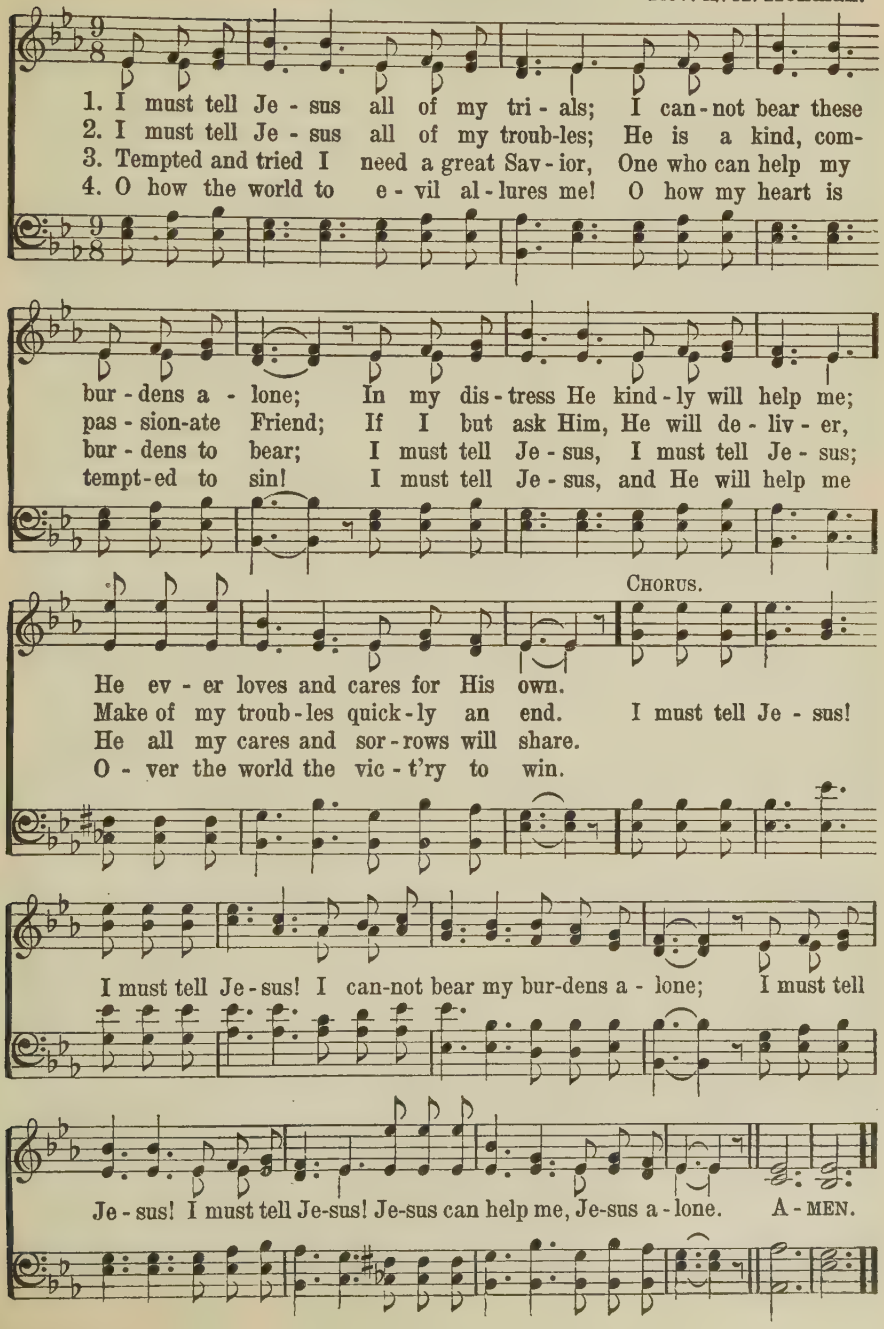
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



225 Some Time We'll Understand.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
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CHARLES M. ALEXANDER OWNER.

Maxwell N. Cornelius. James McGranahan.

1. Not now, but in the com-ing yea s, It may be in the bet-ter
2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a-g in, And fin-ish what we here be-
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cher-ished
4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our ea-ger
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing

land, We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time,
gan; Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah, then,
plan; Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun; 'Tis there, some-time,
hand; Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall. Up there, some-time,
hand; Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there,

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

we'll un-der-stand. Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for

A tempo.

He doth hold thy hand; Tho' dark thy way, still sing and
doth hold thy hand;

cres. *ad lib.*

praise, . . . Some-time, some-time, we'll un-der-stand. A-MEN.

226 Trust and Obey.

J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER.
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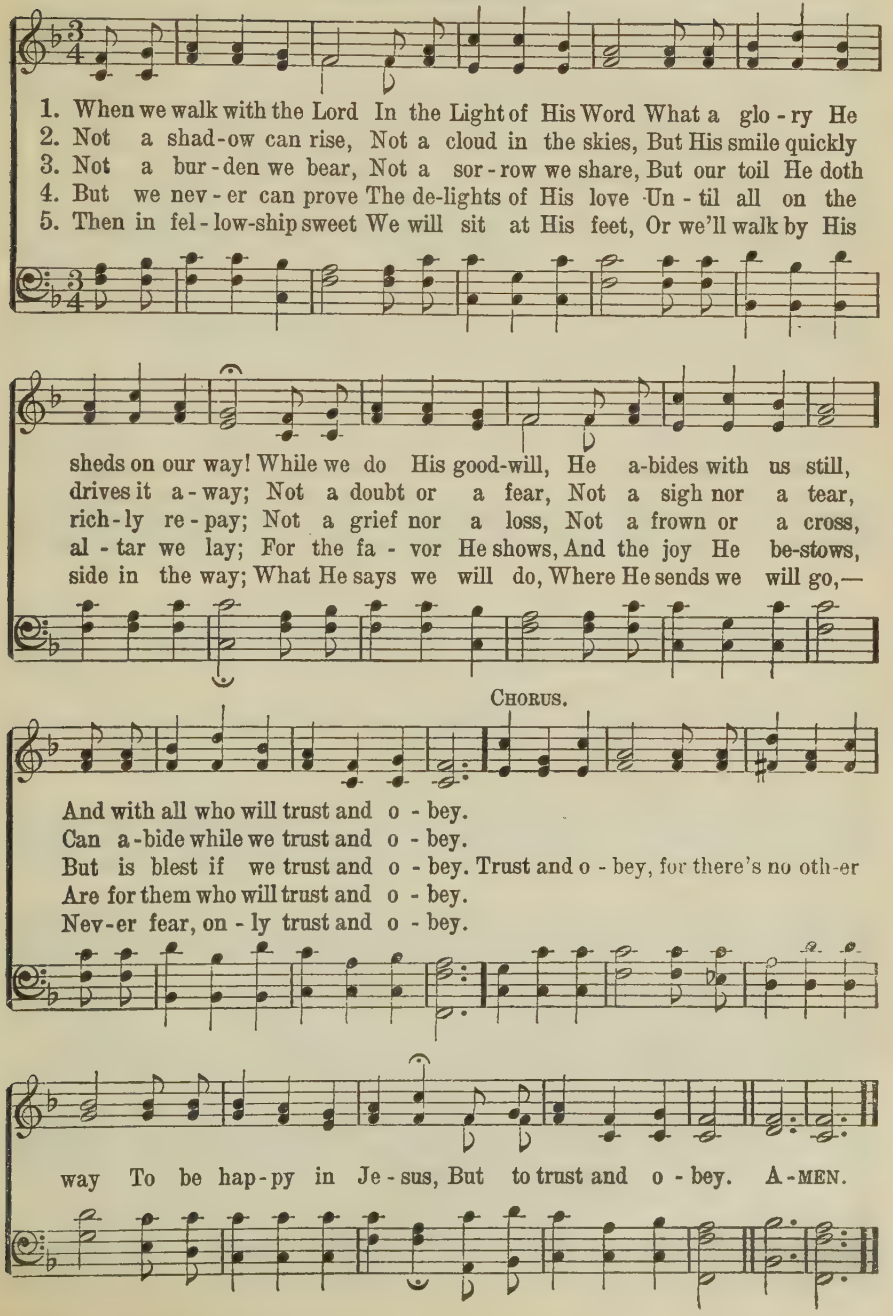
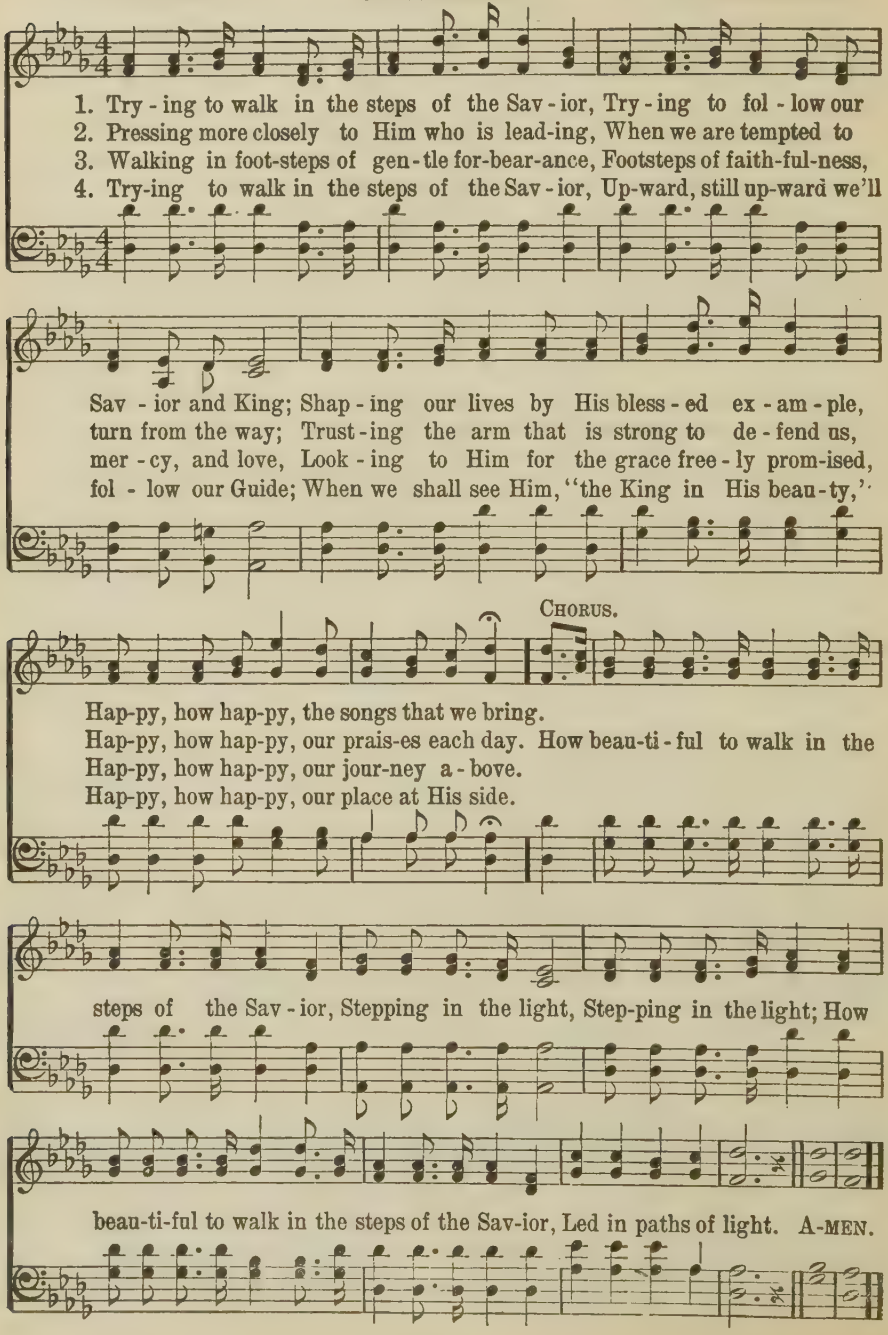


227 Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



228

Beautiful Name.

Alfred Barratt.

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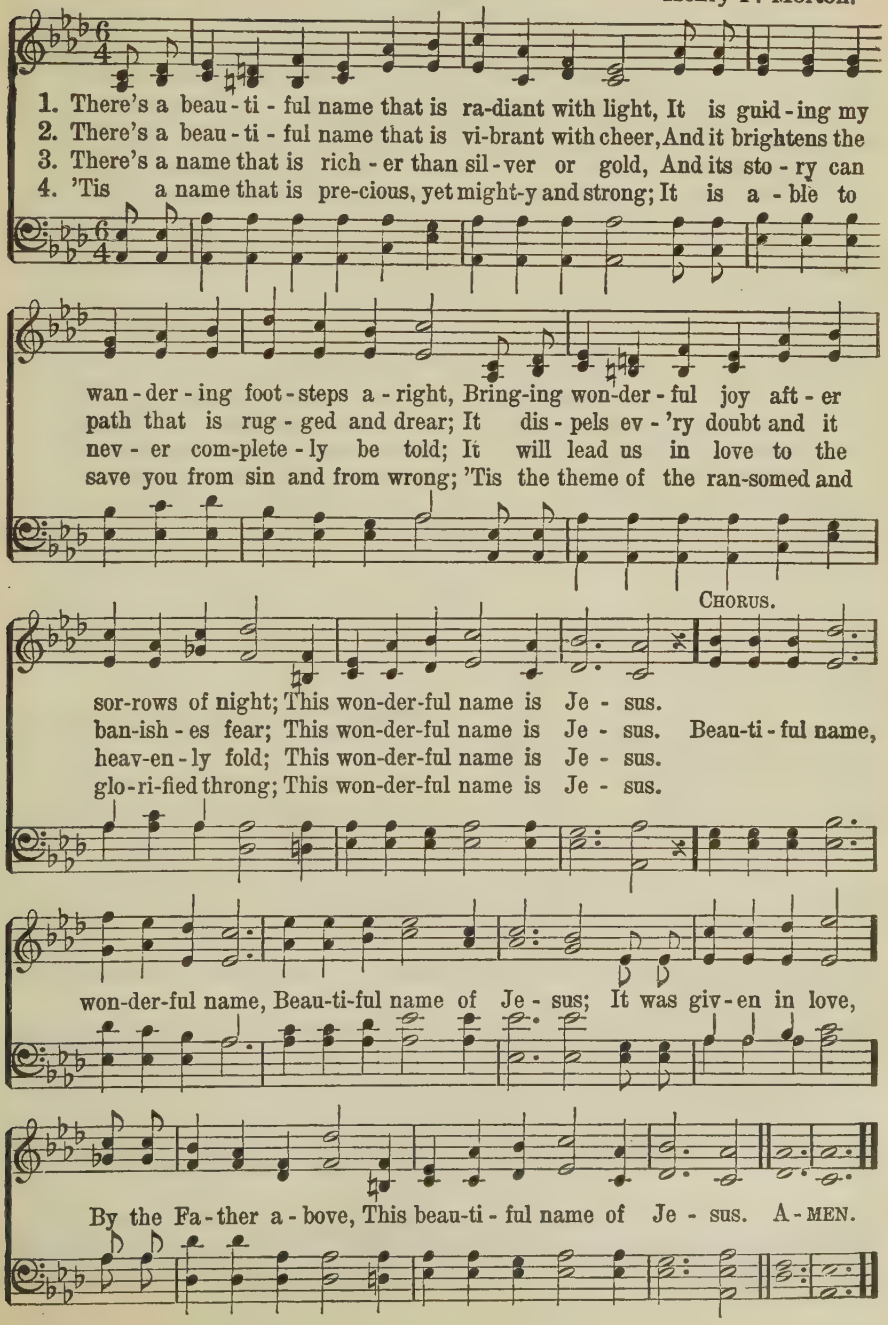

229

A Hymn of Trust.

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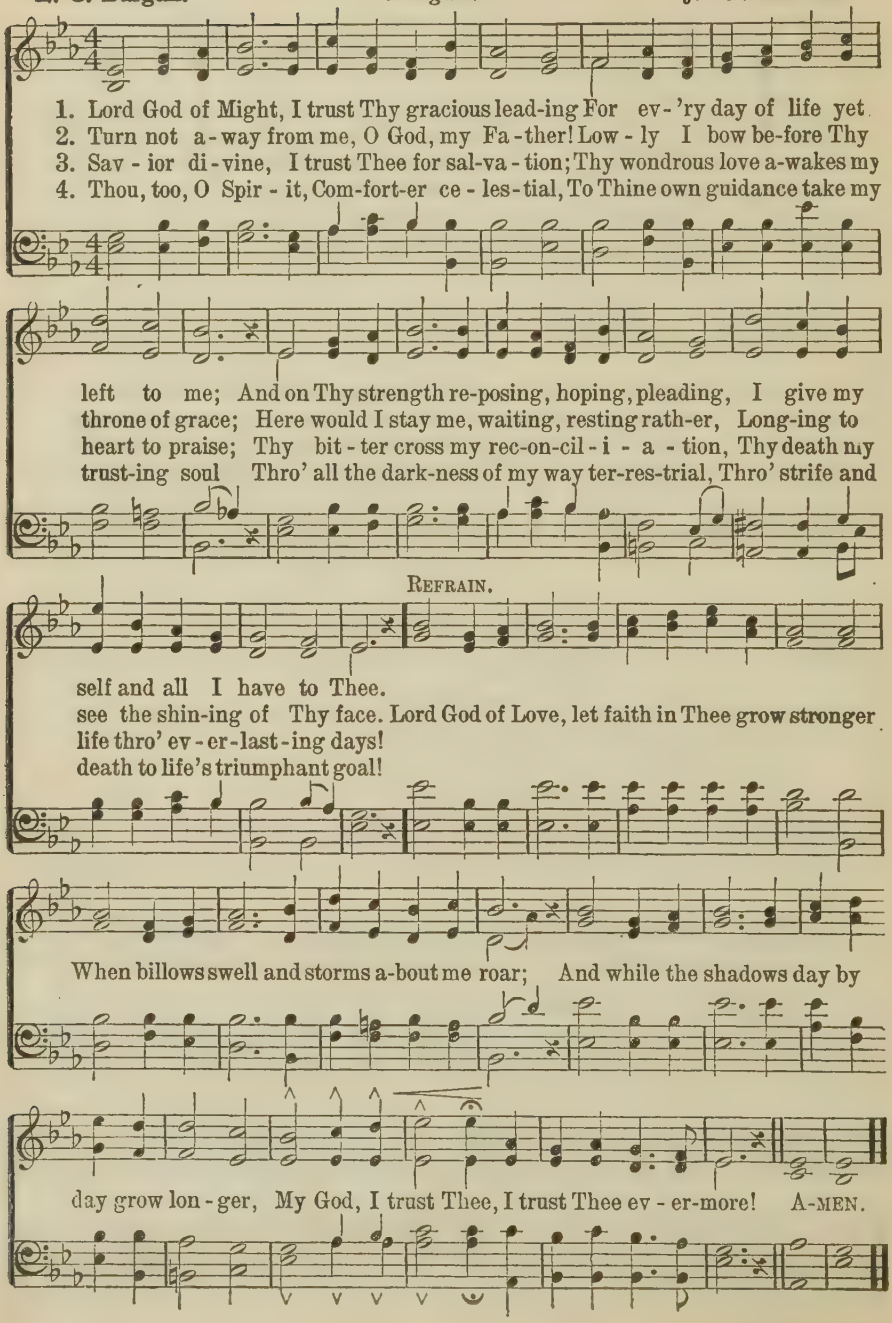
E. C. Dargan. *Dargan.* J. P. Scholfield.



230 Nothing Between.

Words and Music by
C. A. Tindley.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. Clark.

1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world-ly pleas-ure; Hab-its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri-als, Tho' the whole world a-

lu-sive dream: I have renounced all sin-ful pleas-ure, Je-sus is
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev-er sev-er,— He is my
not in-ter-vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib-u-la-tion, I am re-
gainst me convene; Watching with prayer and much self-de-ni-al, I'll tri-umph at

D. S.—*the least of His fa-vor, Keep the way*

FINE. CHORUS.

mine; let noth-ing be-tween.
all, let noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior,
solved, let noth-ing be-tween.
last, with noth-ing be-tween.

clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.

So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing A-MEN.

231 Jesus Expects You.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.

1. O - ver the land sounds the gos - pel call, Deep in your heart let the sum - mons fall; Hark to the trump-et so loud and clear! Je - sus ex-
2. Come and en - list in His cause to - day, Car - ry the cross on its con - q'ring way, Trust-ing in Him who will ban - ish fear, Je - sus ex-
3. Loy - al and true be His sol - diers now, He with His grace will our souls en - dow, Lift up His ban - ner with songs of cheer, Je - sus ex-
4. Not for a serv - ice of self - ish ease, Cour - age in hard-ship the Lord will please; Will - ing to fol - low with love sin - cere, Glad - ly for

CHORUS.

pects you to vol - un - teer.
pects you to vol - un - teer. Vol - un - teer, Vol - un - teer! In the
pects you to vol - un - teer.
Je - sus we vol - un - teer.

ar - my of the Lord, . . . Till the fight is done and the bat - tle won, When He'll crown the vol - un - teer. . . A - MEN.

232 A Child of the King.

Hattie E. Buell. Rev. John B. Sumner, arr.

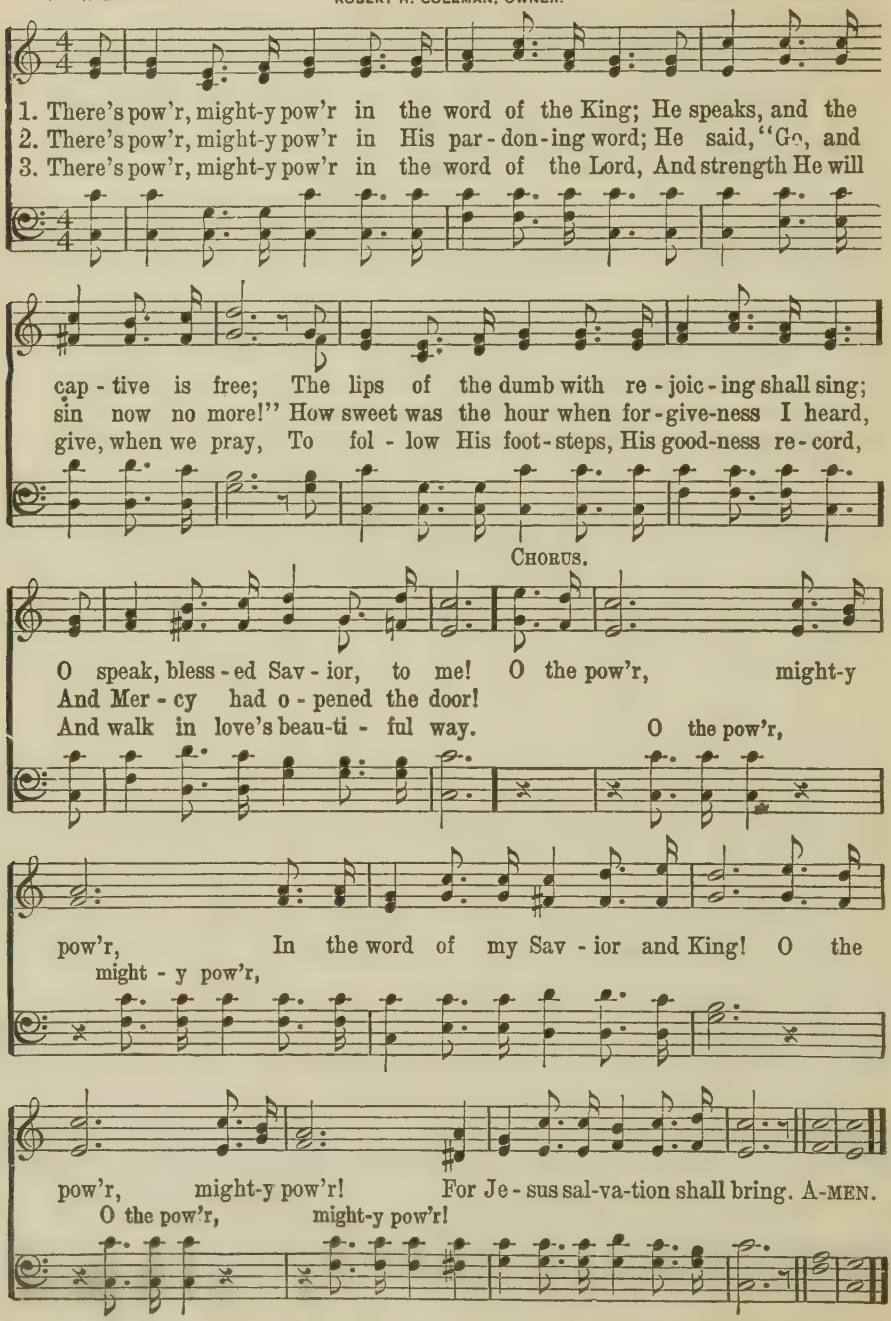
1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wan-dered on earth as the poor - est of them; But now He is plead-ing our par - don on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth; But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's writ-ten down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there; Tho' ex - iled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King.

CHORUS.

I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Je - sus my Sav - ior I'm a child of the King. A - MEN.

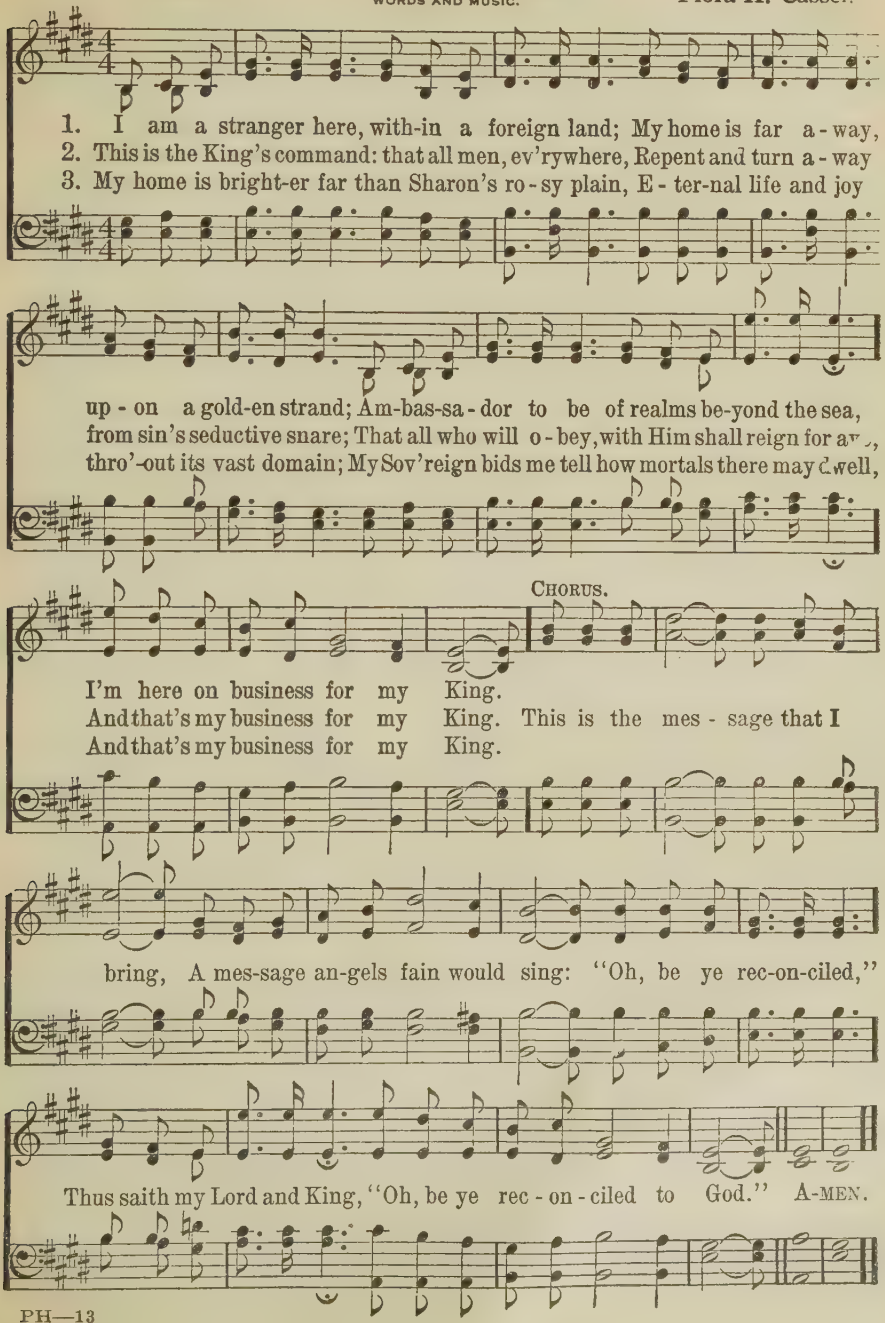
233 His Word Was With Power.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JOHN C. F. KYGER, ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.



234 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.



235 "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said, Who - so - ev - er will, May come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so - ev - er," sure - ly mean-eth me,
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But now I am set free. (set free.)

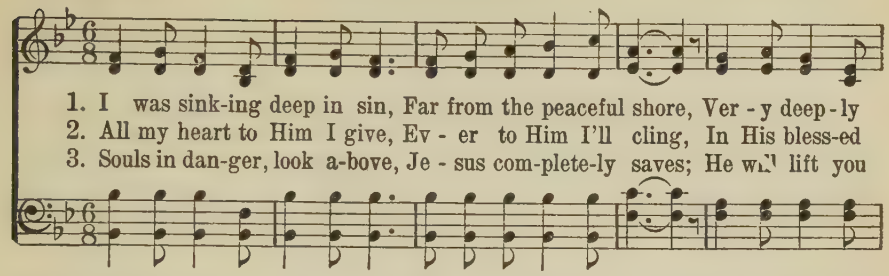
CHORUS.

Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me; "Who - so - ev - er," sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean-eth me. A-MEN.

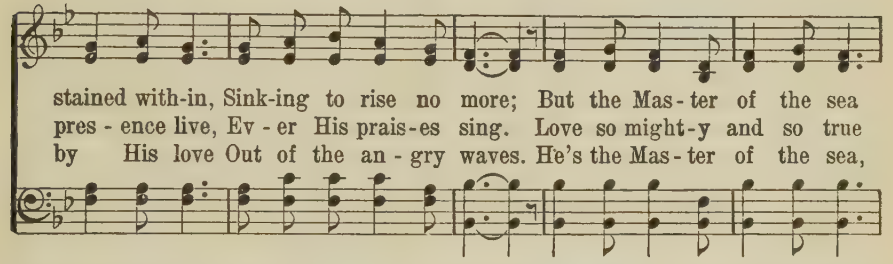
mean-eth me.

240 Love Lifted Me.

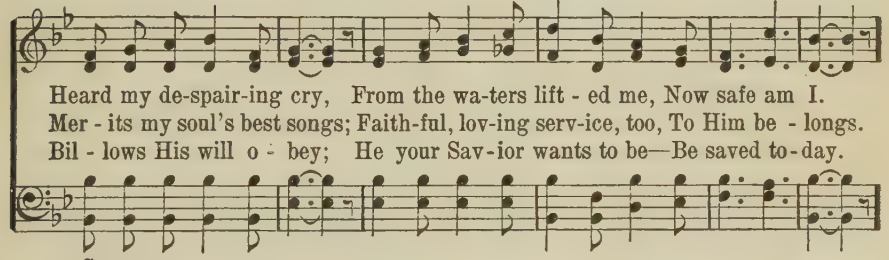
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.



1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

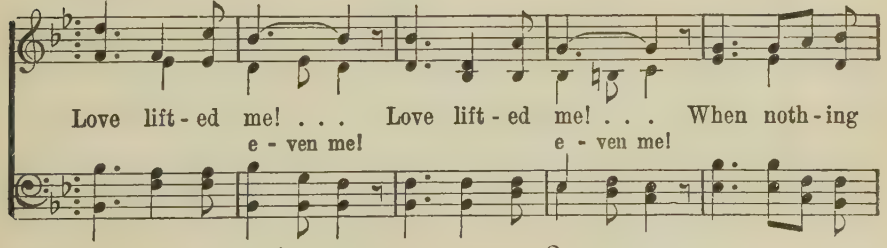


stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

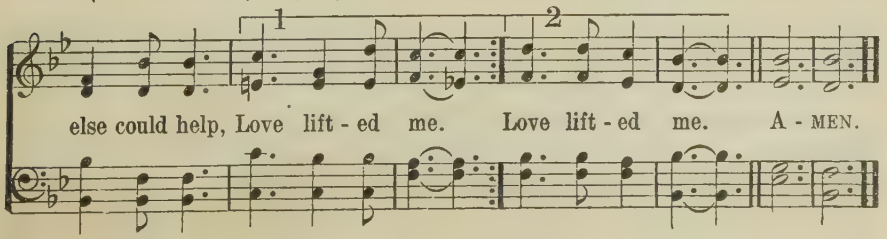


Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.

CHORUS.



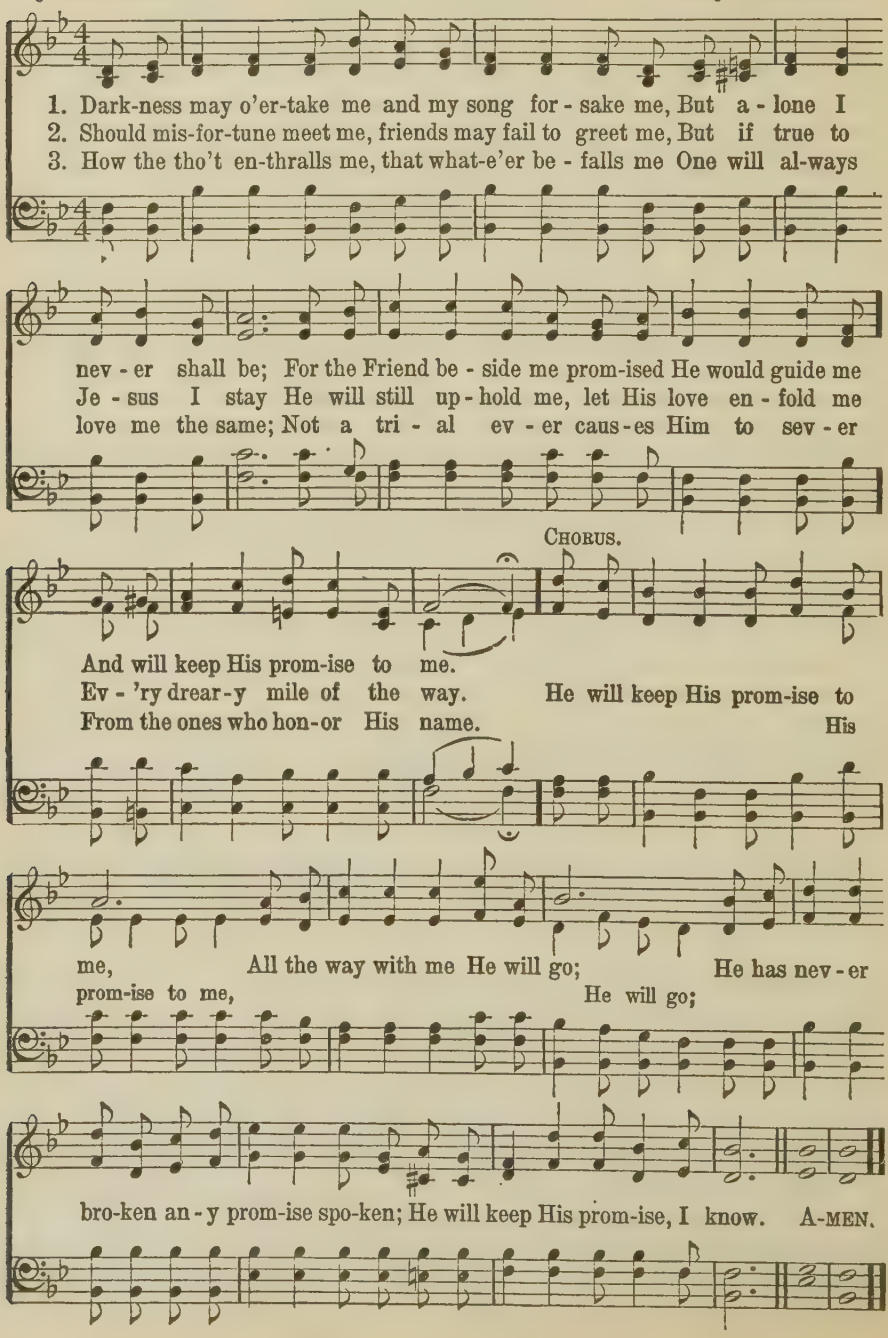
Love lift - ed me! . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . When noth - ing
e - ven me! e - ven me!



else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.

241 His Promise To Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.

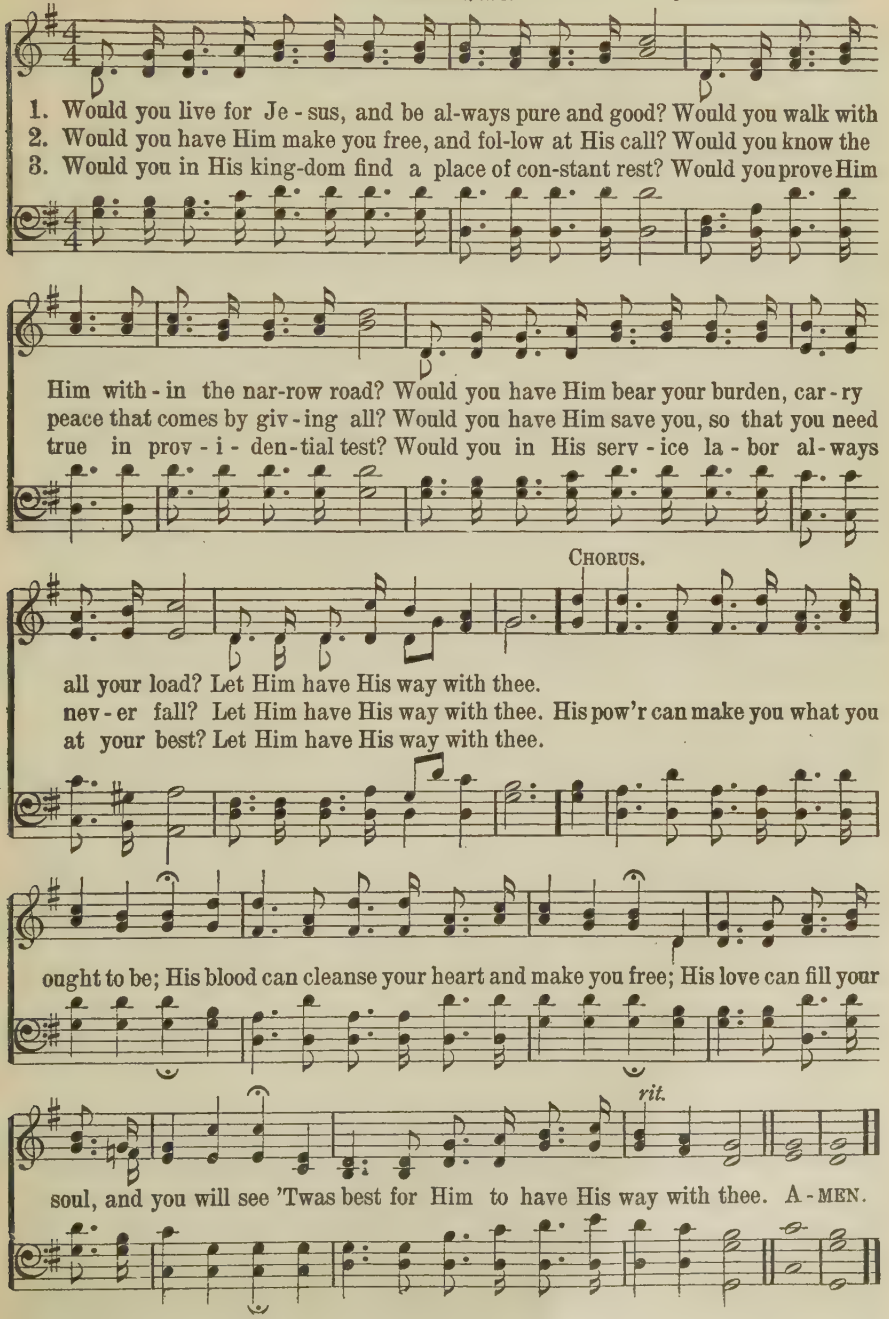


242 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

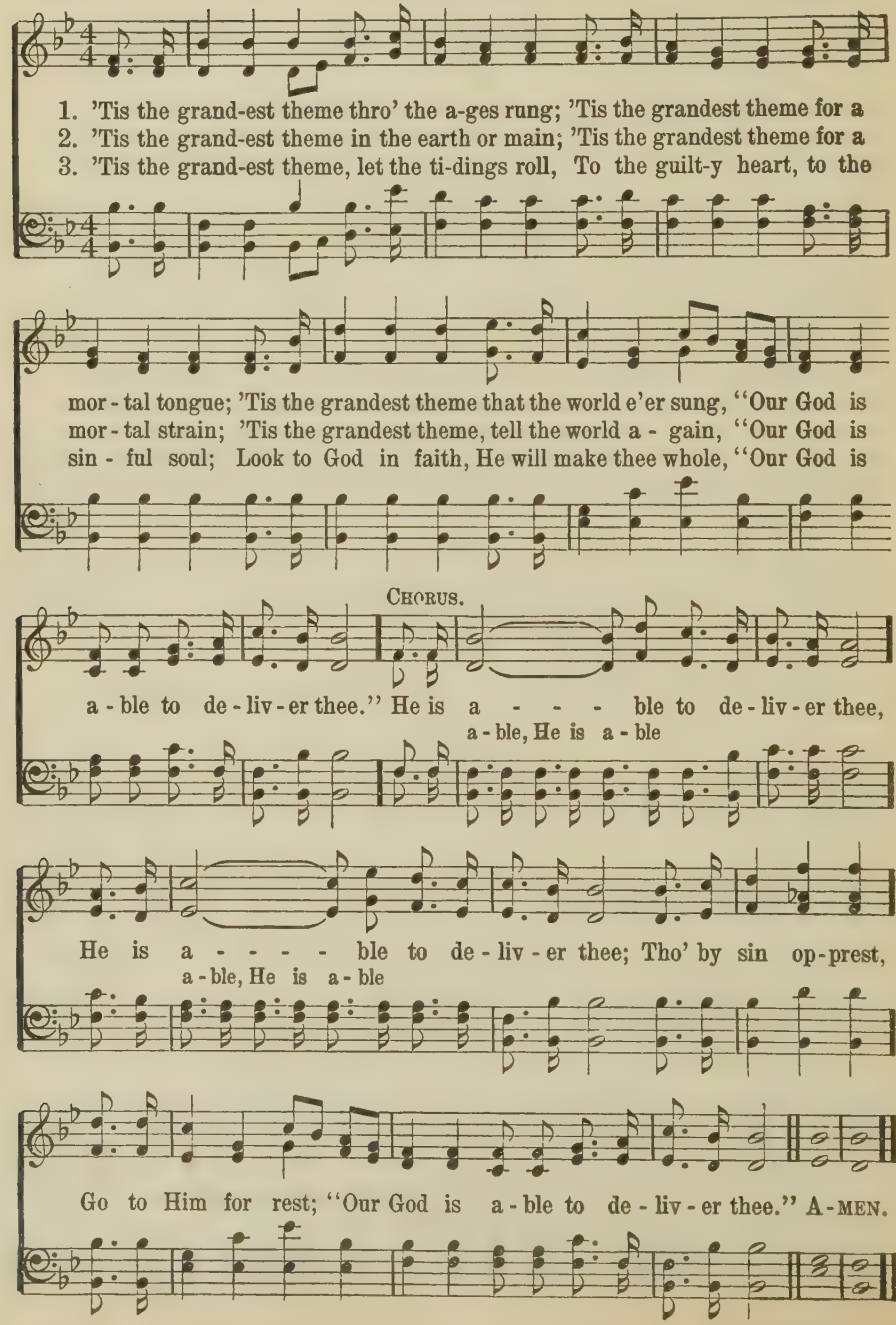
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.



243 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN. RENEWAL. W. A. Ogden.



244 When the Hand of Love Touched Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Homer F. Morris.

1. I could feel the bur-den roll from my wear-y, sin-ful soul, When the hand of
2. I was lost in dark-est night, but my soul be-held the light, When the hand of
3. When I heard His welcome voice, how it made my heart rejoice, When the hand of

love touched me; And my heart that had been sad found a song that made it glad,
love touched me; Great despair had filled my heart, but how soon it did de - part,
love touched me; When thro' grace He made me whole how His glory filled my soul,

CHORUS.

When the hand of love touched me. When the hand of love touched me, touched me,

When the hand of love touched me, I could feel the bur - den roll touched me,

from my wear - y, sin - ful soul, When the hand of love touched me. A-MEN.

245 Out With the Life-Boats.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. Yon - der a ves - sel is breast-ing the gale, Lost is her rud-der, and
2. See, she has stranded! a wreck she must be, Yes, she is break-ing, so
3. Life has its o-cean, and out on its sea Sin spreads its dangers, tho'

rent ev - 'ry sail; Heav - i - ly la - den, there's naught can pre - vail,
wild is the sea; Sig - nals are wav - ing, and cries may be heard,
hid - den they be; Souls there are strand-ed, and loud is the cry,

CHORUS.

O'er her the wa - ters must rush with a wail. Out! . . . . . Out with the
Sure - ly a-mong us some hearts may be stirred.
Help now is need - ed, or else they must die. Out with the life-boats!

life boats! Yon-der are per - ish-ing souls in their need; Out! . . . . . .
Out with the life-boats!

Out with the life-boats! O - ver the wa - ters be fly - ing with speed. A - MEN.

246 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

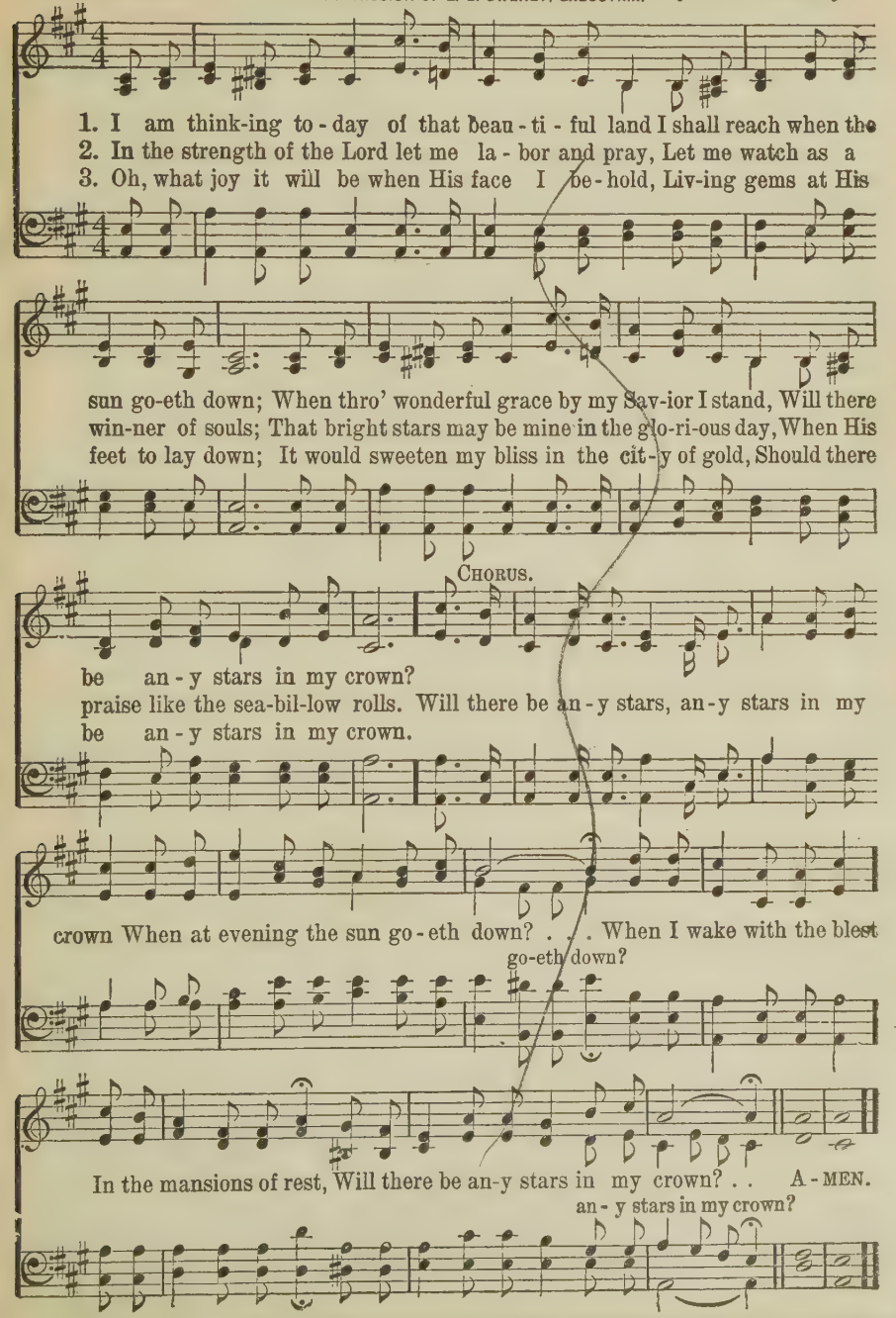
Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?

2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN.

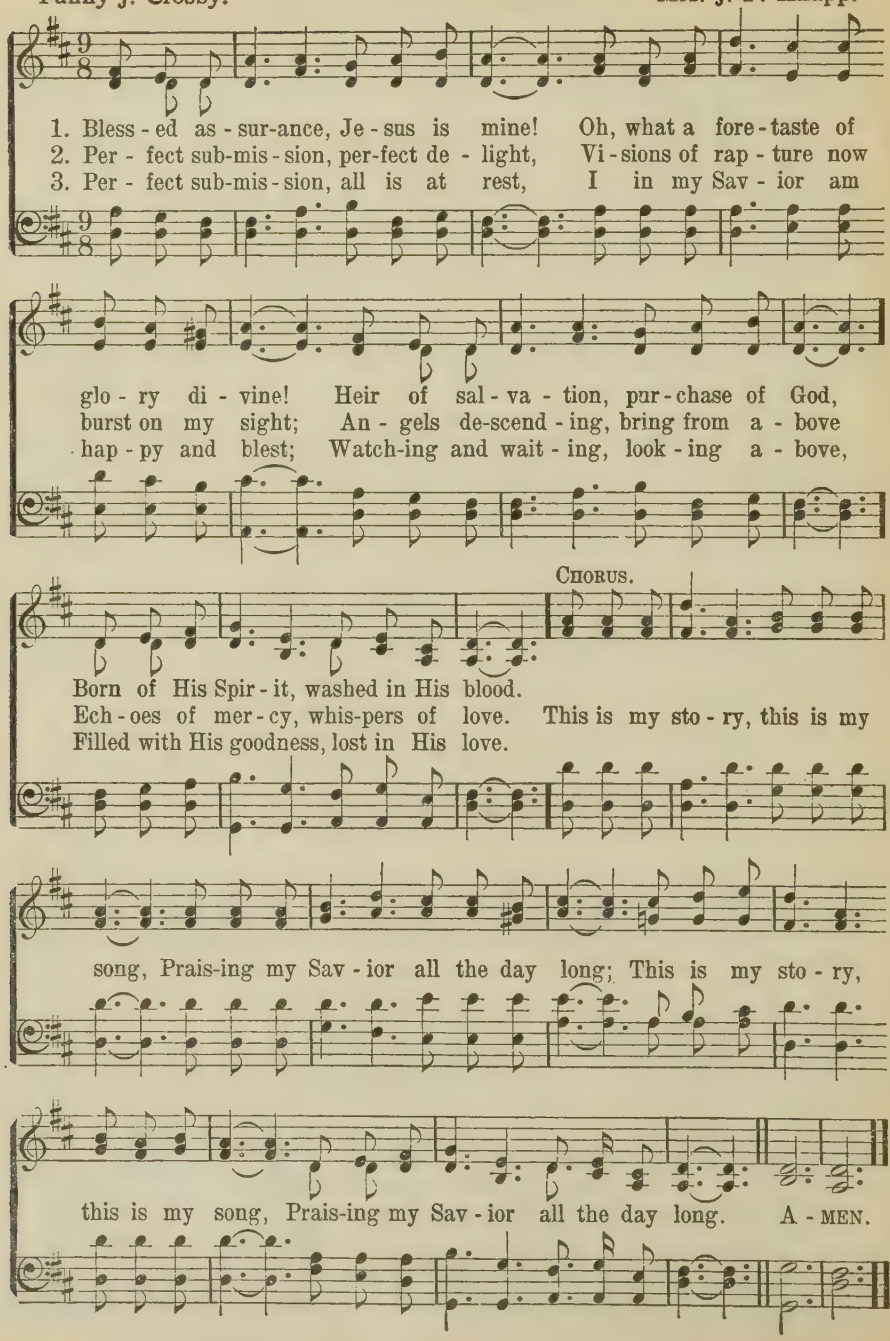
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.



247 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



250 Victory Through Grace.

Sallie Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,

Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,

See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di-vine;
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,

FINE.

Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His King-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal Rest, when their war-fare is past.

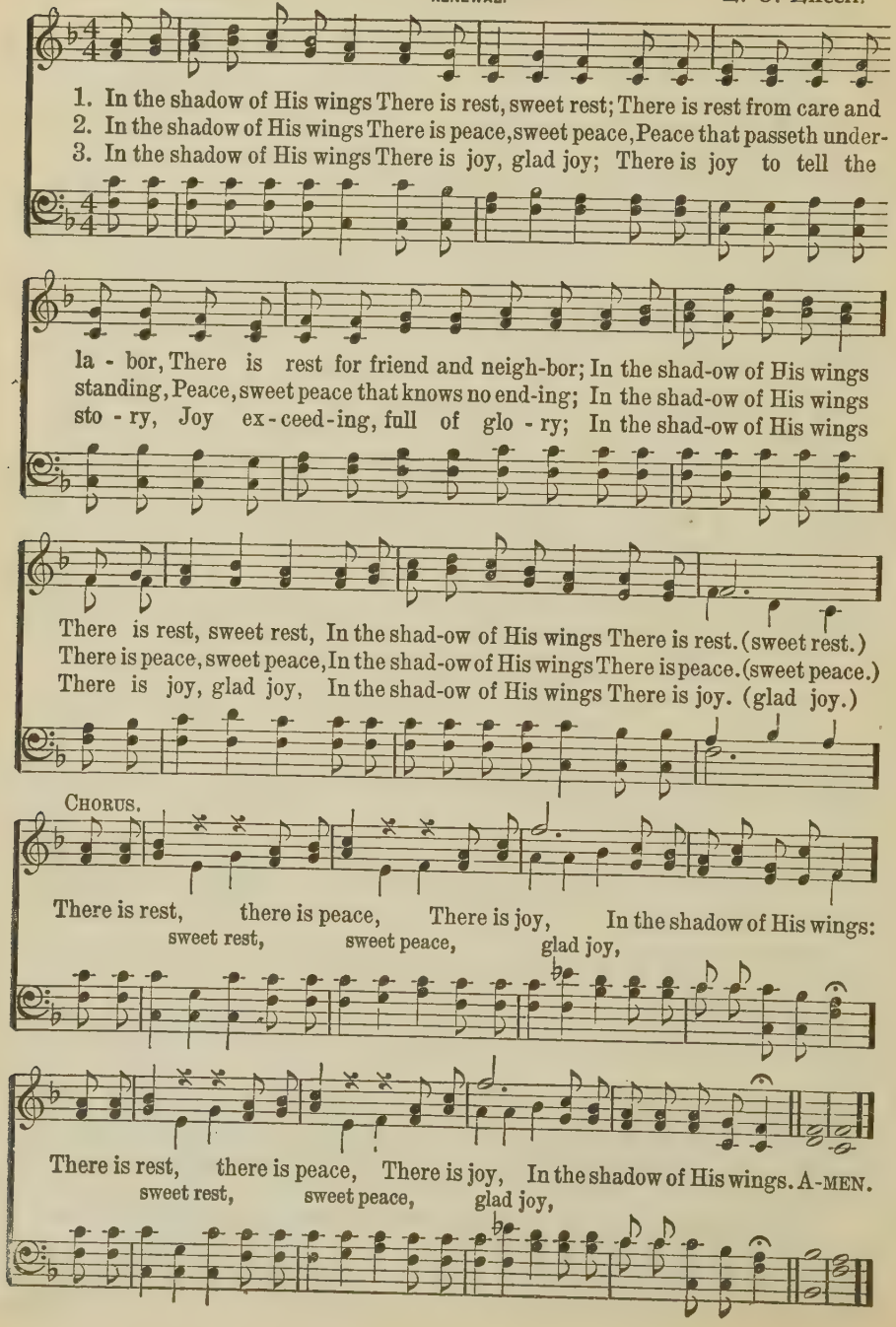
D.S.—*Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race, A-MEN.

251 In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.



252 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the

love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with

an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing

CHORUS.

O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore. . .

gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

253 His Love Keeps Me Singing.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. Oh, the love of Je - sus Bright-ens all my days, Keeps me sing-ing
2. Tho' the bur-den's heav - y, Foes as - sail in vain, With His love o'er-
3. Thus 'twill be in glo - ry, By the crys - tal sea; In com-mun - ion

all the time Hap-py songs of praise: Storms may beat a-bout me, Sky and
flow-ing me, Vic - tor I re - main: Thro' the toil of noon-day, Thro' the
with my Lord, Love my theme will be: More and more thro' a - ges, In that

path be dim, Still His love will keep me Sing-ing a song to Him.
mid-night long, Love di - vine will keep me Sing-ing to Him my song.
home a - bove, I will sing of Je - sus And His re-deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

His love keeps me sing-ing, . . . His love makes me true; . . .
sing-ing, makes me true;

The love of Je - sus keeps me sing-ing The whole day through. A - MEN.

254 Every Day.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day the Sav - ior Sends me bless-ings new; Ev - 'ry day He cheers me With His prom-ise true; Ev - 'ry day He guides me,
2. Ev - 'ry day His glad - ness Fills and thrills my soul, When I let the Sav - ior Have com-plete con - trol; So my heart is ring - ing
3. Ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, This my song shall be, Ev - 'ry day for Je - sus, Who has ran-somed me; Work-ing for the Mas - ter

Lest my feet should stray, As I fol - low Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.
With its sweet - est lay, And its trib-utes bring-ing Ev - 'ry day.
All a - long the way, I will live for Je - sus Ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

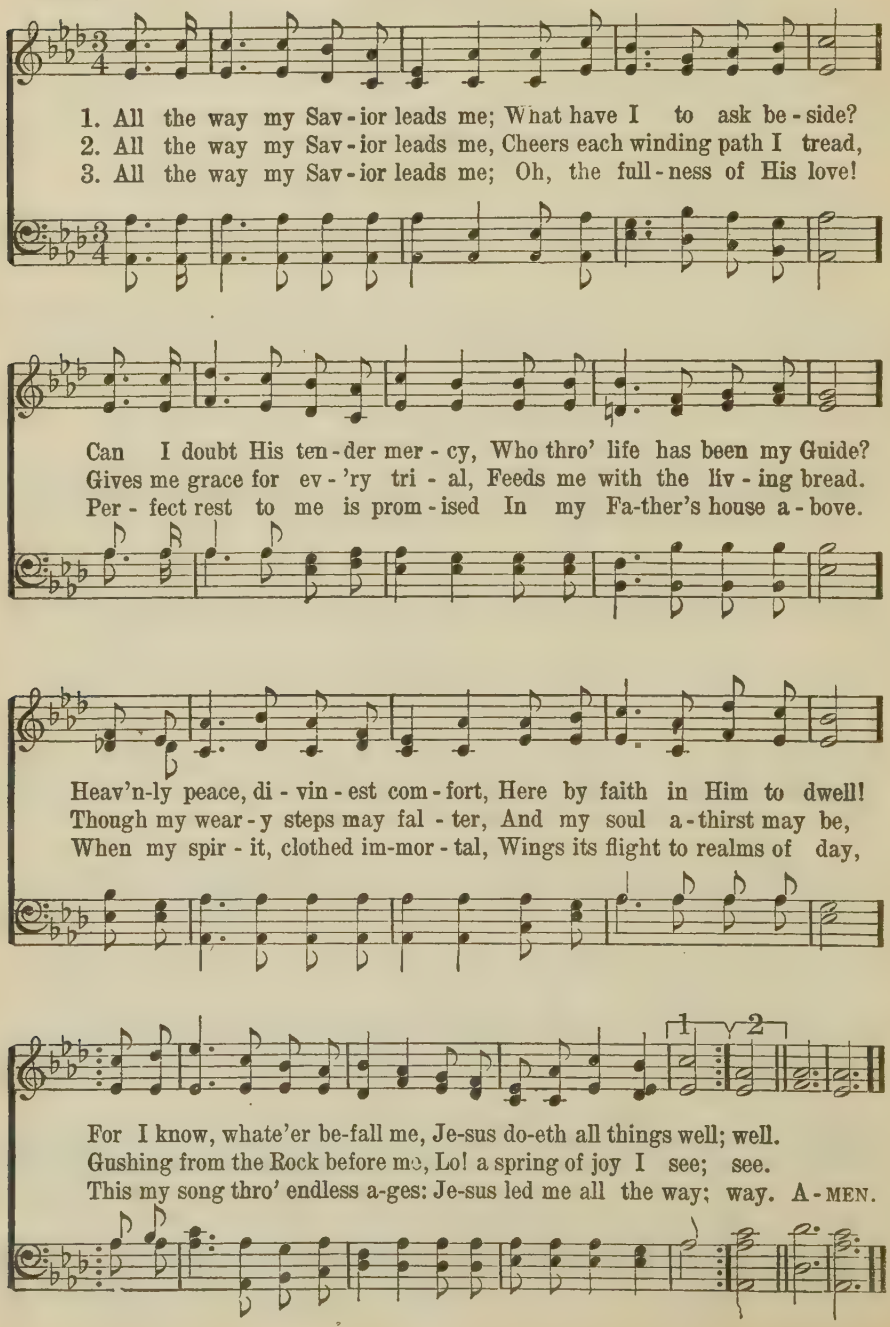
{ Ev - 'ry day His bless - ings new Fall a - round me like the dew;
{ On life's way the vic - to - ry; So a - long my pil - grim way

1 2

Ev-'ry day the Sav-ior gives to me I will serve Him ev-'ry day. A-MEN.

255 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.



256 Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. *Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.* Mrs. Charles Barnard.

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;

Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

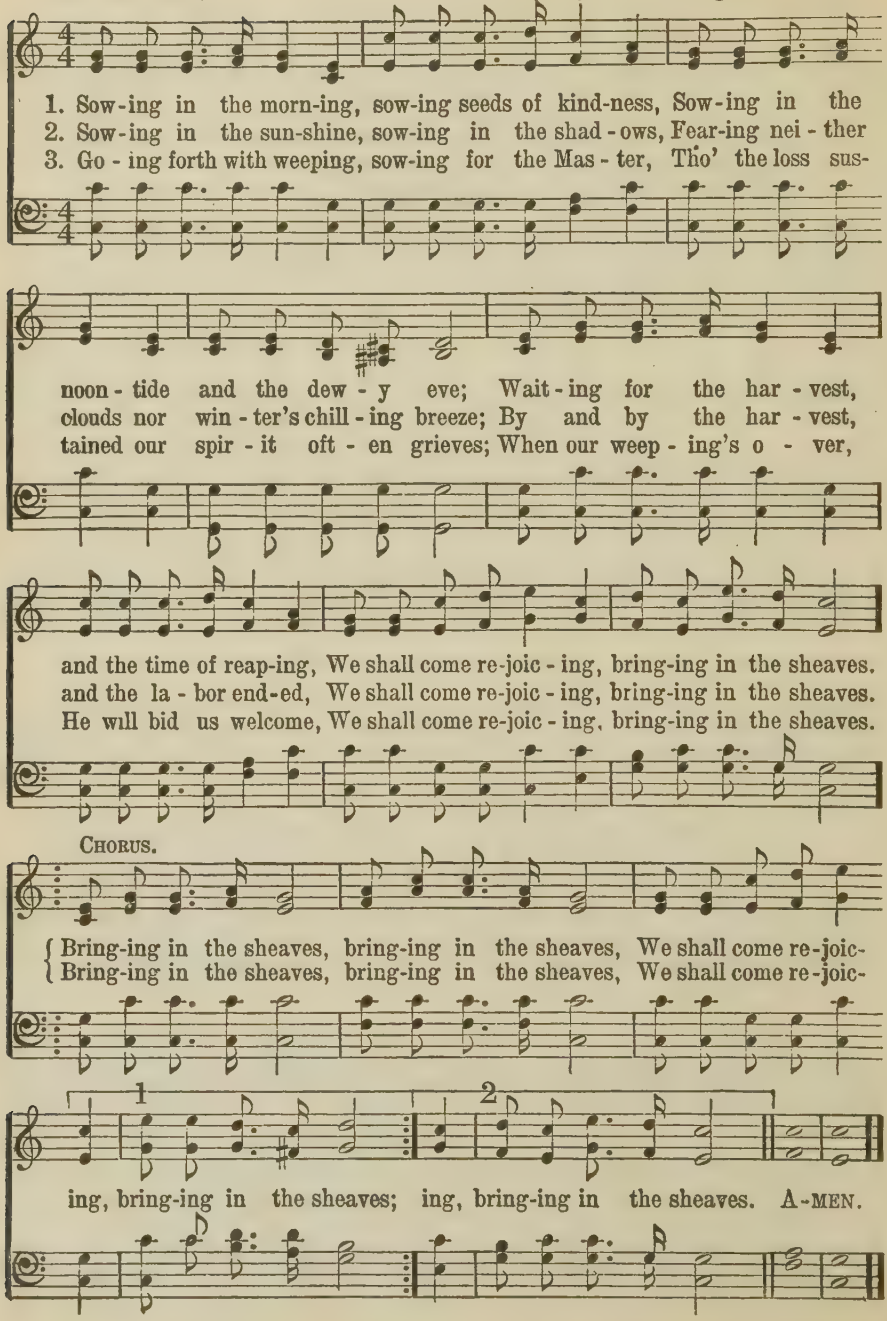
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

rall. D. C.

Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

257 Bringing In the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.



258 Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long: Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.

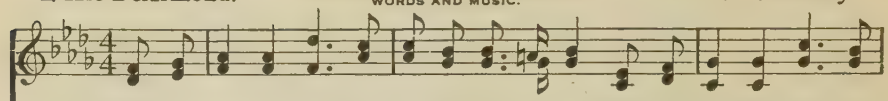
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals, loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:

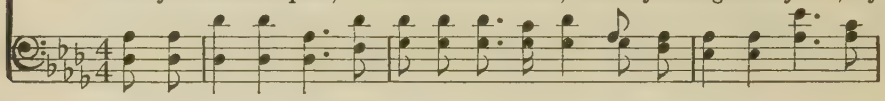
REFRAIN.

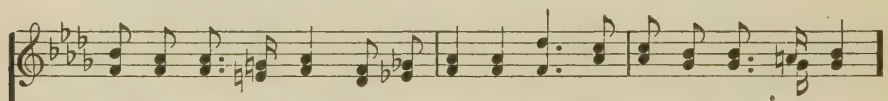
259 My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

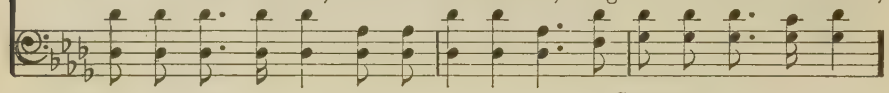


1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev - 'ry day, For my ev - 'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

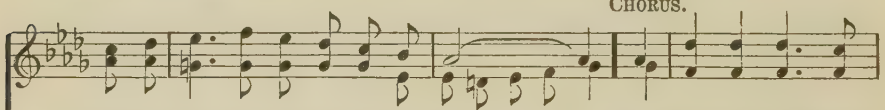




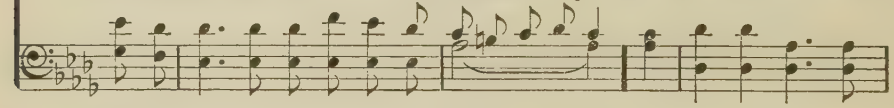
Lord has washed a-way; Trust-ing in His word, I yield to His con - trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm press-ing tow'rd the goal,
an - chor hold - eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,

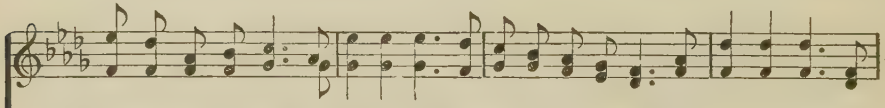


CHORUS.

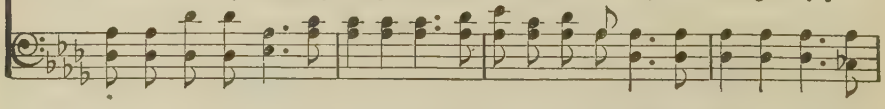


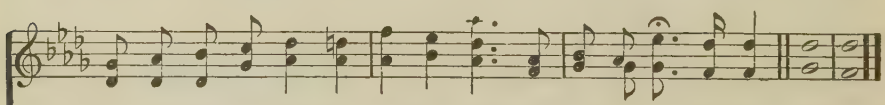
Since the lov - ing Je-sus saved my soul. . . . . My heart keeps right since
Since Je-sus saved my soul.



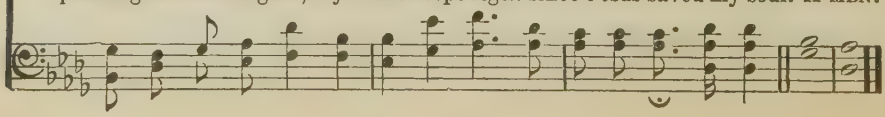


Je-sus saved my soul; My ev'ry tho't is under His control; With songs of joy I'm





pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul. A-MEN.



260 When Jesus Leads.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. Tho' He may call me to go the val-ley thro', Je-sus is my Lead-er and
2. O-ver the o-cean if He should bid me go, I'll fol-low His lead-ing and
3. I shall not ques-tion the lead-ing of my King, I'll go where He leads me, with

to Him I'll be true; Wher-e'er He lead-eth I'll fol-low and o-bey;
seek His will to know; Trust-ing my pi-lot, I'll go with-out de-lay,
joy I'll serve and sing; Trust-ing His wis-dom, I'll fol-low day by day,

CHORUS.

If Je-sus is leading, I'll follow all the way. When Jesus leads I'll fol-low all the
lead-eth me,

way, . . When Je-sus speaks I'll do as He shall say; When Je-sus calls . . I'll
the way, speaks to me, call-eth me,

rit.

go without de-lay, . . Wher-ev-er He leads I'll fol-low all the way. A-MEN.
de-lay,

261 Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re - joic - ing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of

out you—dark - er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
darkness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. Let a lit - tle sun-shine the

in, ... Let a lit - tle sun-shine in; . . . . Clear the darkened
sun - shine in, the sun-shine in;

win - dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. A-MEN.

Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly hap - py band,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there,
Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb,

REFRAIN.

Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A-MEN.

267 When He Cometh.

W. O. Cushing. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom; All the
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the

CHORUS.

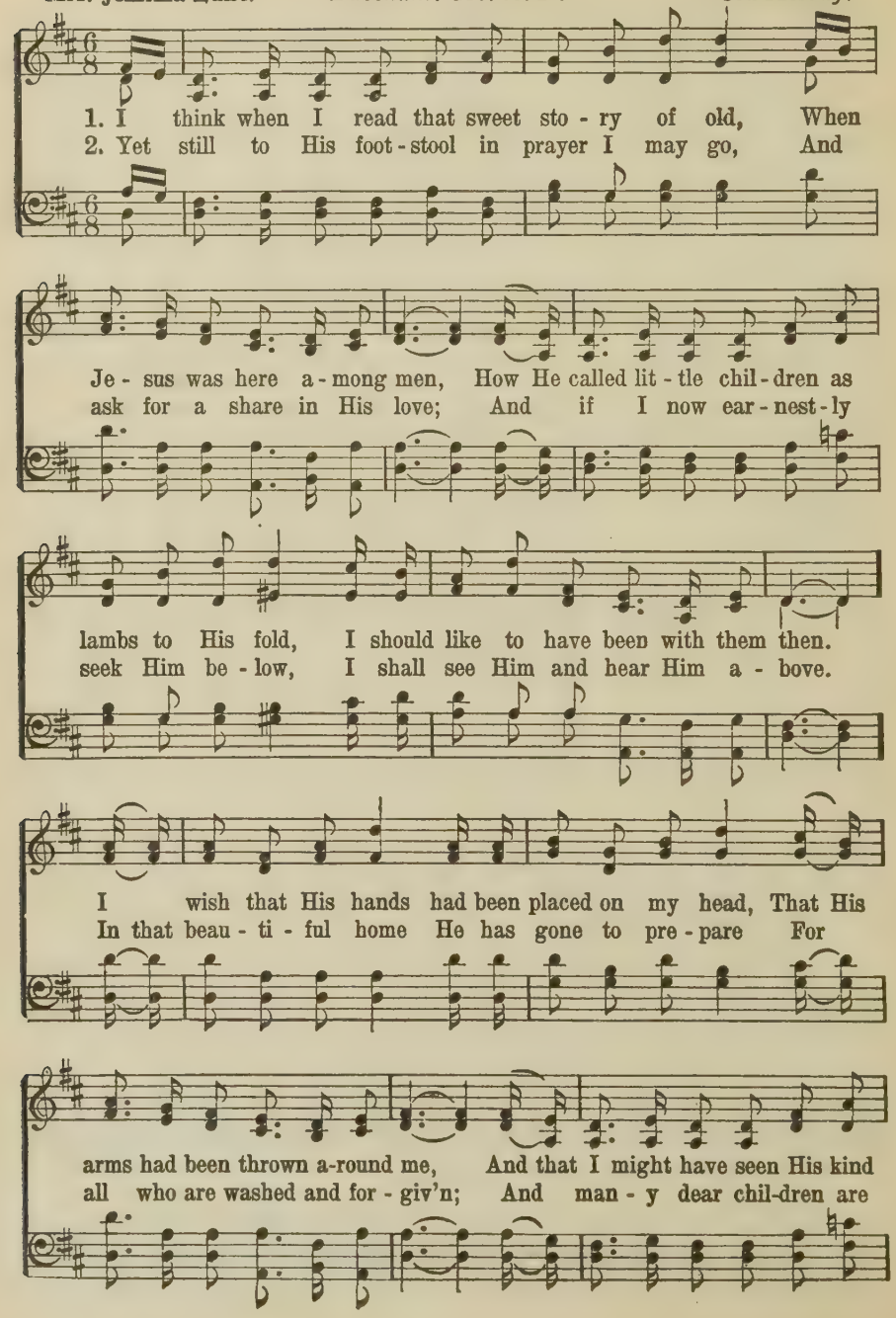
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own: { Like the stars of the
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. { They shall shine in their
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

1 2

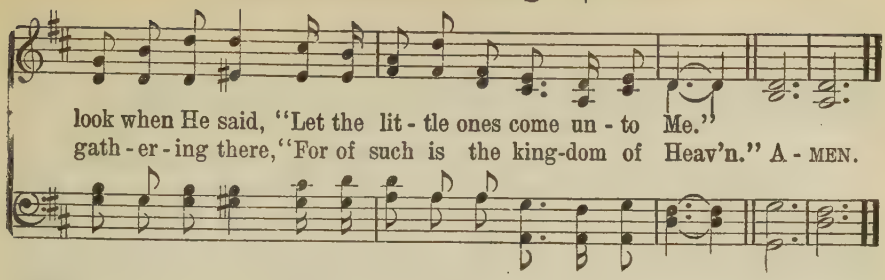
morning, His bright crown a - dorn-ing, }
beau - ty, *Omit.* . . . . . } Bright gems for His crown. A-MEN.

268 That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. *Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.* Old Melody.

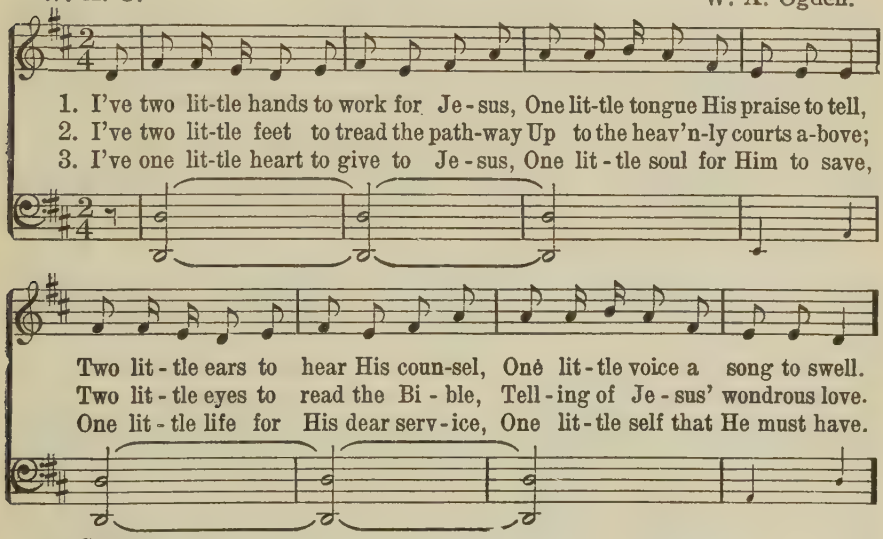


That Sweet Story of Old.

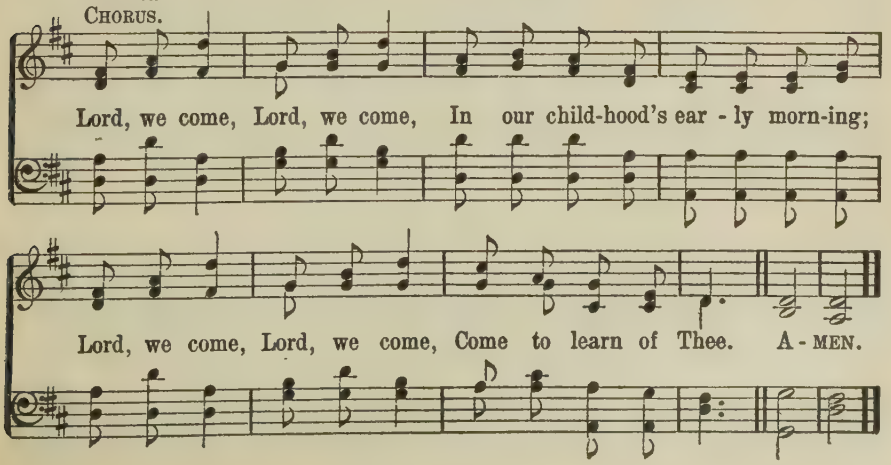


269 Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.

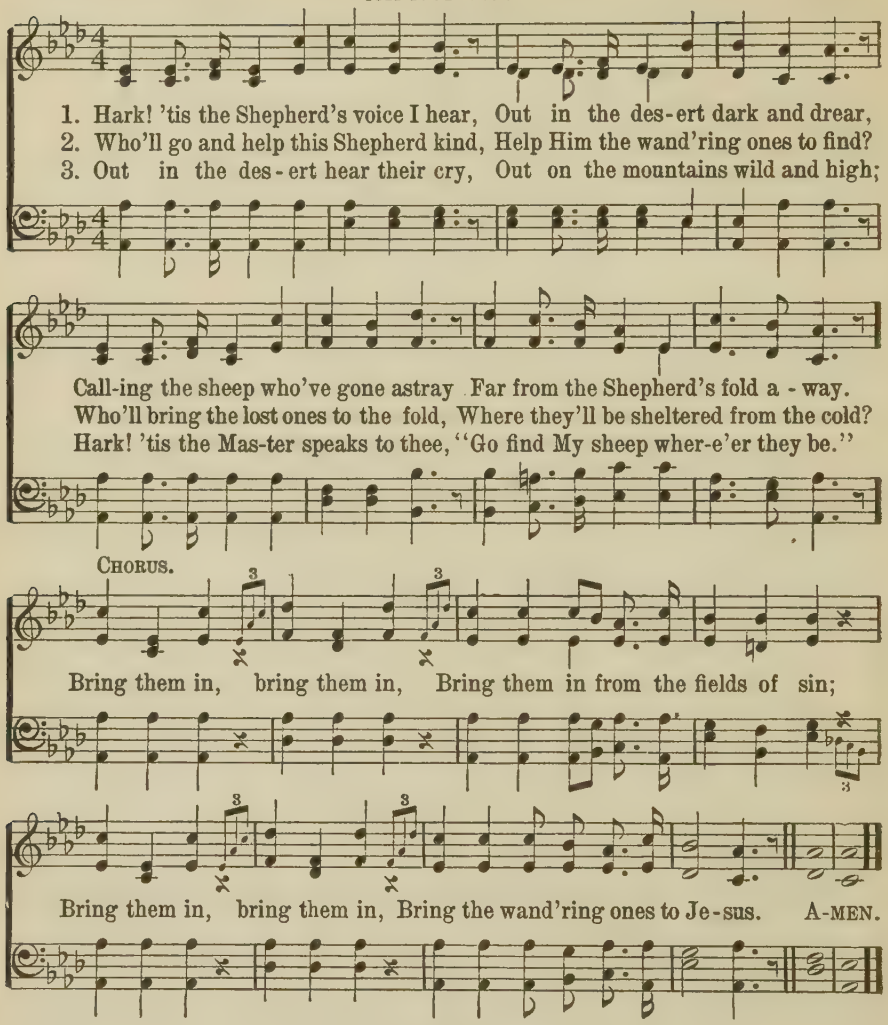


CHORUS.



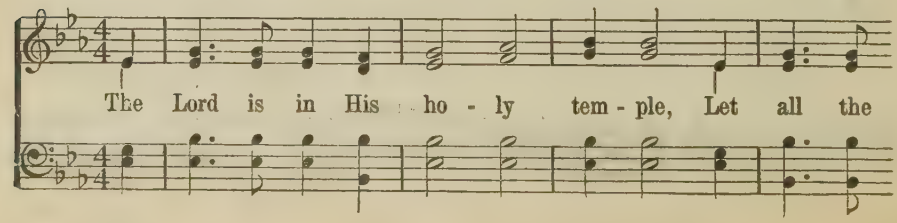
270 Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.

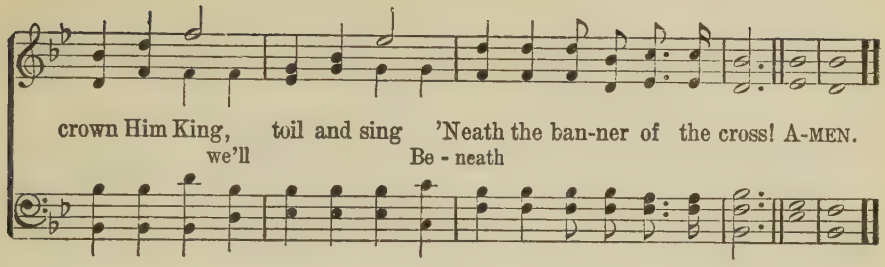


271 His Holy Temple.

E. O. E.

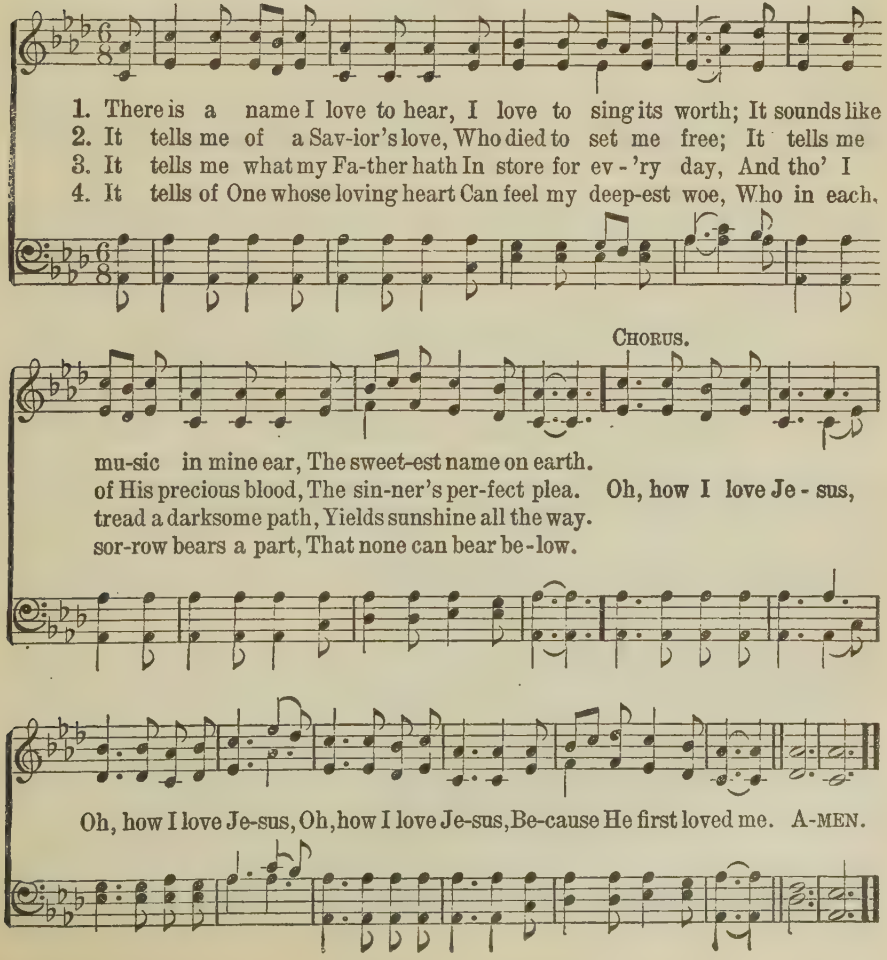


The Banner of the Cross.



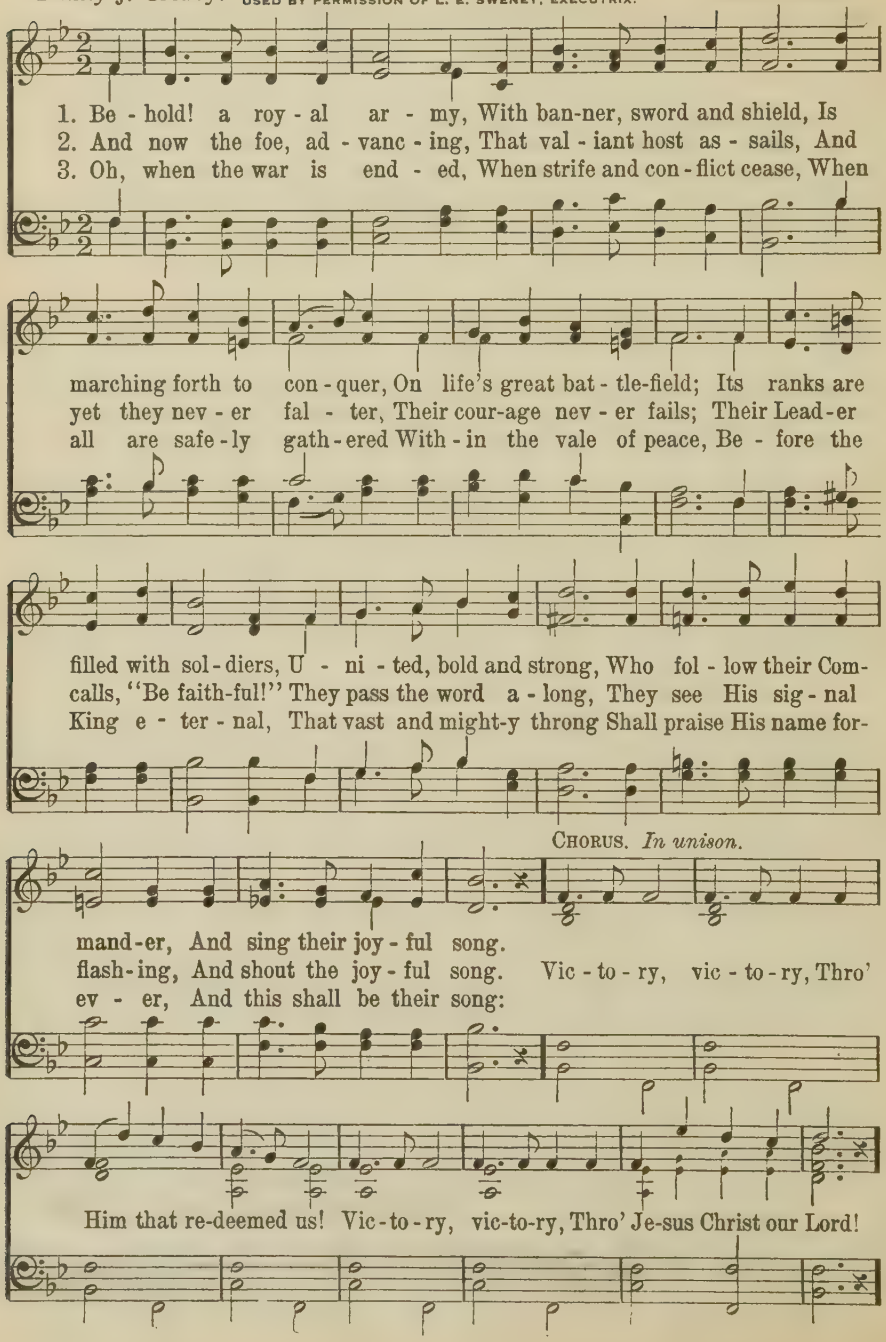
274 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.



275 The Joyful Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Adam Geibel.



The Joyful Song.

Harmony.

Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord! A-MEN.
thro' Christ our Lord!

276 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a-bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;

f

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A-MEN.

277 On the Firing Line.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. To the front a - way, in the gos - pel war, With the cross of Christ
2. Down the bat - tle - line pass the word a - long, Let your faith be firm
3. Till in ev - 'ry land is our flag un-furled, Till the en - e - my

go - ing on be - fore; 'Mid the fire and smoke and the can-non's roar,
and your courage strong; Tho' the foe be fierce and the fight be long,
from his throne is hurled; Preaching full sal - va - tion to all the world,

CHORUS.

We'll shoulder to shoulder stand. We are out to-day on the fir - ing line,
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

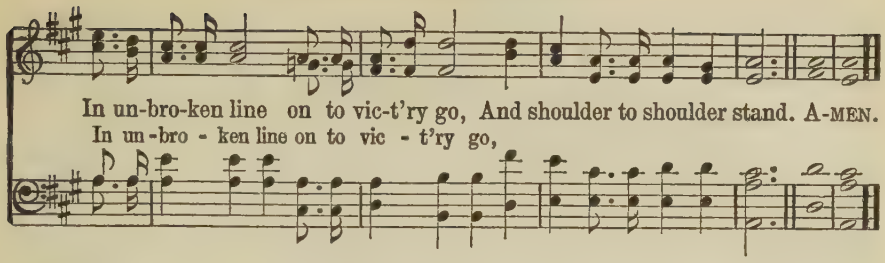
1 2

For the truth and right we will boldly fight; A vic - to-rious, loy-al band,
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

f

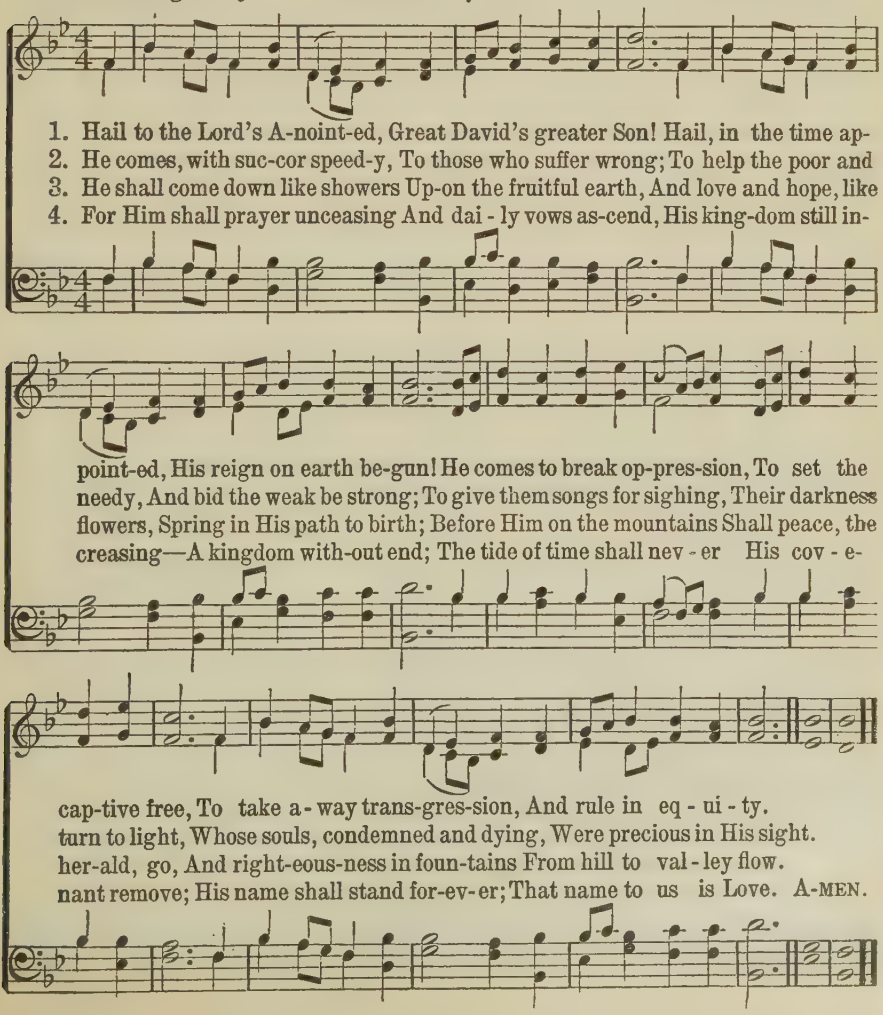
See our banners wave, hear the bugles blow, Sounding out o'er sea and land;
See our ban - ners wave, hear the bu - gles blow, o'er sea and land;

On the Firing Line.



278 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

James Montgomery. *Ellacombe. 7s. 6s. D.* St. Gall's Coll.



279 My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

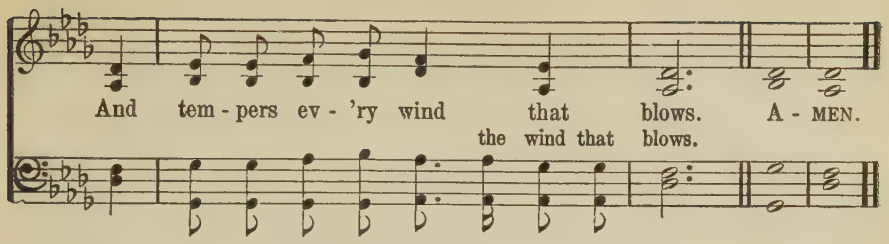
E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose; But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day, And turn my dark-ness in-to day.
2. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
3. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end, Up-hold and keep me to the end.
4. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close, And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

CHORUS.

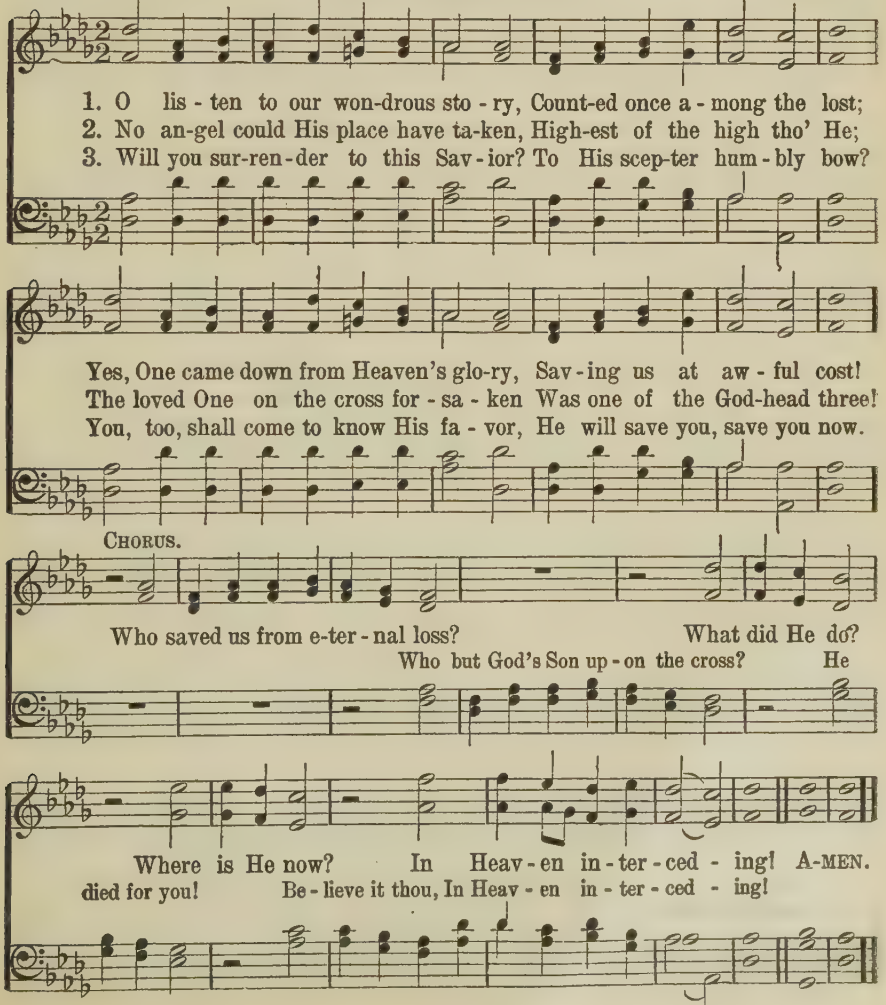
He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op-pose: He knows, He knows,
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows The storms that would, that would my way op-pose; My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows,

My Father Knows.



280 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER. W. Owen.



281 I Will Go.

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. The call comes for true, loy-al sol-diers, Who will go? To car-ry the
2. The har-vest is ripe to the fall-ing, Who will go? The Mas-ter is
3. Since Je-sus for work-ers is plead-ing,— I will go; Since Je-sus my

mes-sage to oth-ers, Who will go? That oth-ers may hear the glad sto-ry,
ten-der-ly call-ing, Who will go? The moments and days are swift fly-ing,
Mas-ter, is lead-ing, I will go; He's prom-ised to al-ways be near me,

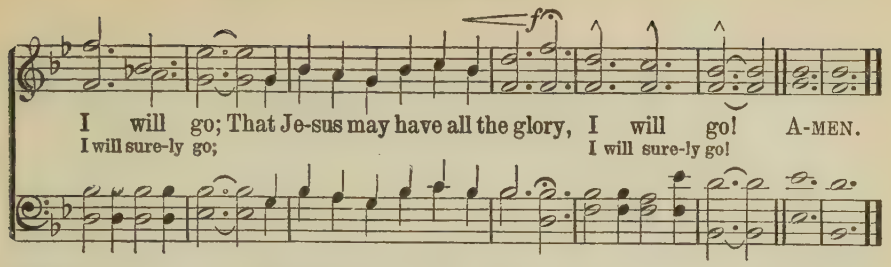
Who will go? That Je-sus may have all the glo-ry, Who will go?
Who will go? For Christ and the gos-pel they're sigh-ing, Who will go?
I will go! I know He will com-fort and cheer me, I will go!

CHORUS.

Wher-ev-er my Savior shall call me, I will go; No e-vil or harm can be-
Wher-ev - - er my Sav-ior shall call me, No e - - vil or

fall me, I will go! That others may hear the glad sto - ry,
harm can be-fall me, That oth - - ers may hear the glad sto-ry.

I Will Go.

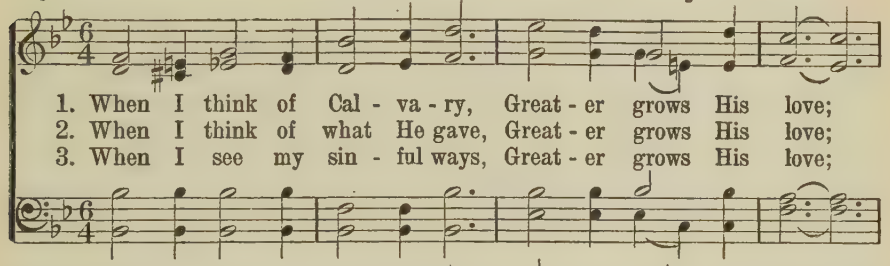


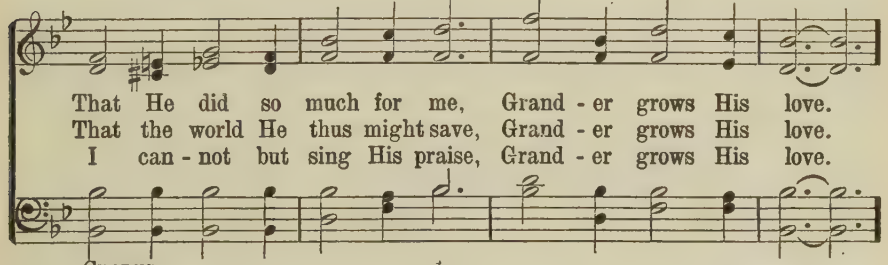
282 Greater and Grander.

J. P. S.

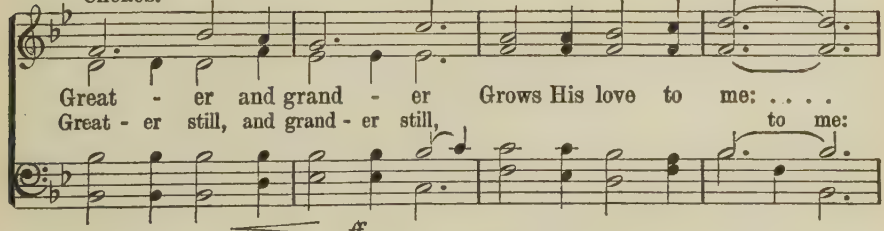
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

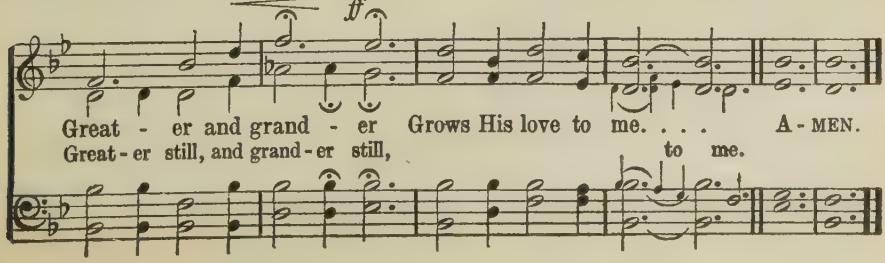
J. P. Scholfield.





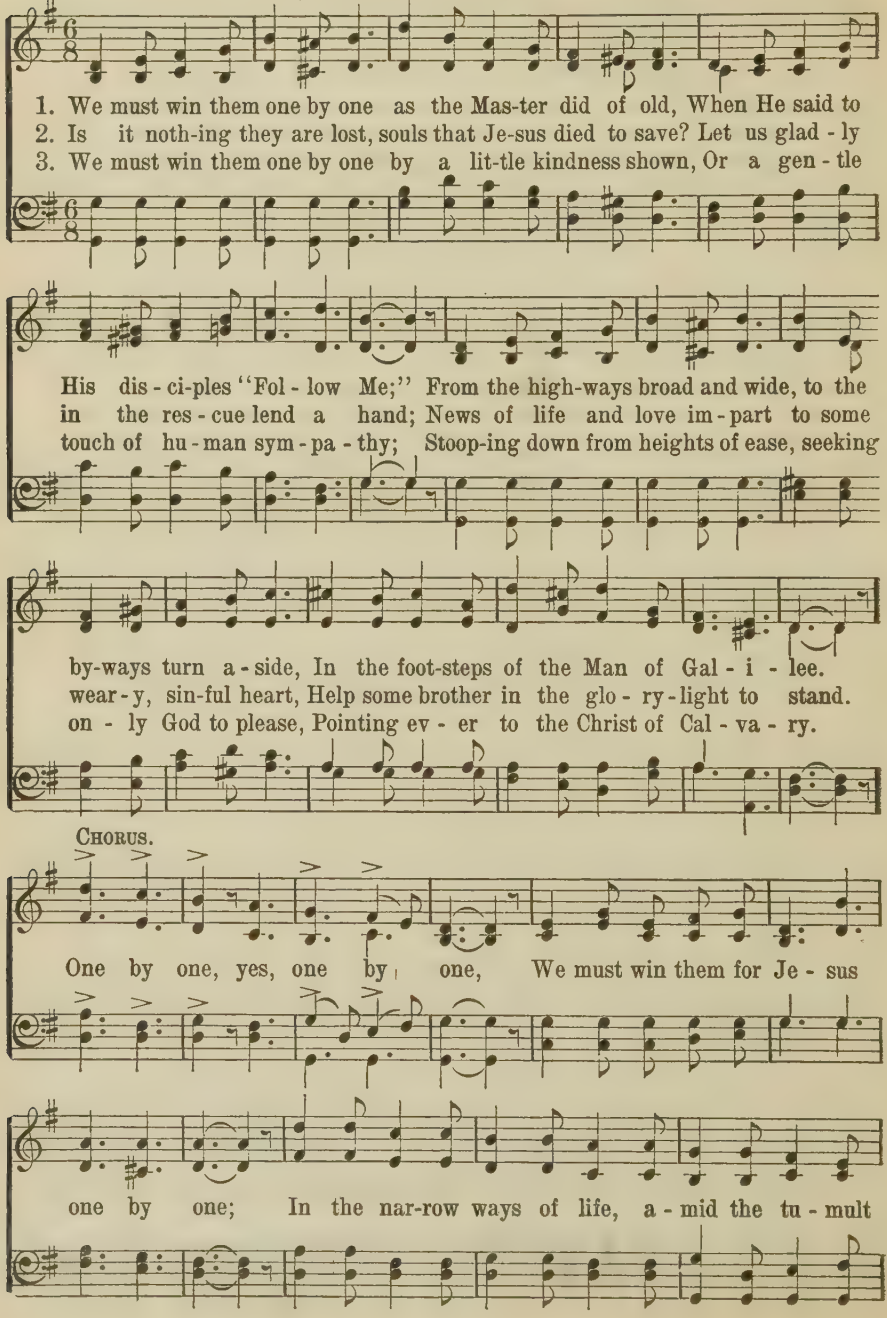
CHORUS.



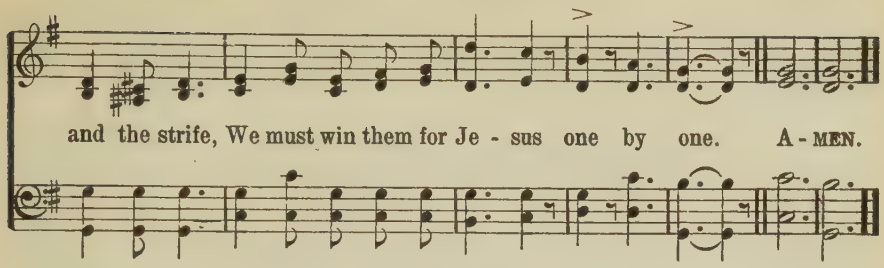


283 Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

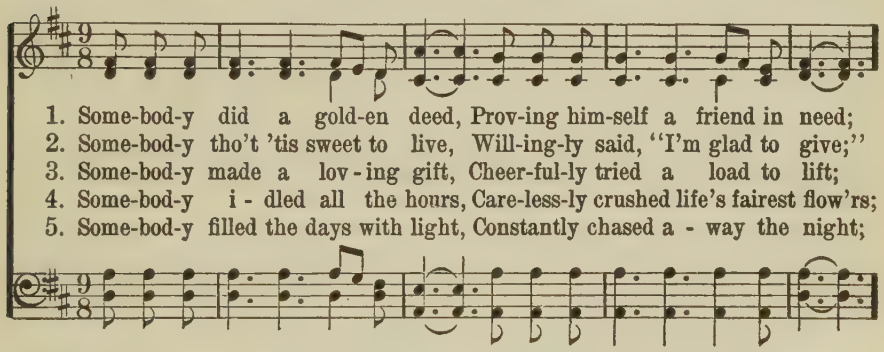


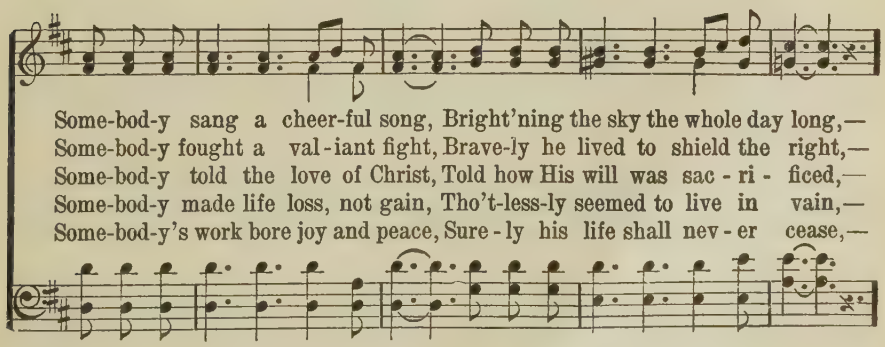
Win Them One By One.

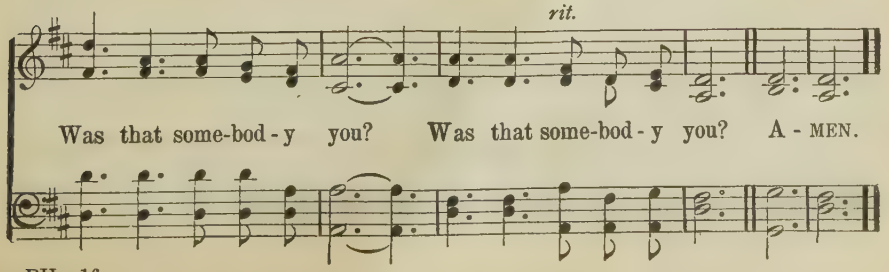


284 Somebody.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.







285 My Desire.

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

Spirited.

1. I want my life to glo - ri - fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
3. I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He can save; I want to help to

hon - or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
witness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho - ly
make His crimson banner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto - ry ev - 'ry

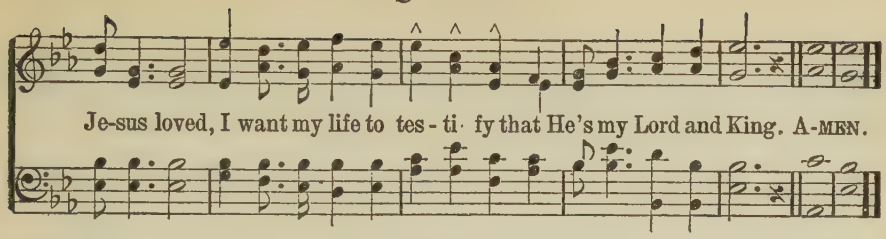
CHORUS.

Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r proclaim. I want to live as
day; I want to be a light to oth - ers on their way.

Je-sus lives, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and

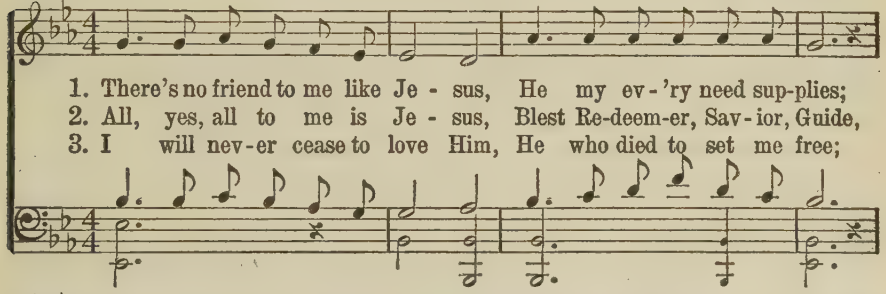
please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want to live as Je-sus lived, I want to love as

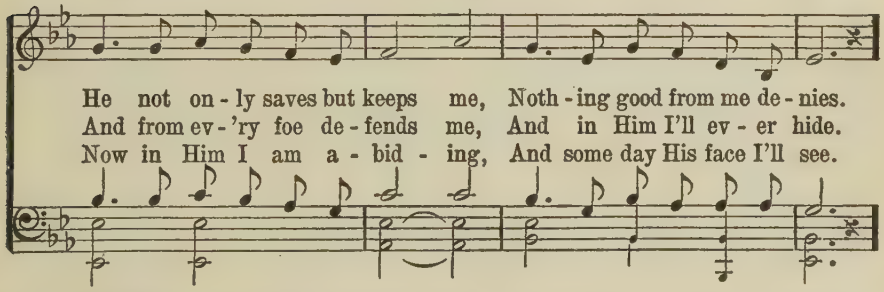
My Desire.



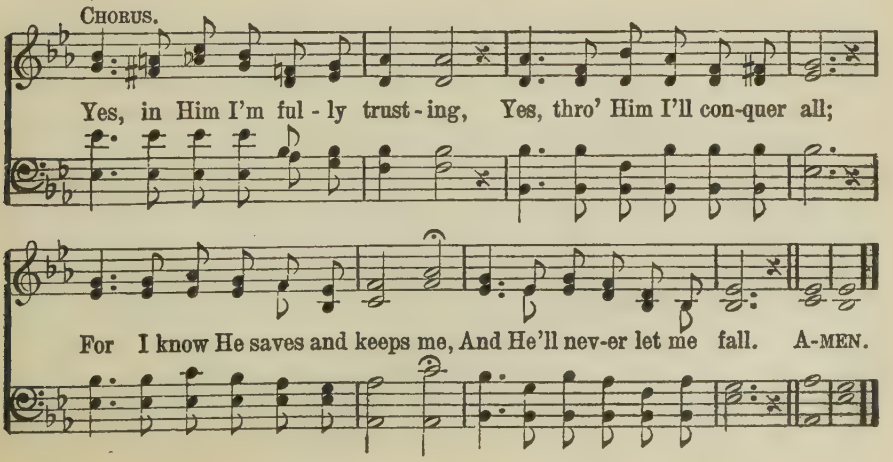
286 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. M. J. Babbitt.





CHORUS.



287 Choose!

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. God so loved our fall - en race, that His Son He gave, Let - ting Je - sus
2. When I heard His ten - der voice call - ing un - to me, Of - f'ring as a
3. Now I love to sing His praise, walk - ing by His side, Know - ing He will

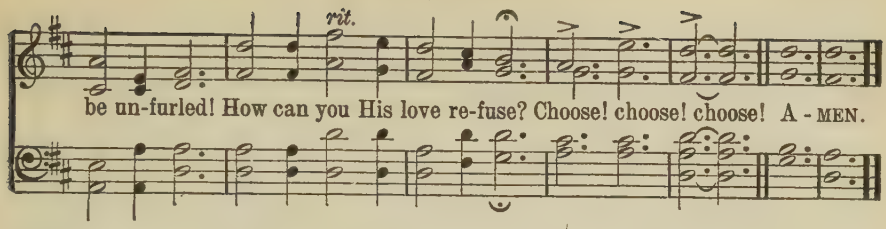
come to earth, this old world to save: All my heart and life to Him
her - it - age peace and lib - er - ty; Feel - ing con - dem - na - tion great
care for me, and my needs pro - vide; Such a true and lov - ing Friend

I most free - ly give; I will love and hon - or Him, for Him I will live.
bear - ing on my soul, I just yield - ed all to Him, giv - ing Him con - trol.
I had nev - er known Till the Sav - ior came to me, and His love has shown.

CHORUS.

Give me Je - sus, take the world, Let His ban - ner be unfurled! Let the em - blem
wave, Tell His pow'r to save: Give me Je - sus, take the world, Let His ban - ner

Choose!

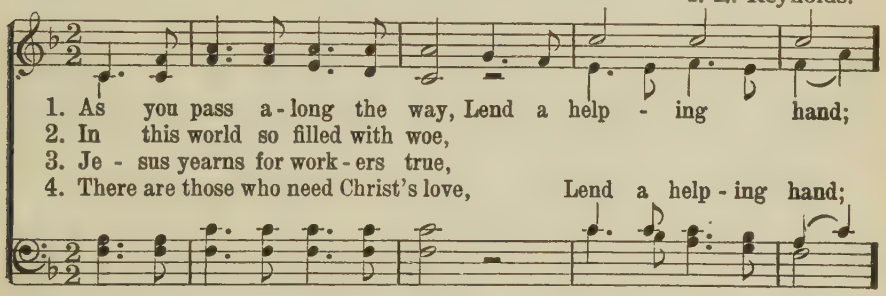


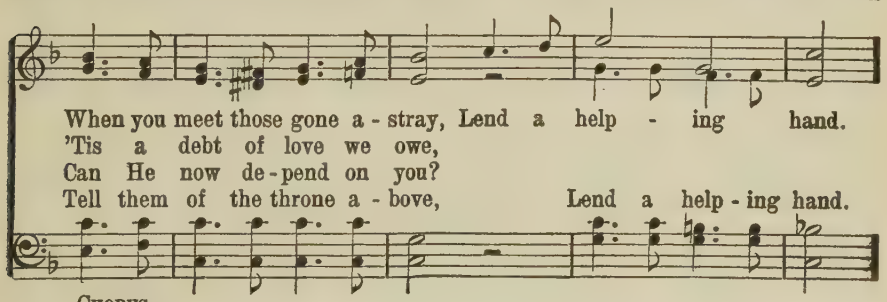
288 Lend a Helping Hand.

I. E. R.

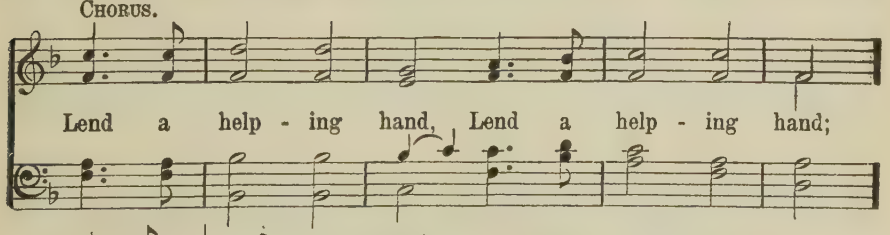
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

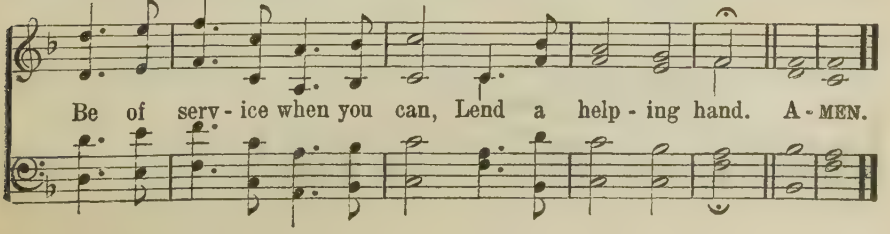
I. E. Reynolds.





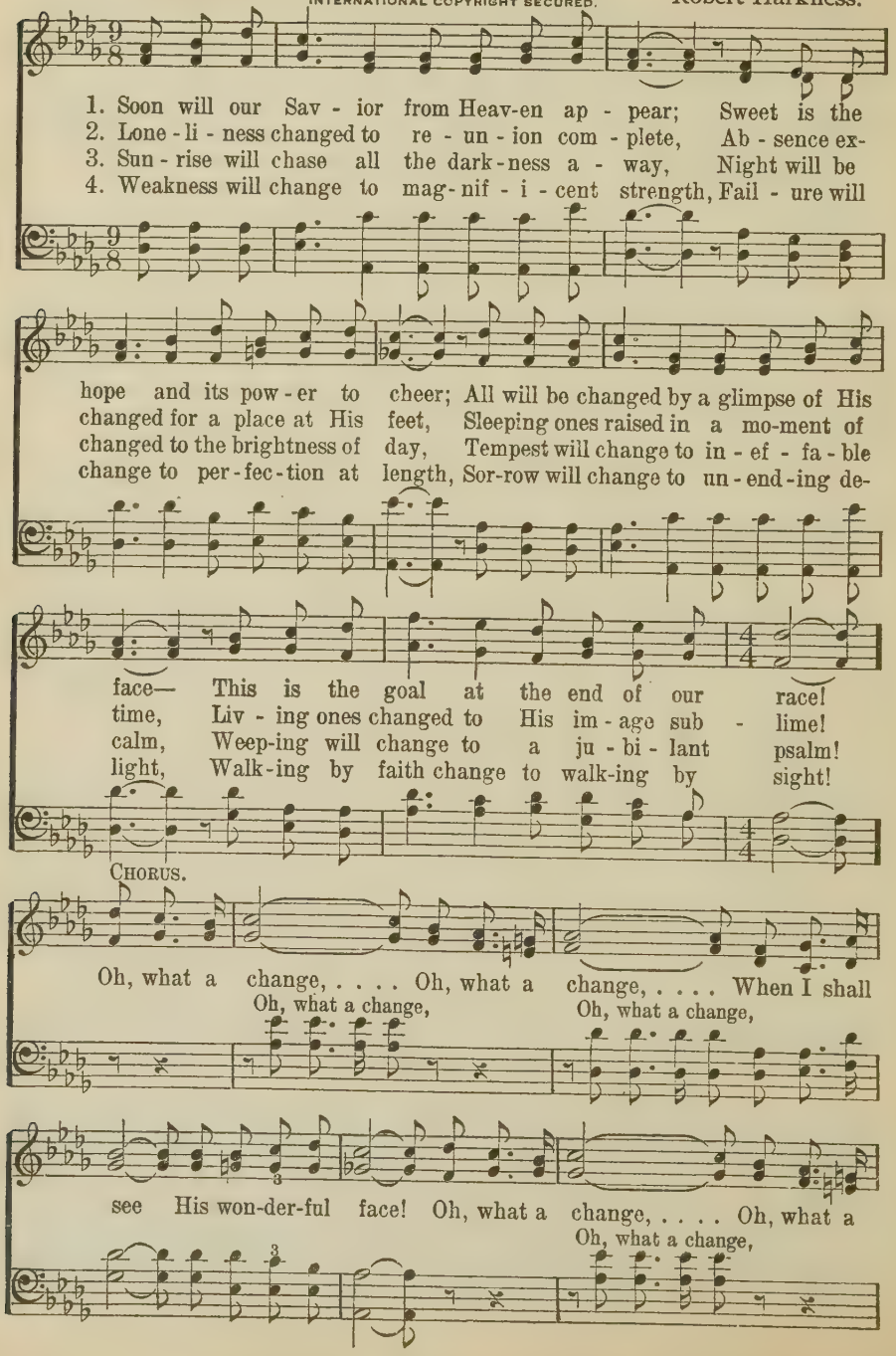
CHORUS.



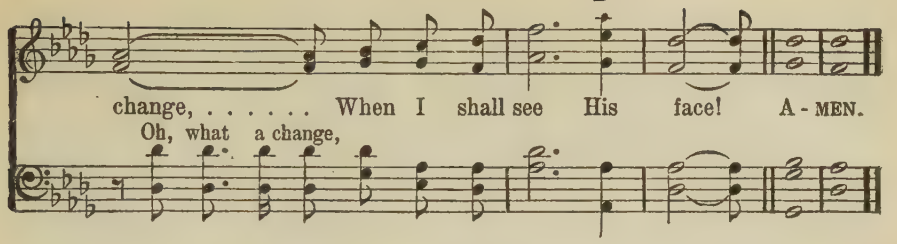


289 Oh, What a Change!

Ada R. Habershon. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.

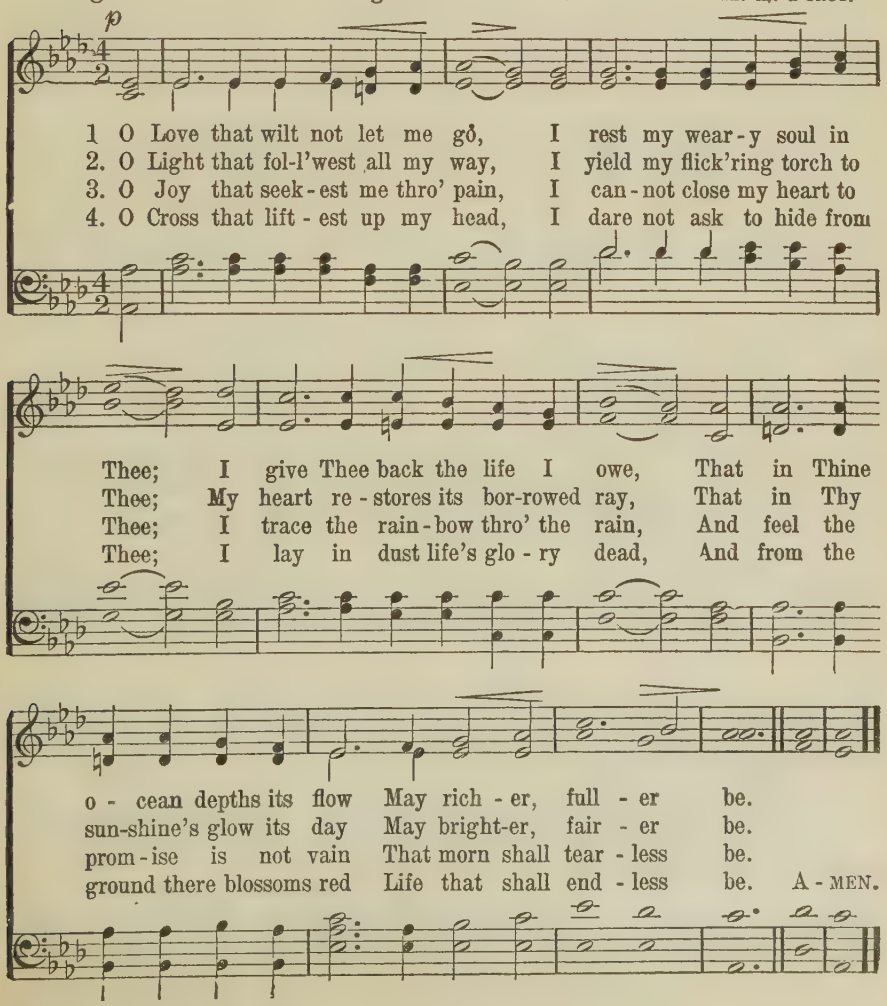


Oh, What a Change!



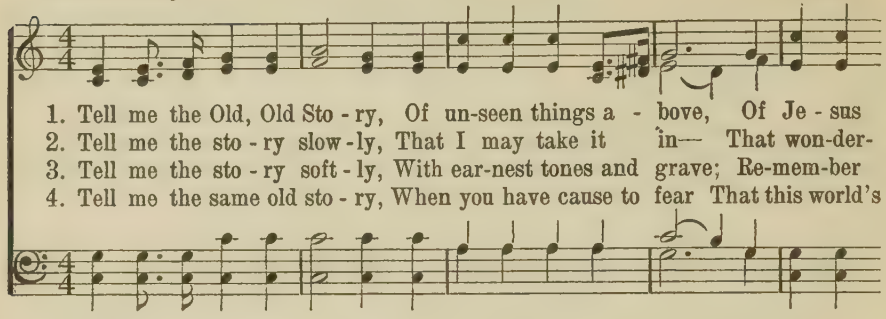
290 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.* A. L. Peace.

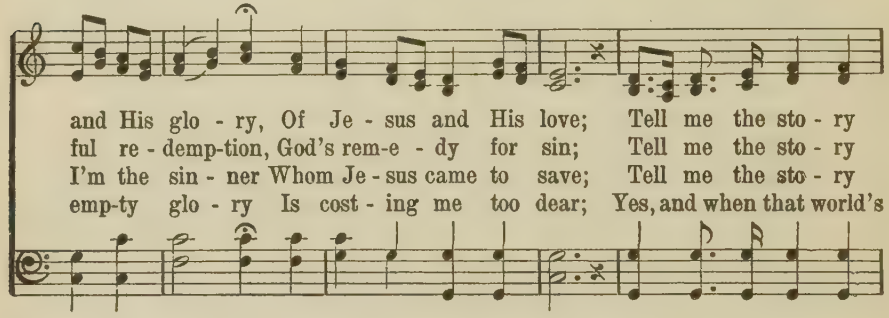


291 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

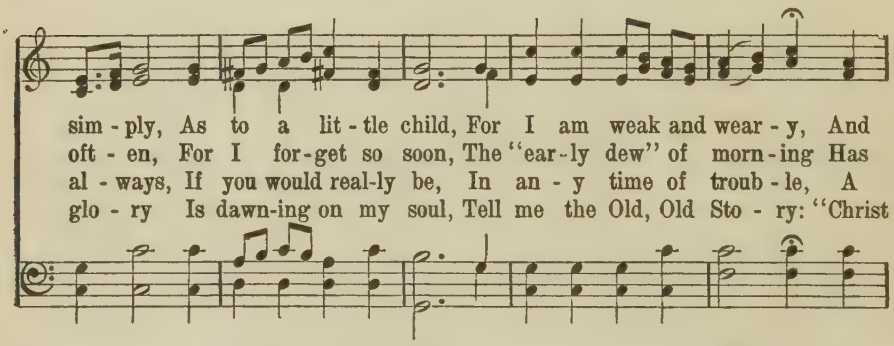
Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

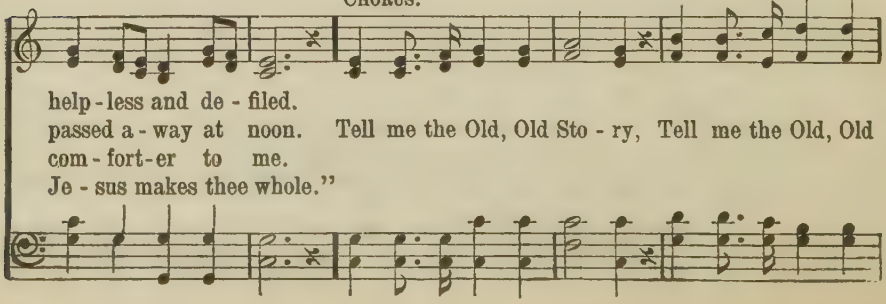


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's



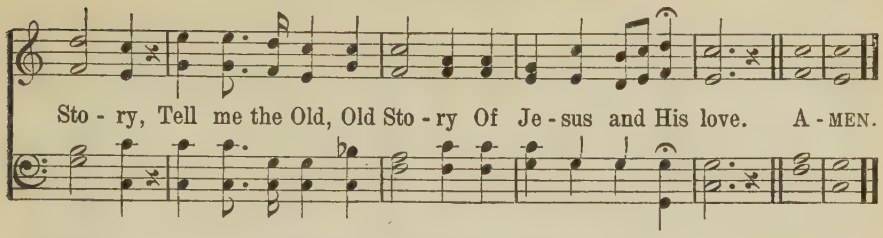
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



292 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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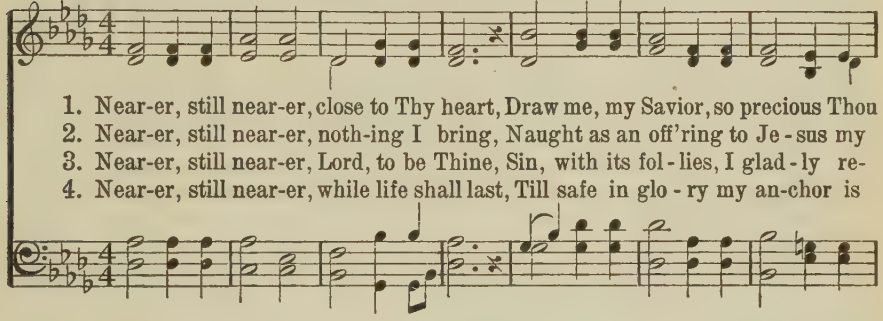
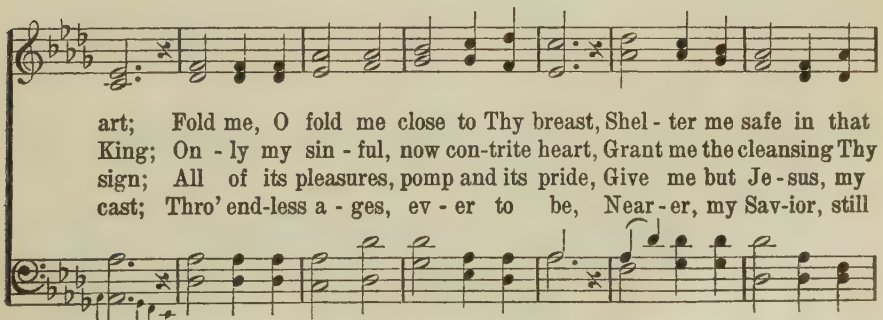
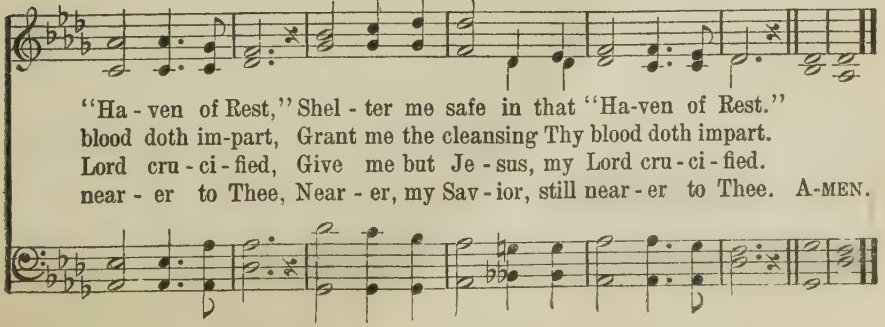
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

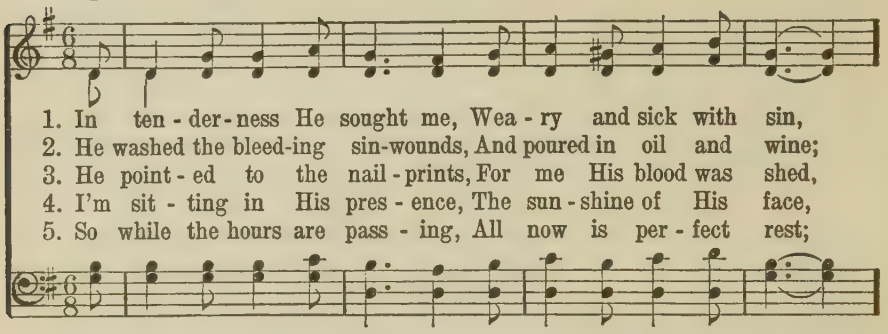




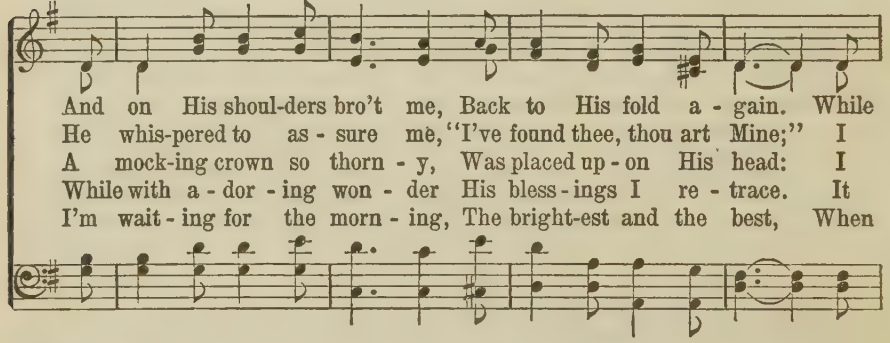


293 In Tenderness He Sought Me.

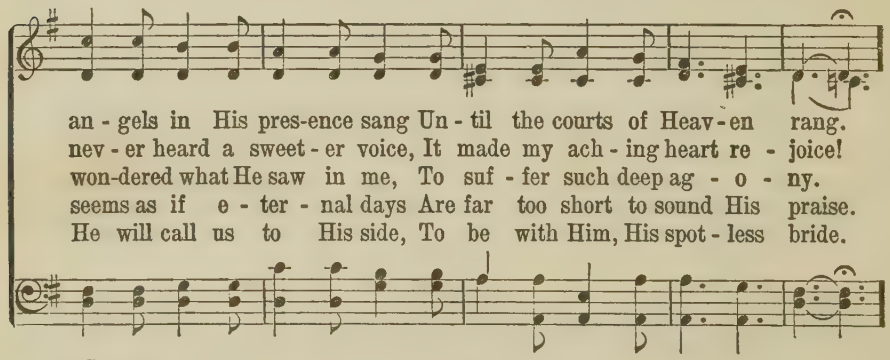
W. Spencer Walton. A. J. Gordon.



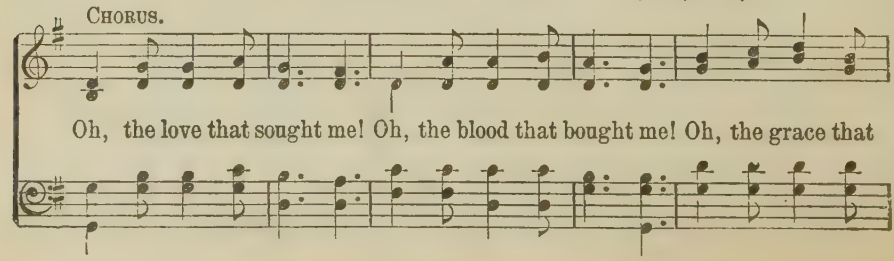
1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin,
2. He washed the bleed-ing sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine;
3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed,
4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face,
5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest;



And on His shoul-ders bro't me, Back to His fold a - gain. While
He whis-pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I
A mock-ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head: I
While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It
I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright-est and the best, When



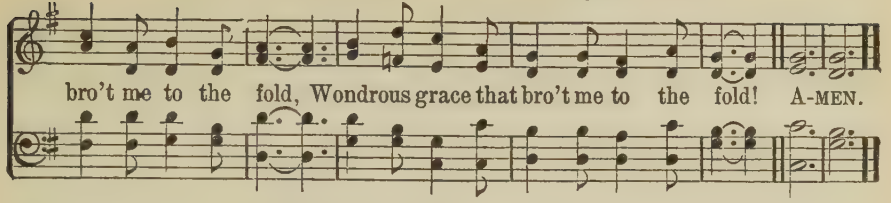
an - gels in His pres-ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang.
nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
won-dered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.



CHORUS.

Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

In Tenderness He Sought Me.



294 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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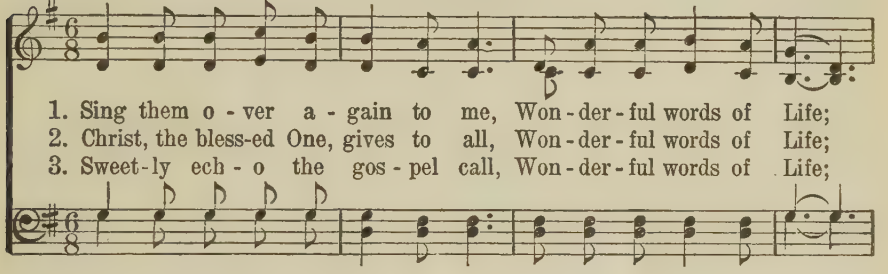

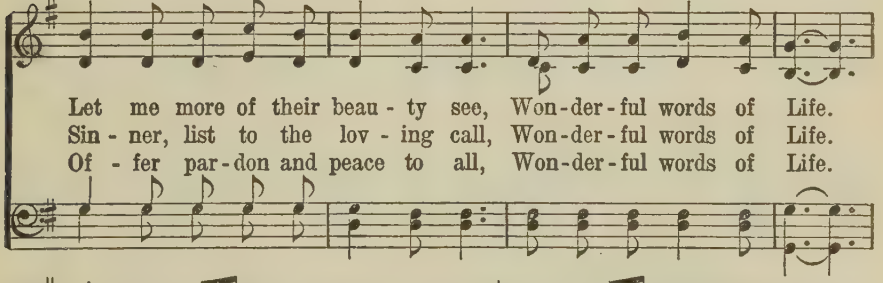

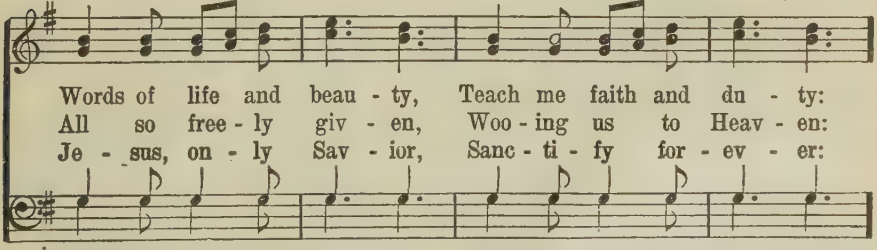

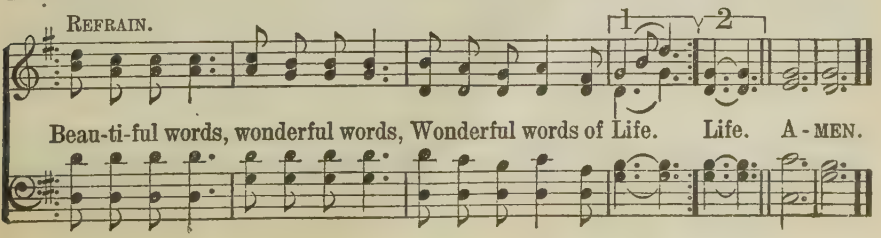

295 My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life - work is end - ed and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white He will

bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus - ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

Count Your Blessings.

rit. *a tempo.*

Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-MEN.

298 Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearis.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where! A-MEN.

299 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

Hattie H. Pierson
and Fred P. Morris.

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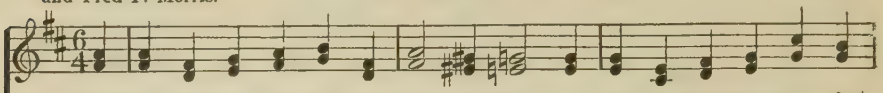
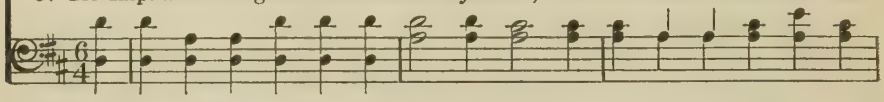
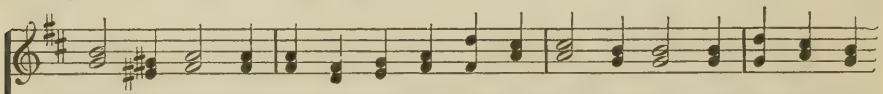
D. B. Towner.

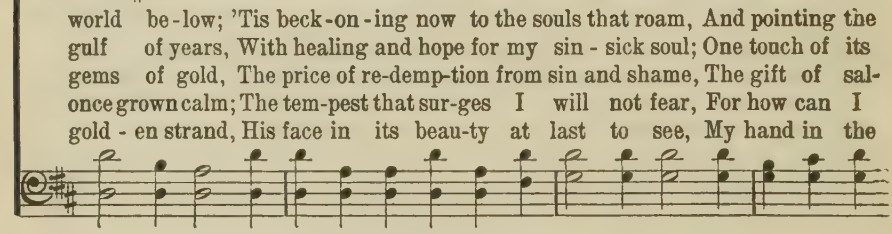


1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still outstretched o'er the
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Hold treasure more precious than
4. How oft at the touch of that nail-scarred palm My storm-troub-led heart has at
5. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je - sus at home on that



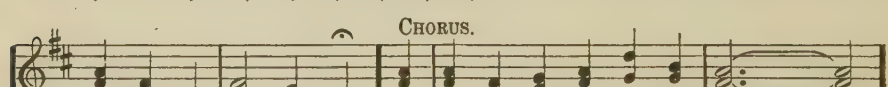


world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam, And pointing the
gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul; One touch of its
gems of gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal-
once grown calm; The tem-pest that sur-ges I will not fear, For how can I
gold - en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see, My hand in the



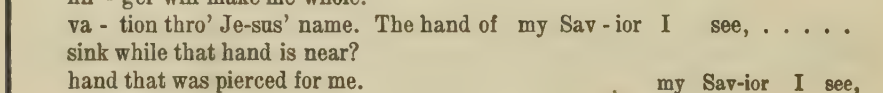
CHORUS.

way to the heav'n-ly home.
fin - ger will make me whole.
va - tion thro' Je-sus' name. The hand of my Sav - ior I see, ...
sink while that hand is near?
hand that was pierced for me. my Sav-ior I see,



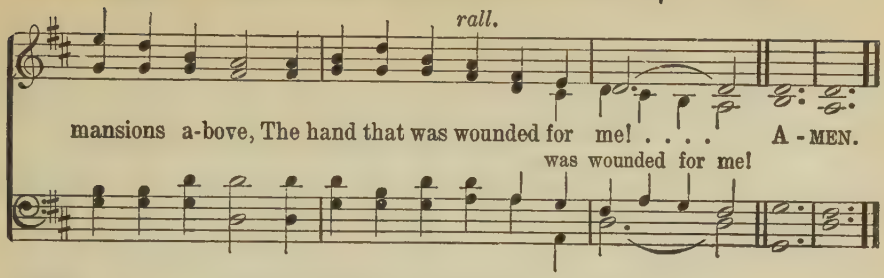
I see, I see,

The hand that was wounded for me: . . . . 'Twill lead me in love to the
was wound-ed for me:



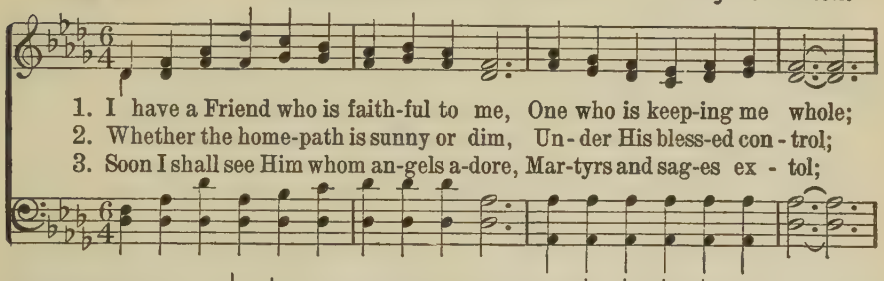
for me:

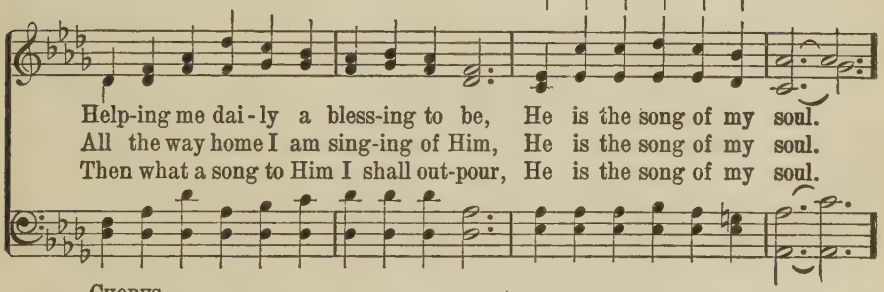
The Hand that was Wounded for Me.



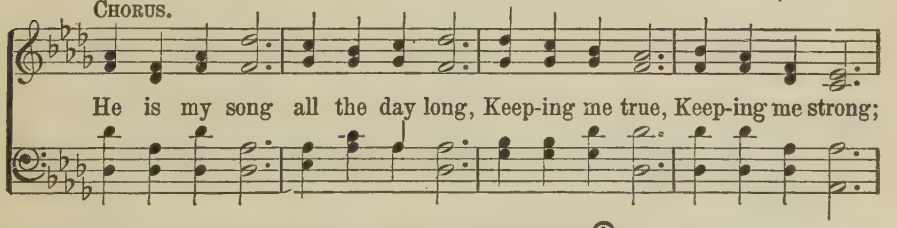
300 The Song of My Soul.

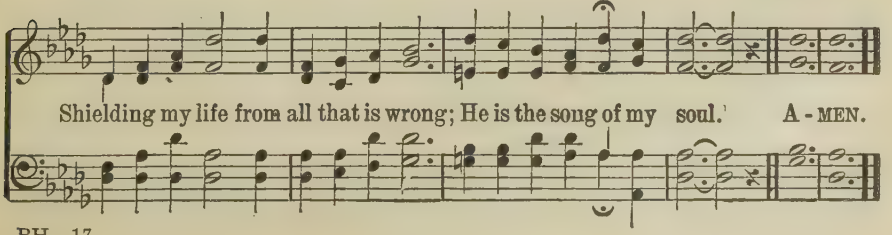
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Henry P. Morton.





CHORUS.





301 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

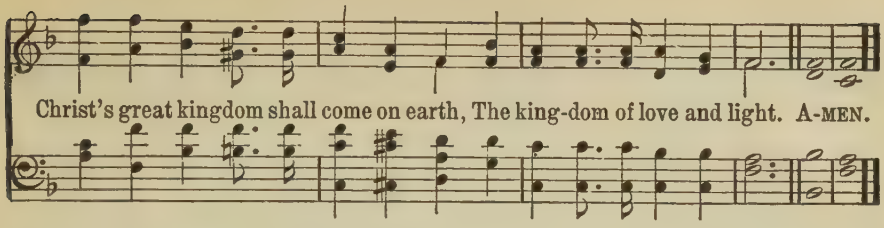
Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.

CHORUS.

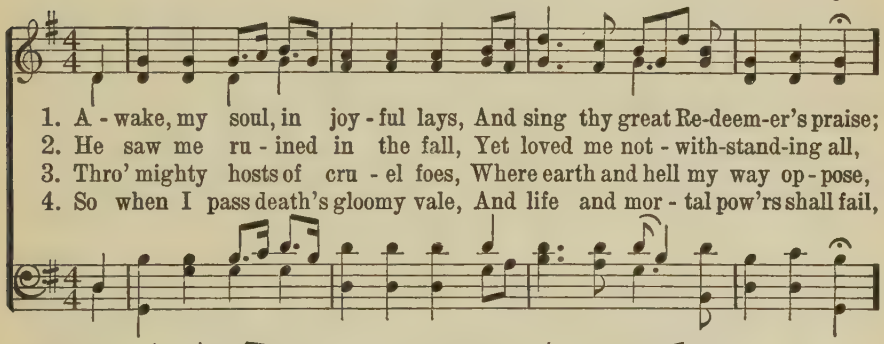
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

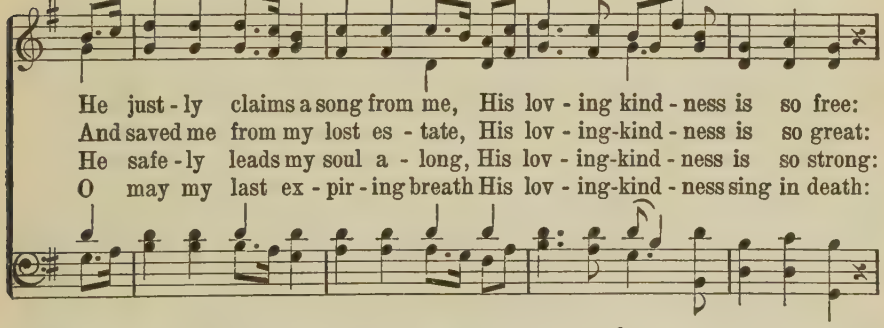
We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

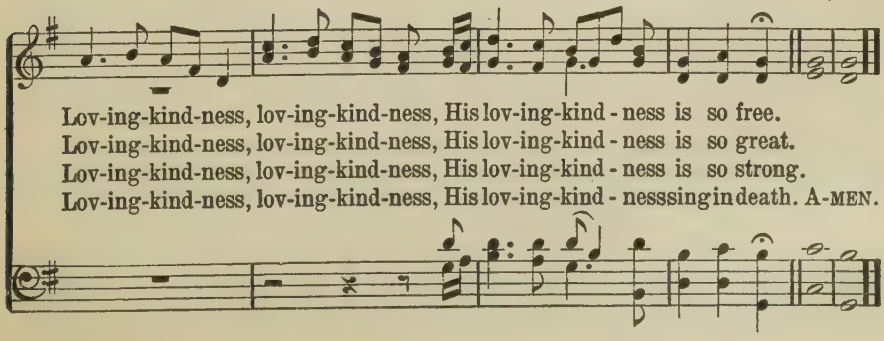


302 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays.

Loving-Kindness. L. M. American Melody.







303 His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. E. O. Excell.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread,
2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land,

But on-ly that my soul may feed Up-on the liv-ing bread:
That Je-sus guides my fal-t'ring steps, As joy-ful-ly I go:
If I may on-ly feel the touch Of His own lov-ing hand:

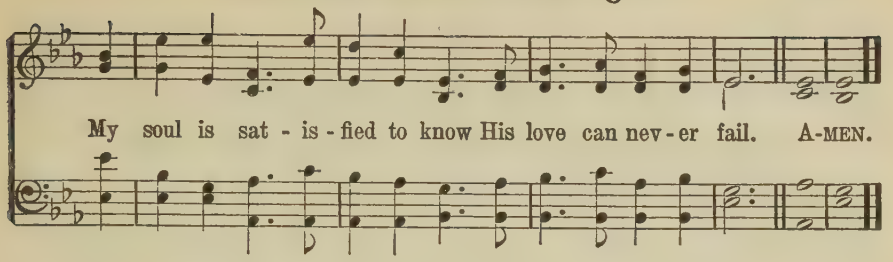
'Tis bet-ter far that I should walk By faith close to His side;
And though I may not see His face, My faith is strong and clear
And though I trem-ble when I think How weak I am, how frail,

I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.
That in each hour of sore dis-tress My Sav-ior will be near.
My soul is sat-is-fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

CHORUS.

His love . . . can nev-er fail, His love . . . can nev-er fail;
His love can nev-er fail, His love can nev-er fail;

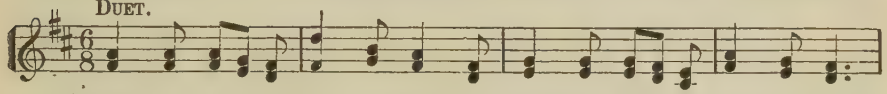
His Love Can Never Fail.



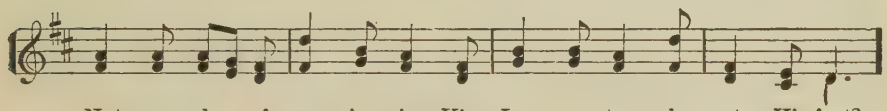
304 Must I Go, and Empty-Handed?

C. C. Luther. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. B. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

DUET.

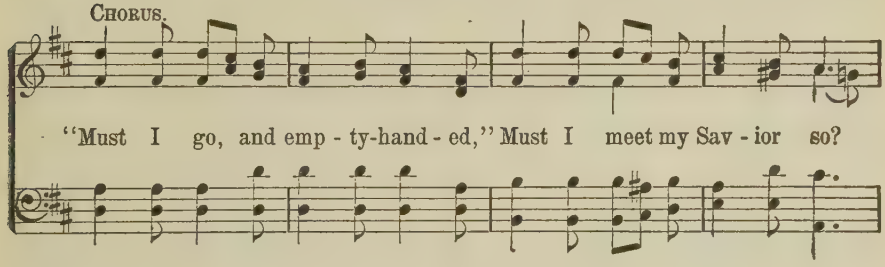


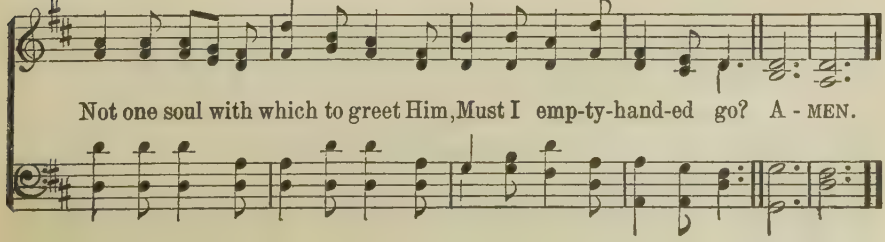
1. "Must I go, and emp - ty-hand - ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be ear - nest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty-hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.





305 More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,

rit.

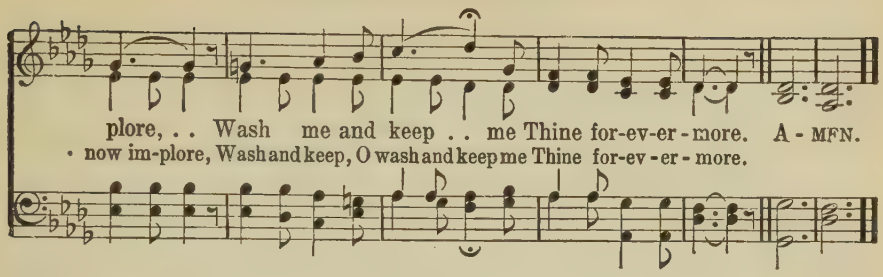
CHORUS.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O

heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.

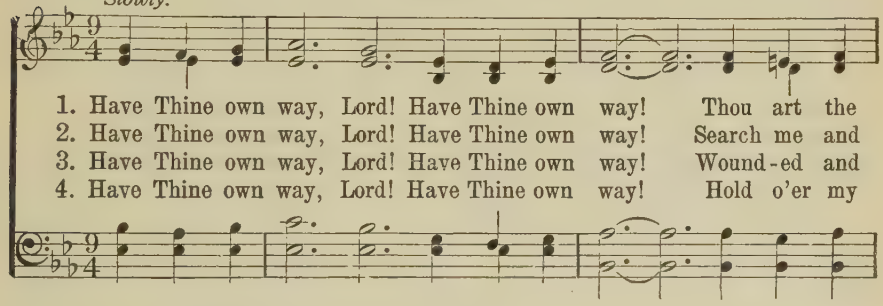


306 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

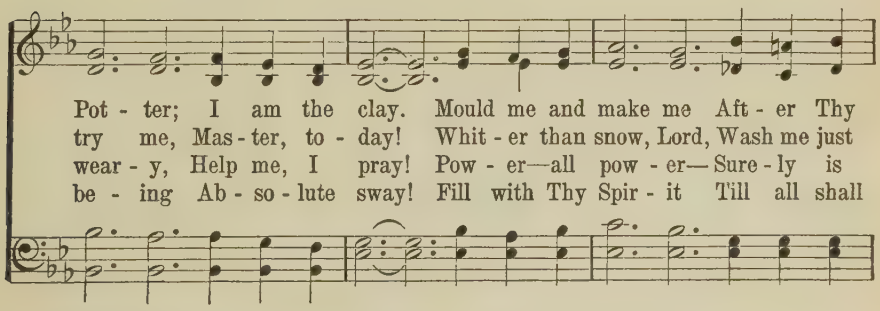
A. A. P. Geo. C. Stebbins.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

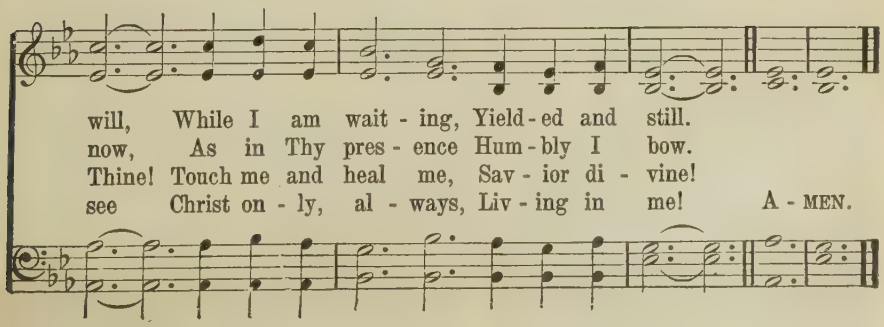
Slowly.



1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot-ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft-er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to-day! Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear-y, Help me, I pray! Pow-er—all pow-er—Sure-ly is
be-ing Ab-so-lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir-it Till all shall



will, While I am wait-ing, Yield-ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-ior di-vine!
see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me! A-MEN.

307 Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

COPYRIGHT, 1885 AND 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dis-solves a - way In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.

2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark-ling bright, In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.

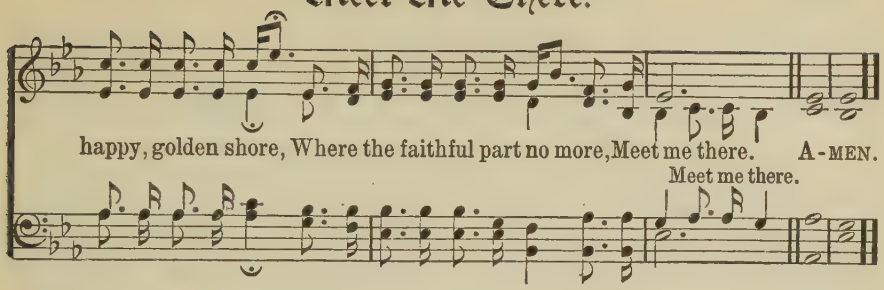
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the

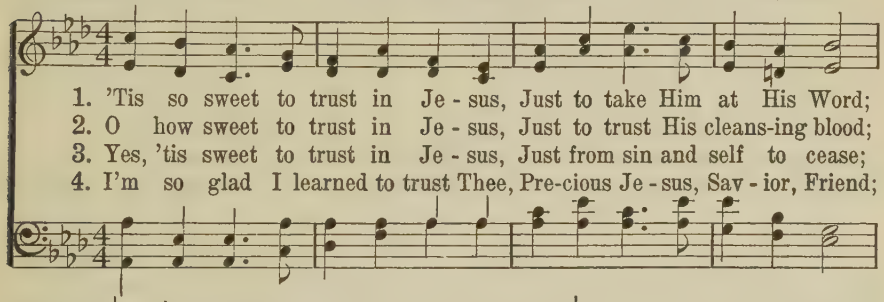
Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there;

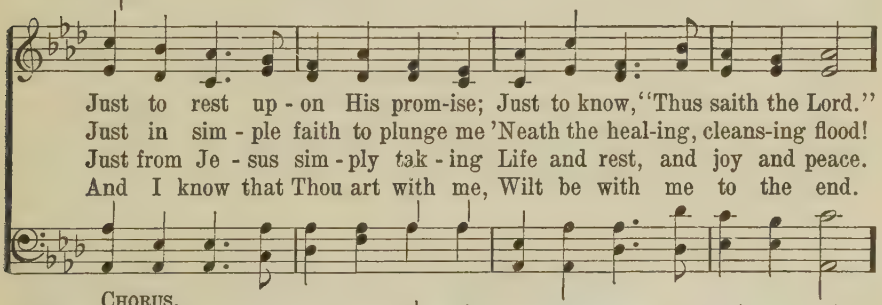
Meet Me There.



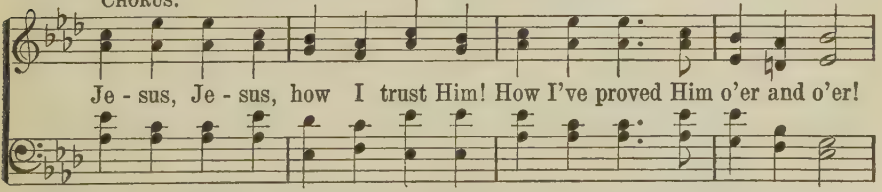
308 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

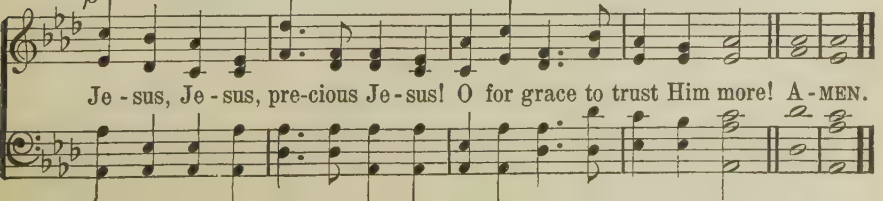
Louisa M. R. Stead. COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





CHORUS.





309 Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him

call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
for thee;

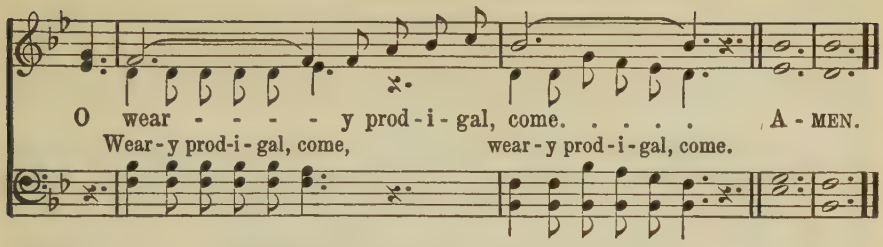
pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing now for thee, ... O wear - - - - - y
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come,

prod-i-gal, come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,

Calling the Prodigal.



310 Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

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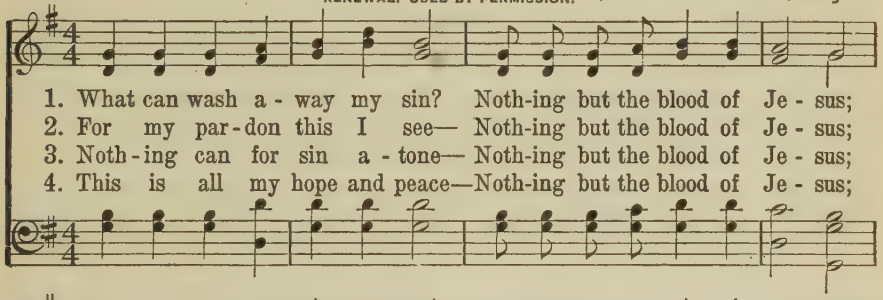
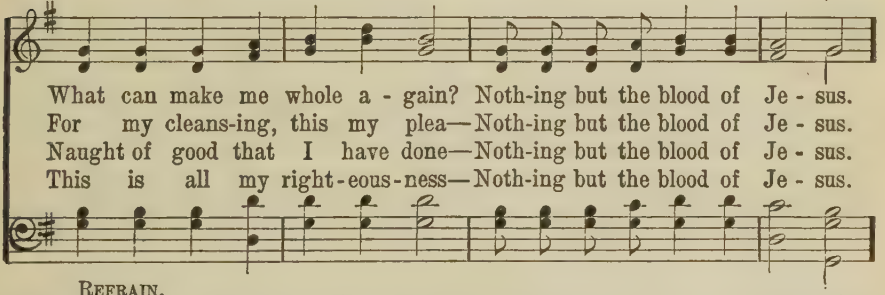
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.





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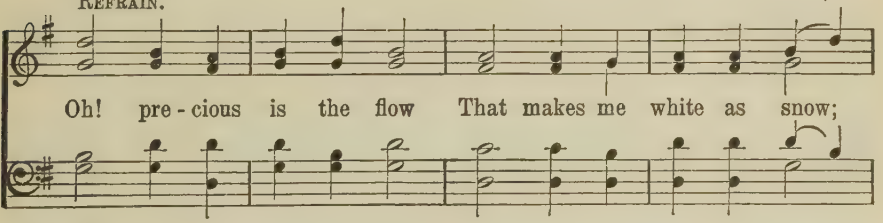
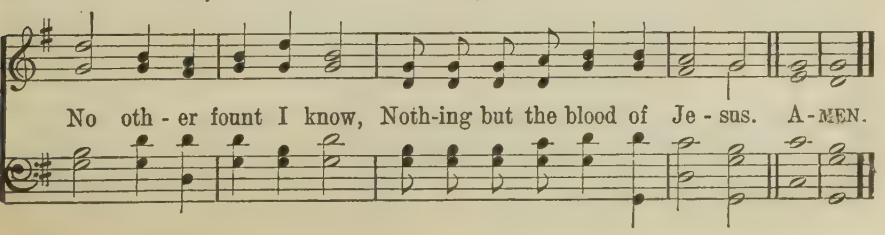




311 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us

morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,

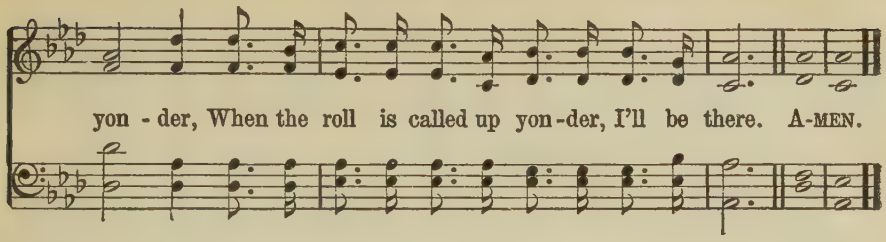
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

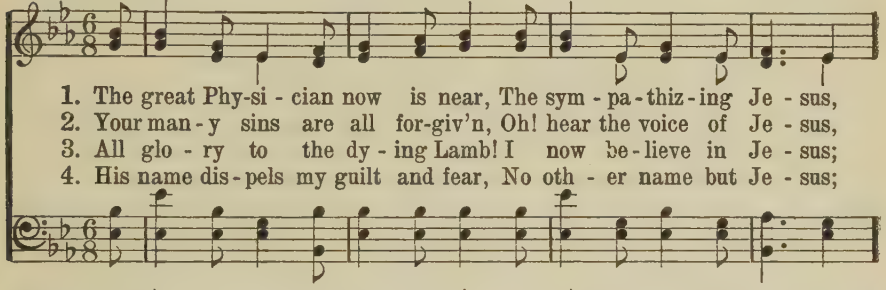
roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

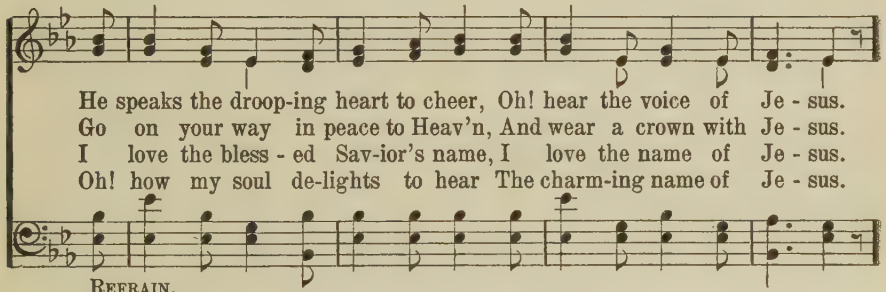
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



312 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.





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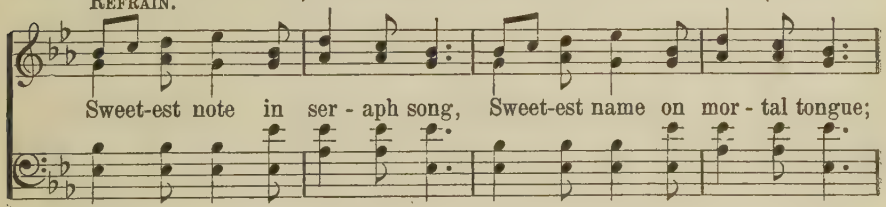

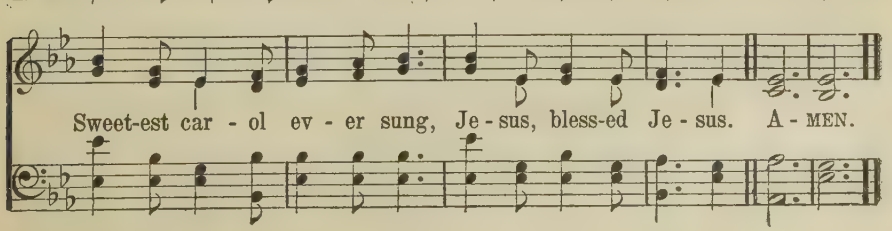

313 My Savior.

C. M. F.

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Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, I've a Sav - ior full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from Heav-en To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un - wor - thy, He has con - stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, He would be your Sav - ior, too;

And a smile of win-ning sweet-ness Ev - er beams up - on His face:
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guilt - less, And tho' blame-less, took my blame:
Tho' I wronged Him, He for-gave me When I would my vows re - new;
Will you not ac - cept the par - don Which He free - ly of - fers you?

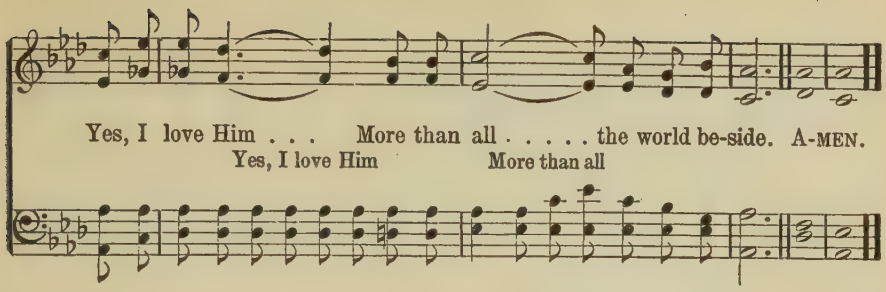
In my heart's shrine of af - fec - tion He shall hold the high-est place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good - ness to pro-claim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kind-ness My re - bel - lious heart did woo.
Take Him now as your Re-deem - er, Earth has not a friend so true.

CHORUS.

How I love Him! . . . How I love Him! . . . Since for
How I love Him! How I love Him!

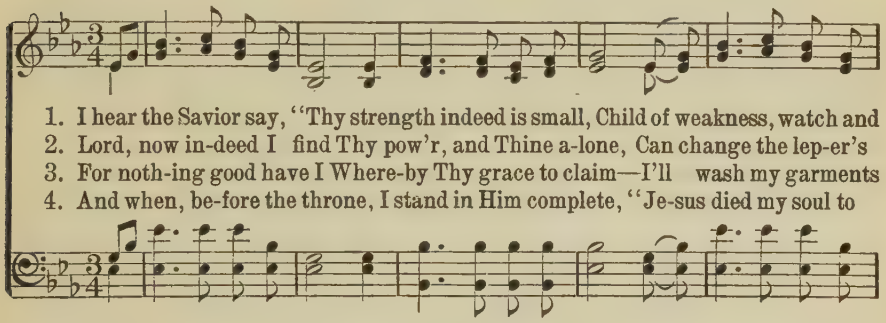
me . . . . . He bled and died; How I love . . . . Him!
Since for me He bled and died; How I love Him!

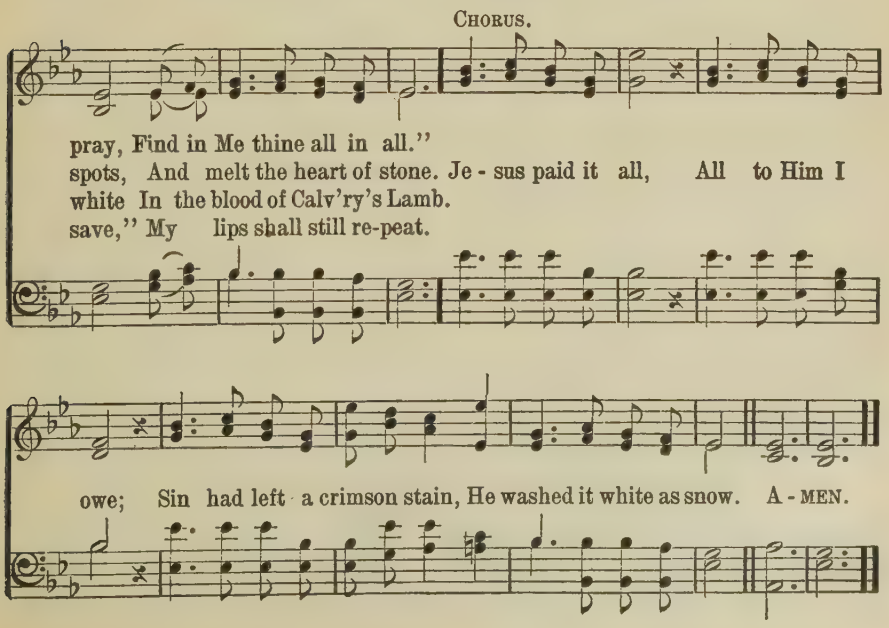
My Savior.



314 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.





315 I've Had a Talk With Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. E. PENN. W. E. Penn.

1. I've had a talk with Je - sus, I've told Him all my care;
2. I've had a talk with Je - sus, His prom - ised peace to share;
3. I've had a talk with Je - sus, We held com - mun - ion sweet;

I've sought His bless - ed pres - ence, And dropped my bur - den there;
We walked by heal - ing wa - ters Thro' pas - tures green and fair;
I've laid my joys and sor - rows, Like Ma - ry, at His feet—

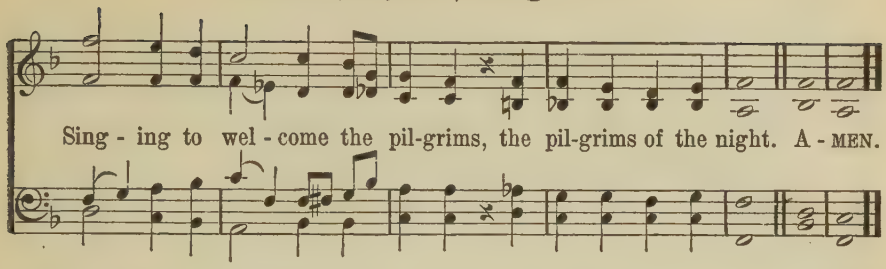
And when I knelt be - fore Him, I felt my spir - it thrill
His arms of love were round me, And blest in - deed was I,
I've told Him ev - 'ry long - ing That throbbed with-in my breast;

To hear His gen - tle whis - per, "I love thee; peace, be still."
And oh, I dwelt in safe - ty With such a ref - uge nigh!
He filled my soul with com - fort, And gave His peace and rest.

CHORUS.

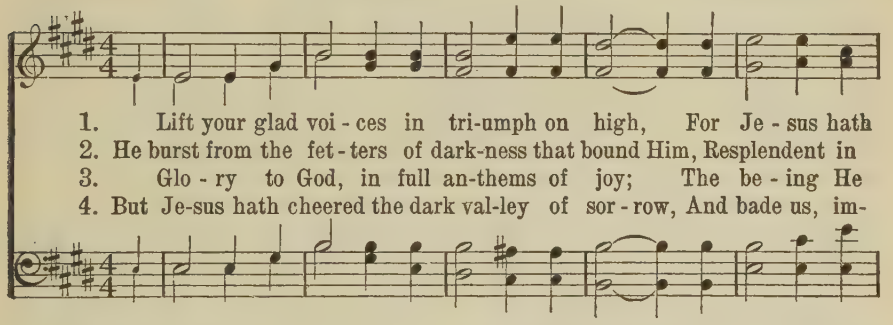
O blest com-mun-ion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy com-plete;

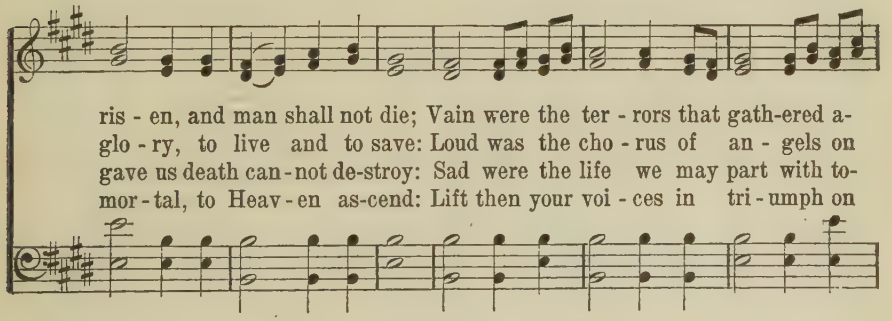
Hark, Hark, My Soul.

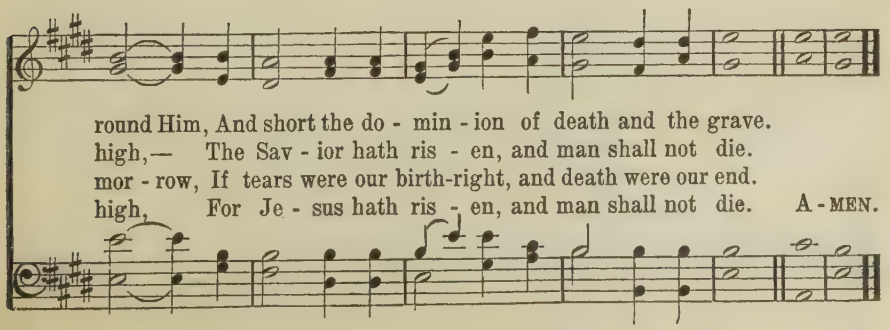


320 Lift Your Glad Voices.

Henry Ware, Jr. *Resurrection. 10. 11. 12.* John Edgar Gould.







321 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

o - ver there,

REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver

o - ver there. O - ver there,

there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver

o - ver there, o - ver there,

The Home Over There.

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A-MEN.

O-ver the

322 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.

323 What if it Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do - min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith-ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com - ing to claim His cho-sen Bride, All the re - deemed and pu-ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul-ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in east-ern sky,

rit. *a tempo.*

O - ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo-ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

What if it Were To-day?

When we shall crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the way; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day. A-MEN.

When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-pare the way;

ritard.

324 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. *Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Arr.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;

CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;*

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

325 When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in Heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, ...

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .

How the heart is tuned to sing-ing, When love . . shines in; . . . .
When love shines in; . . . .

When Love Shines In.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, ...

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .

Joy and peace to oth-ers bringing, When love shines in. A-MEN.
When love, when love shines in.

326 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;

CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;*

D. C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne. A-MEN.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

327 To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal- va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je- ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal- va - tion is free!"
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal- va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

CHORUS.

I Love to Tell the Story.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

330 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. *Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.* Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not cure."
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

331 The Fight is On.

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A-MEN.
Vic-t'ry, Vic-t'ry,

332 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

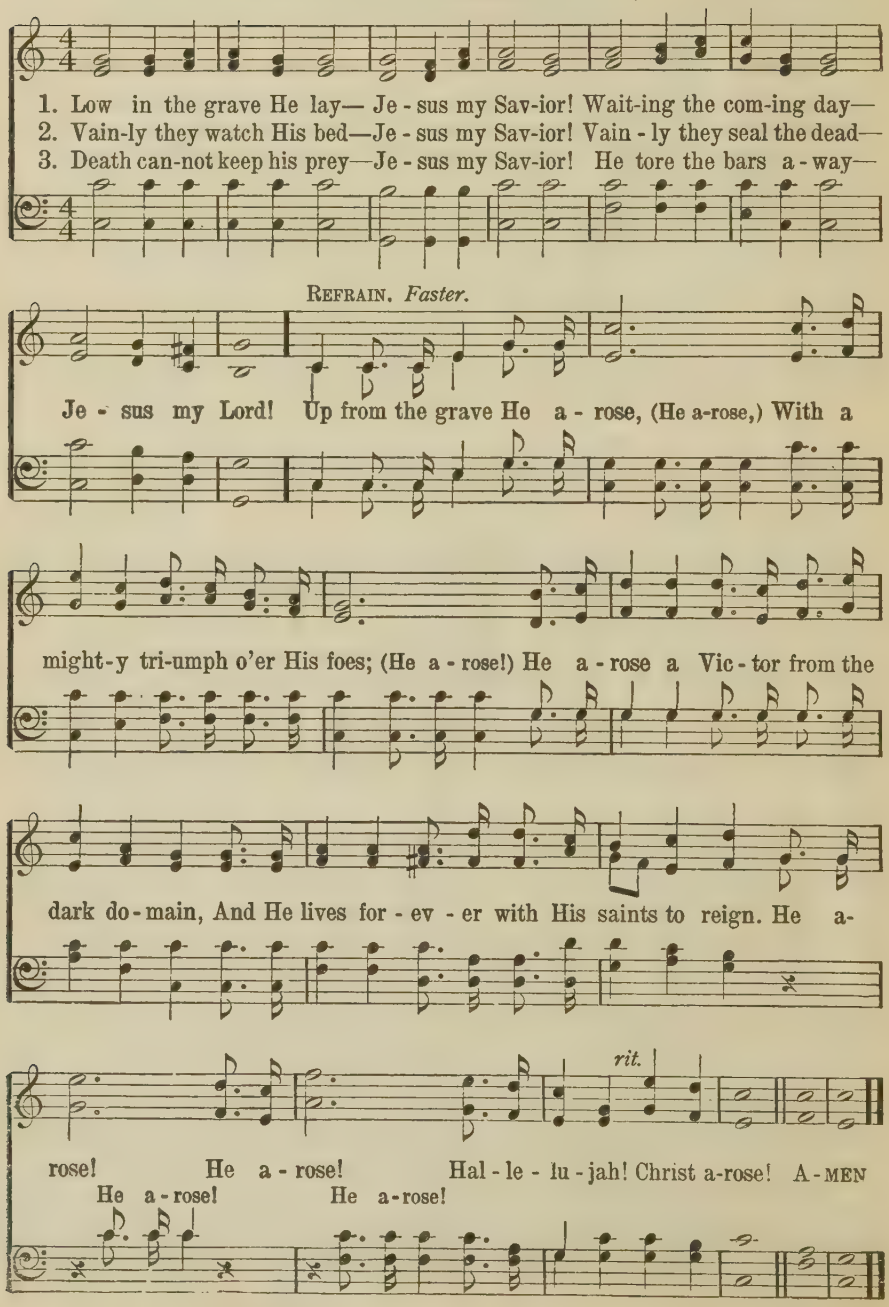
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-MEN.

333 Christ Arose.

Robert Lowry. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

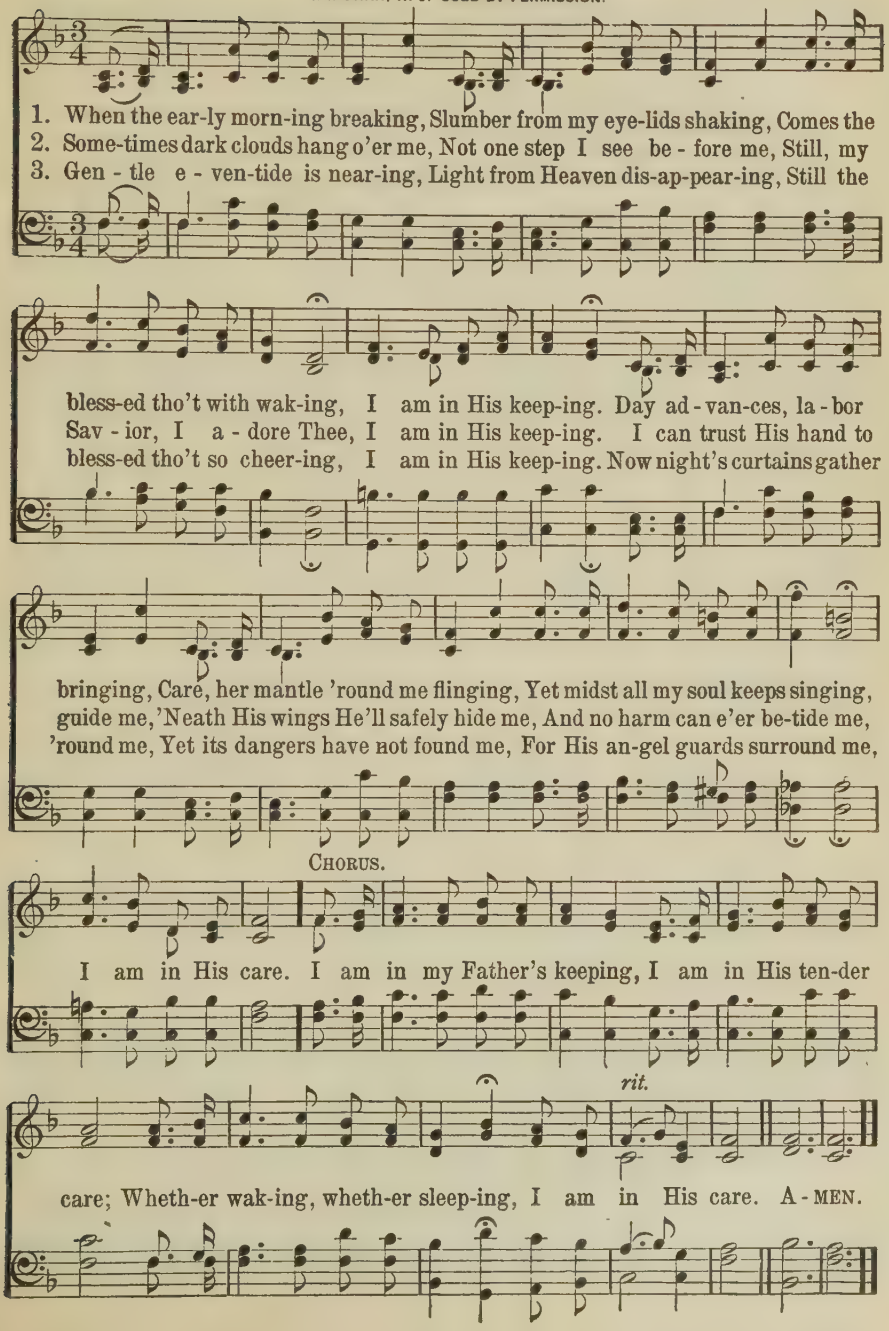


334 In His Keeping.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



335 When I Get to the End of the Way.

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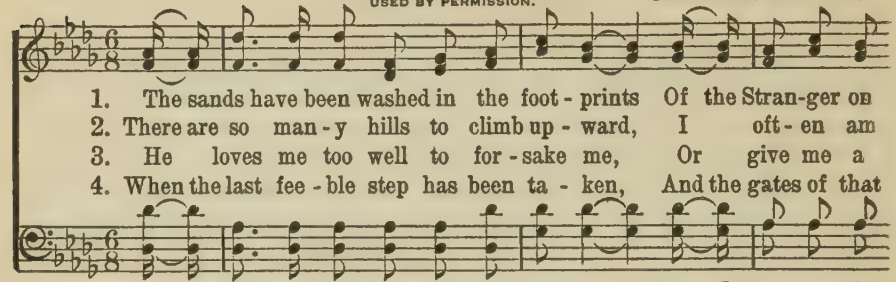
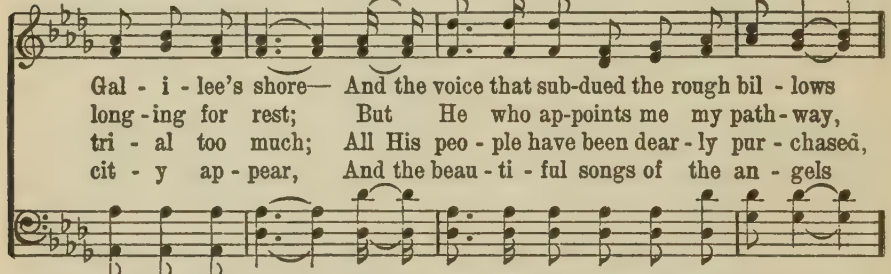
Charlie D. Tillman.



1. The sands have been washed in the foot - prints Of the Stran-ger on
2. There are so man - y hills to climb up - ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee - ble step has been ta - ken, And the gates of that

D. C.—*And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing, When I get to the*

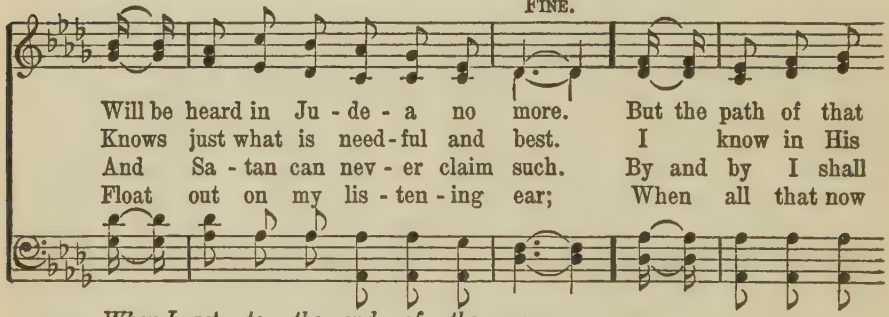
Last verse.—*Then the toils of the road, etc.*



Gal - i - lee's shore— And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil - lows
long - ing for rest; But He who ap-points me my path - way,
tri - al too much; All His peo - ple have been dear - ly pur - chased,
cit - y ap - pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels

end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,

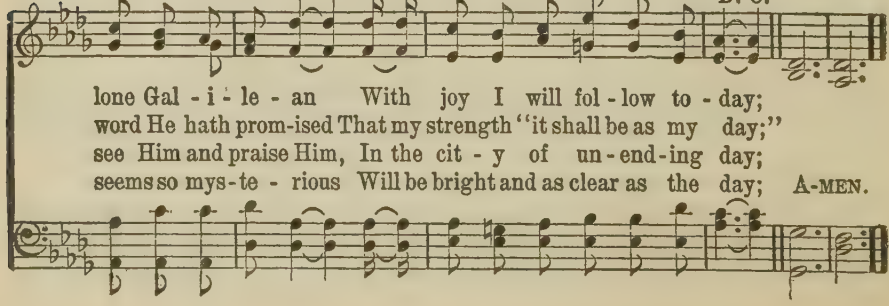
FINE.



Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need - ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear; When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.



lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol - low to - day;
word He hath prom-ised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day;
seems so mys - te - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day; A-MEN.

336 "The Vail Was Rent In Twain."

A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Rev. A. Bailey.

1. On the cross in dark-ness shrouded, 'Mid sin's dark and aw-ful shame,
2. By His blood the way was o-pened, Down life's rough and thorny lane,
3. Near the throne I drew re-pent-ant; Near-er, trem-bling-ly, I came;
4. O the calm, the peace-ful moments, Since the mer-cy-seat I've gained;

Cried the Son of God, 'Tis fin-ished! And the vail was rent in twain.
To the ho-ly of the ho-lies, For the vail was rent in twain.
And a sweet voice bade me en-ter Thro' the vail that's rent in twain.
I'm so glad I crossed the thresh-old, Thro' the vail that's rent in twain.

CHORUS.

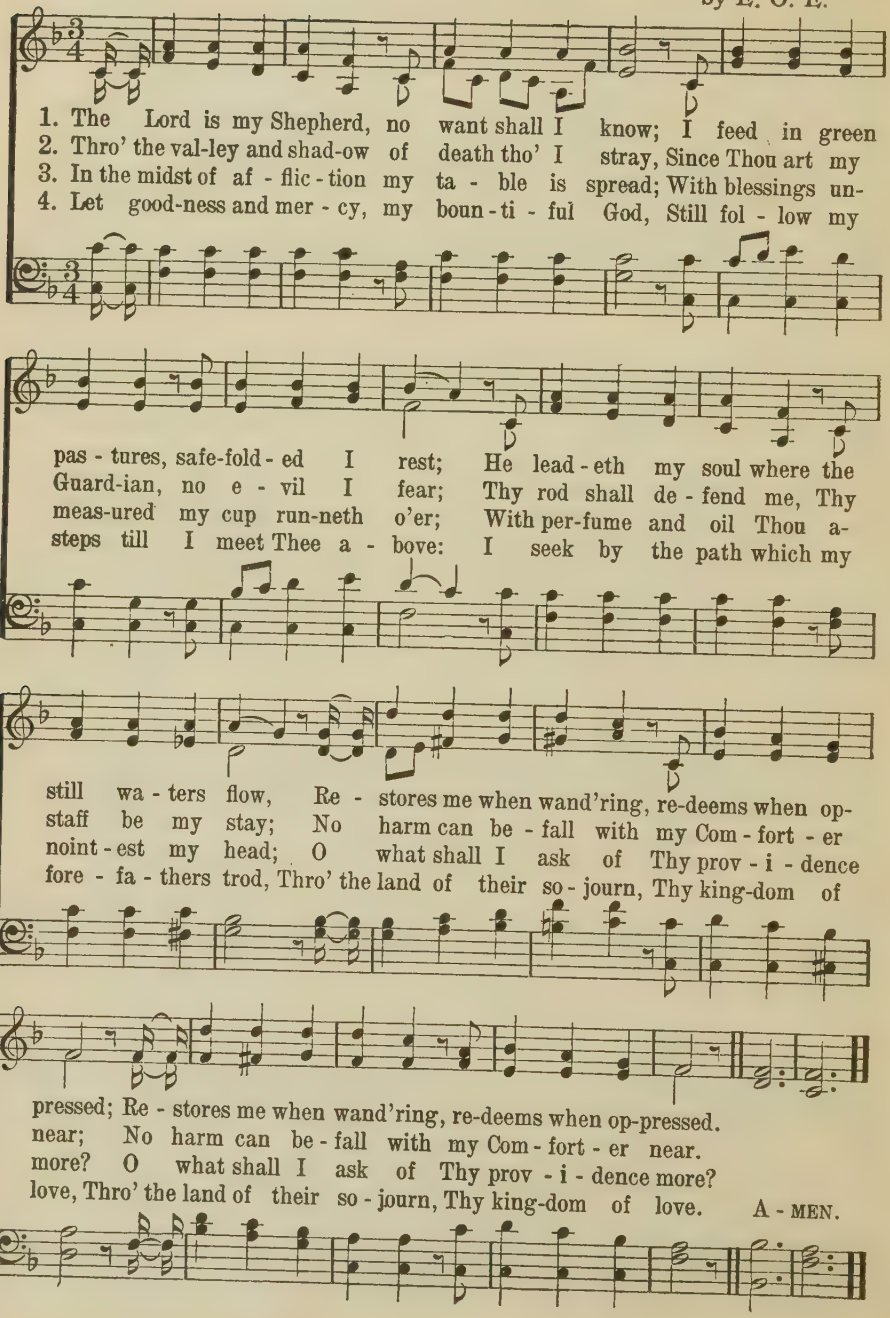
Face to face, I talk with Je-sus, Face to face, O bless His name!
ho-ly name!

rit.

Face to face with God my Sav-ior, For the vail was rent in twain. A-MEN.

337 The Lord is My Shepherd.

23rd Psalm. *Tyler. 11s.* Arr. from Koschat by E. O. E.



He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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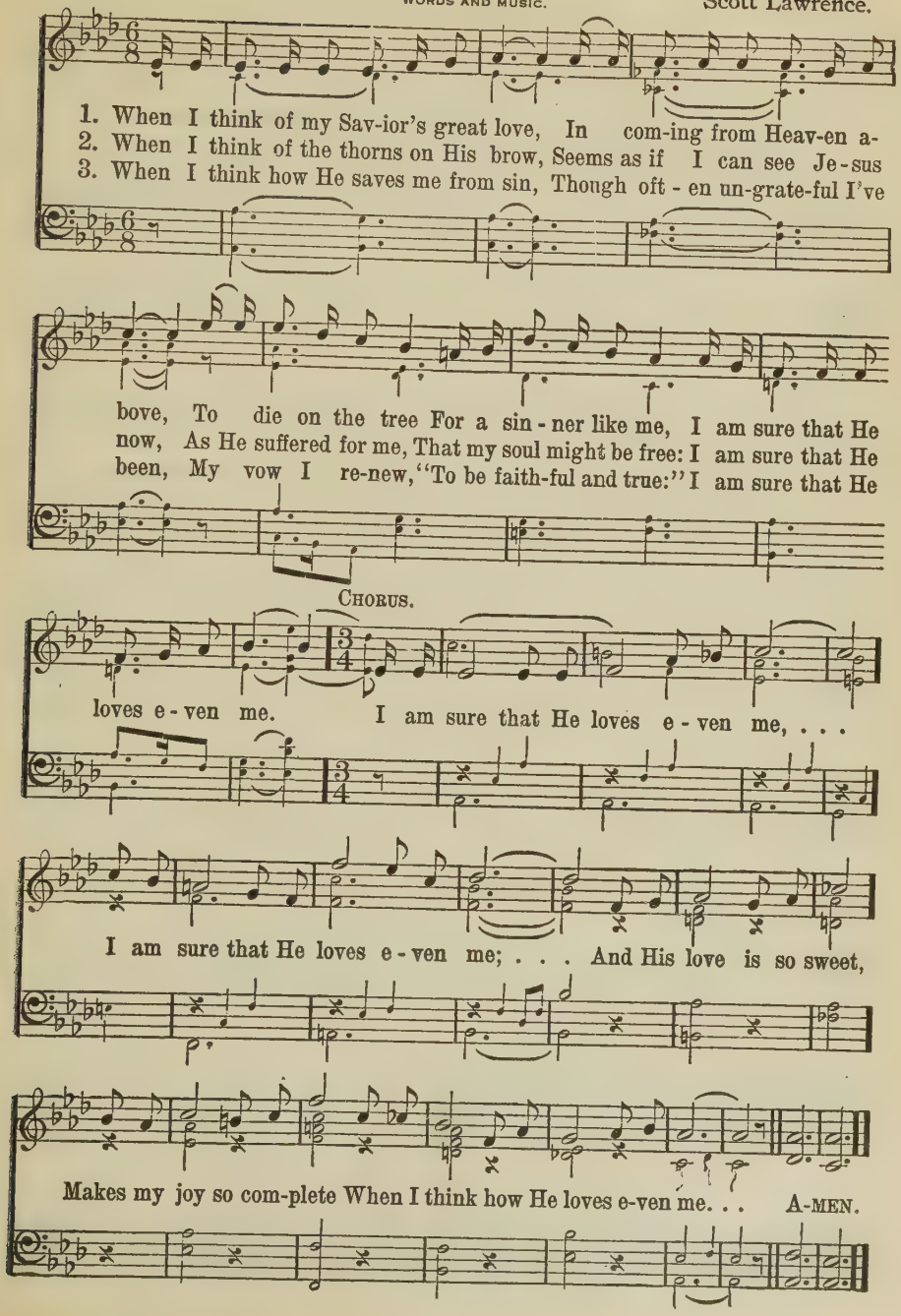
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.



341 I Love Him.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. When I was tossed on the o-cean waves, I cast my all on the arm that saves;
2. Sin had de-ceived me for man-y years, Caus-ing me anguish and man-y tears;
3. If you are out in the world's highway, Long-ing for safe-ty and home to-day,

In-to God's harbor He'll pi-lot me, Tho' I have sailed o'er a troub-led sea.
Now in His keeping I rest se-cure, I know my an-chor is safe and sure.
How-ev-er sin-ful your heart and sad, Je-sus can heal you and make you glad.

CHORUS.

I love Him, . . . I love Him; . . .
I do love and hon-or Him, Yes, I love and hon-or Him;

f

Aft-er test-ing Him o'er and o'er, I love Him. . . . A-MEN.
I do love and hon-or Him.

342 He Will Hold Me Fast.

Ada R. Habershon. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
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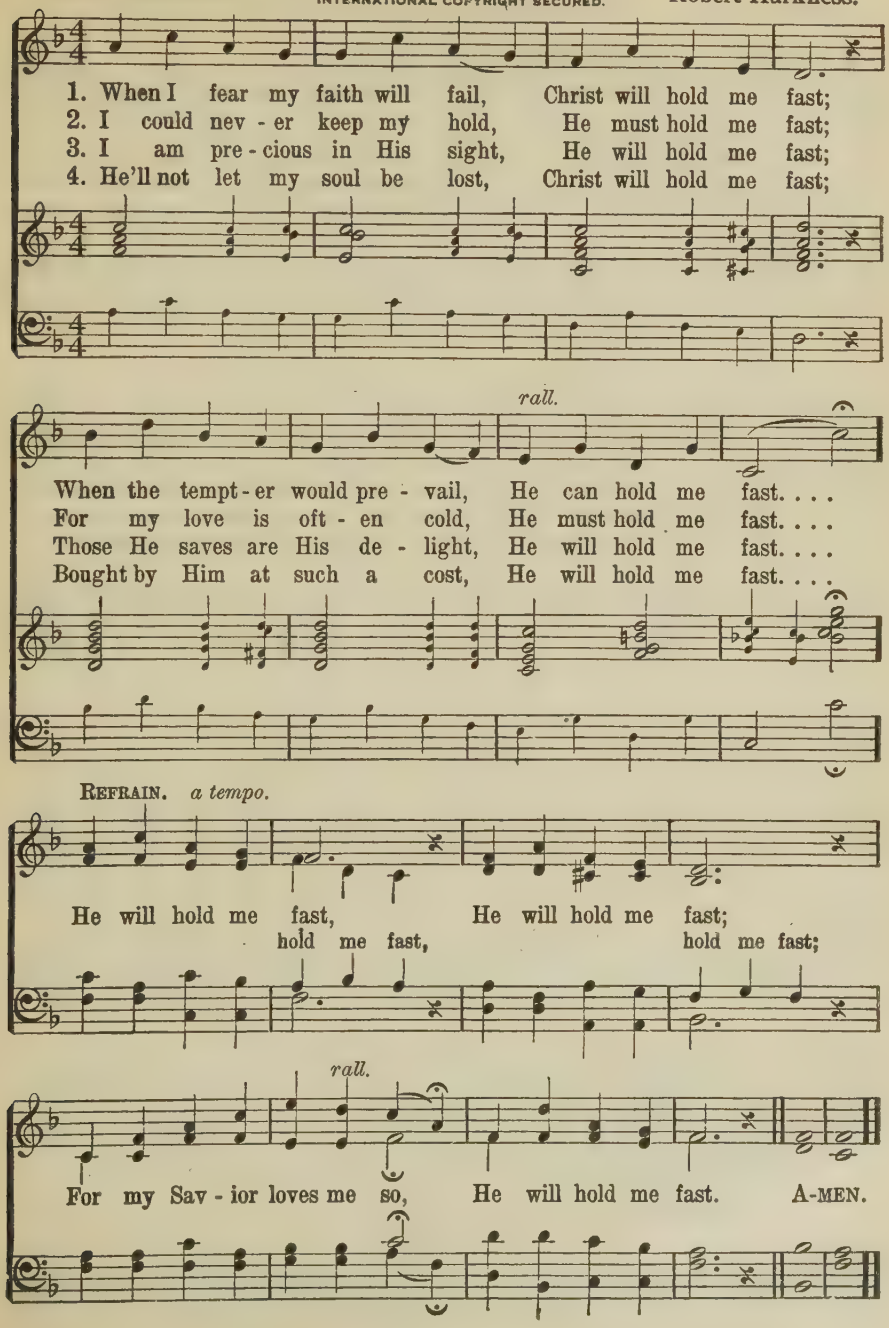

343 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;

Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;

O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.

344 Think On Thy Way.

J. P. S.

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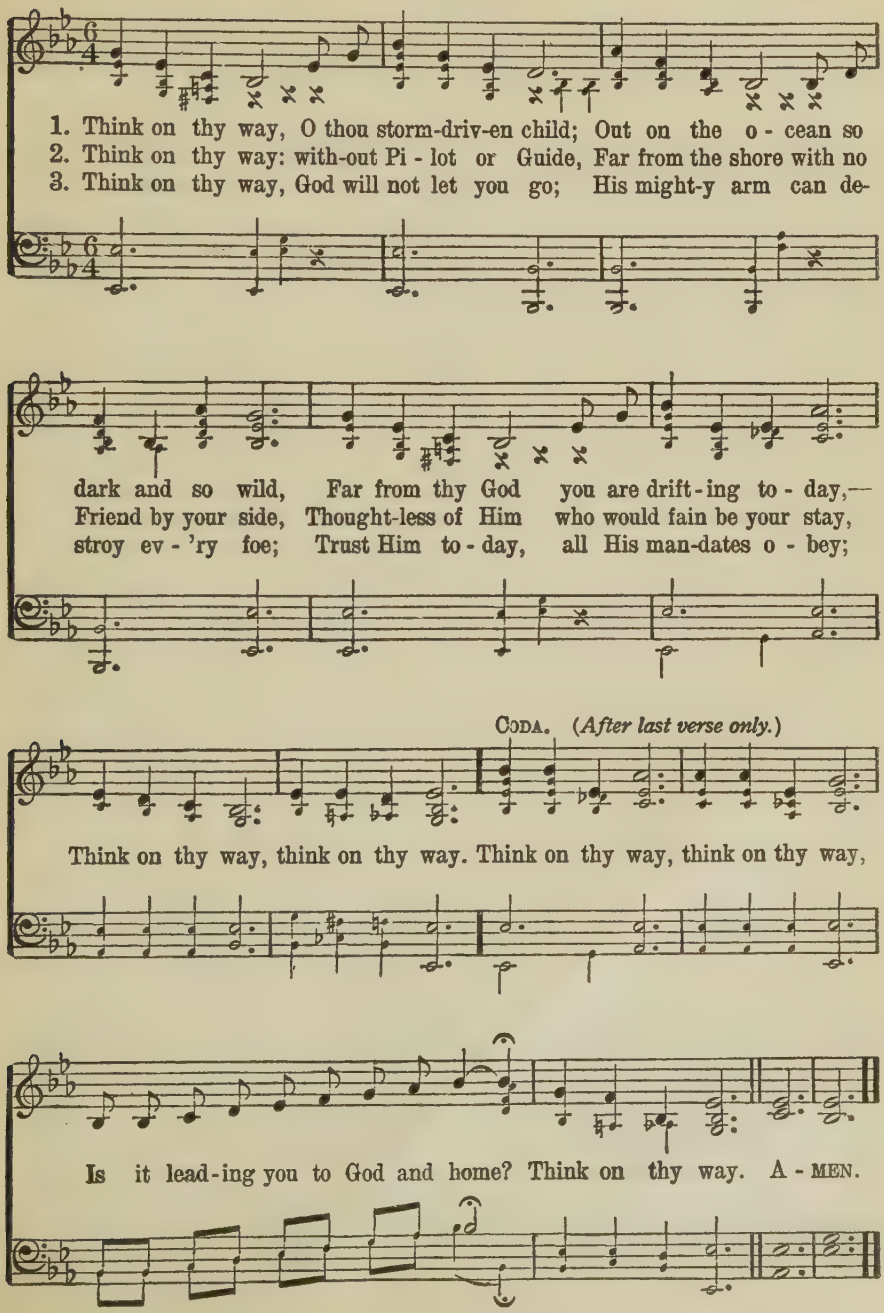
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.



345 He Upholds Me.

E. T. C.

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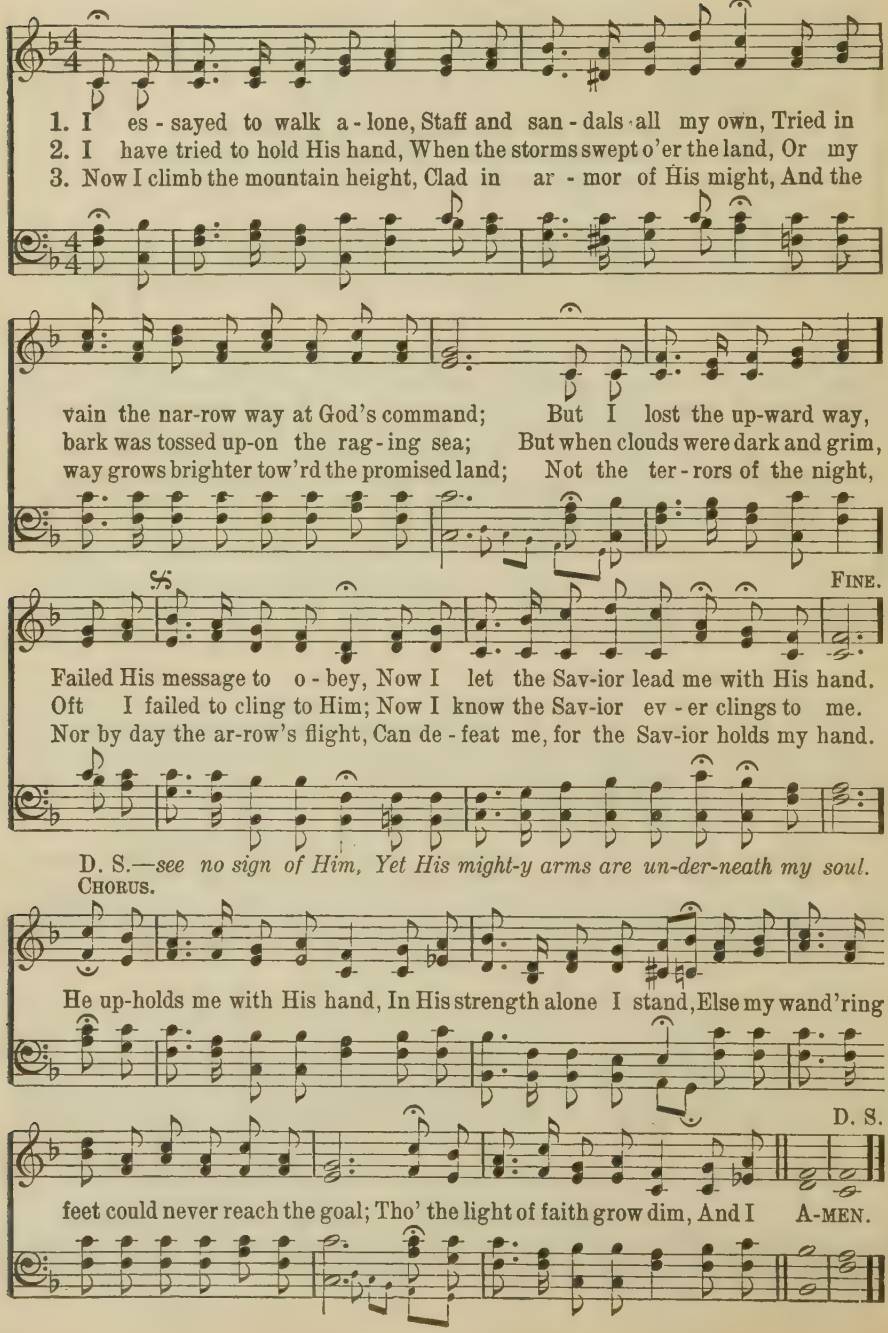
E. T. Cassel.



346 Able, Willing, Mighty.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. Je - sus is a - ble to save from sin, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
2. Je - sus is will-ing to save your soul, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
3. Je - sus is might-y to hold you fast, Why not ac - cept Him to - day?

A - ble to plant the new life with - in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
Will-ing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will - ing to - day.
Might-y to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.* *Parts.* *Unison.*

A - ble, a - ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save; . . . Will - ing, will - ing,
Je - sus is a-ble to save;

Parts. *Unison.* *Parts.*

Je-sus is will-ing to save; . . . . Might-y, might-y, Je-sus is mighty to
Je - sus is will-ing to save; Je - sus is

save; . . . Might-y, He's might - y, Je-sus is might-y to save. A - MEN.
mighty to save; yes, Je-sus is mighty,

347 'Twas Jesus.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. Some ten-der voice called to me o'er the wold, Who could it
2. Some might-y arm lift-ed me out of sin; Who could it
3. Some lov-ing heart aches for me when I roam, Who could it

be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some gen-tle hand led me
be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some guid-ing hand helps me
be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some won-der love draws me

back to His fold, Who could it be, oh, who could it be?
oth-ers to win, Who could it be, oh, who could it be?
back to His home, Who could it be, oh, who could it be?

CHORUS.

Who could it be, oh, who could it be? . . . . Some-bod-y

Who, oh, who could it be? Who, oh, who could it be?

rit. *pp*

bro't sal-va-tion to me, Who could it be? 'Twas Je-sus. A-MEN.

348 Wonderful Name.

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

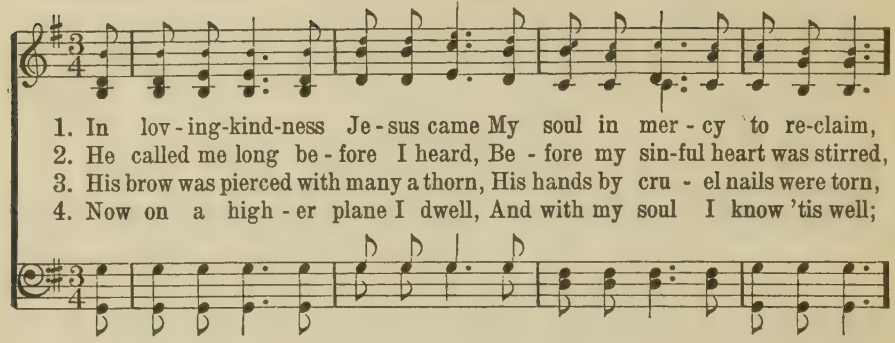
1. There is a name that is dear to me, A name in which I see . . . . . The heal - ing foun - tain from Cal - va - ry,— I love that name, 'tis Je - - sus.
2. No oth - er name holds the crim - son tide, Which flows so deep and wide, ... That in its flow ev - 'ry sin can hide,— I love the name of Je - - sus.
3. I love no name like that name to - day, It takes all guilt a - way; . . . . . If you'll re - ceive Him with- out de - lay, You'll love the name of Je - - sus.

CHORUS.

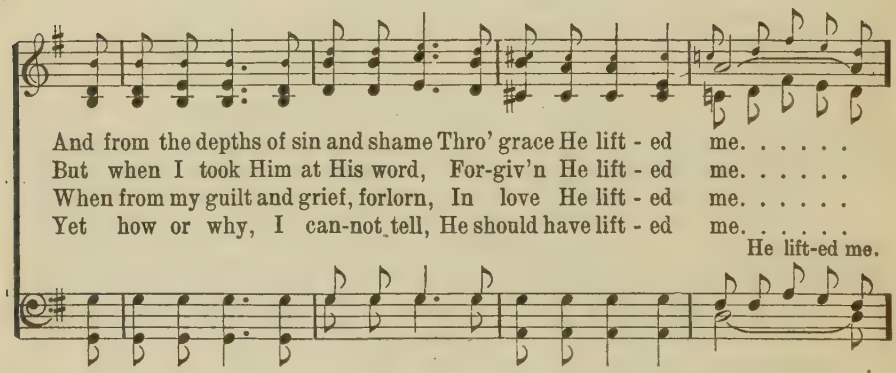
He . . . . is my an - chor sure, He . . . . keeps my soul se-cure;
He is my an-chor, He keeps my soul,
He is my all, He'll not let me fall, O praise His name. A - MEN.

349 He Lifted Me.

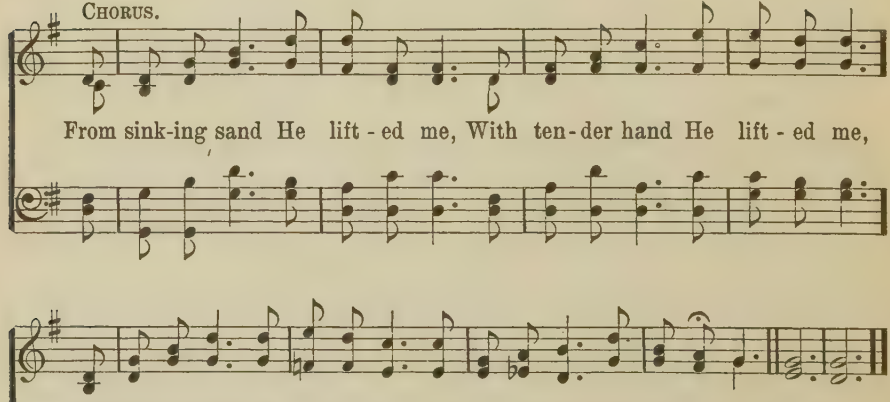
Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

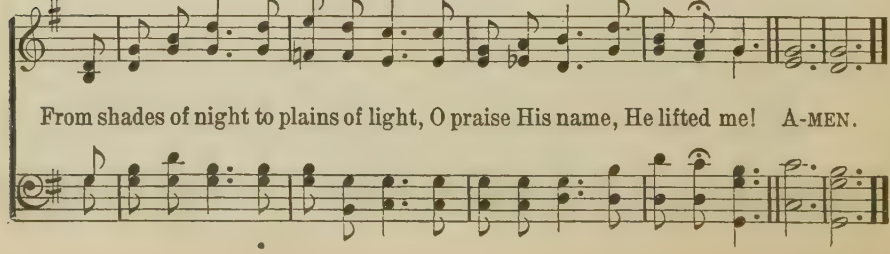


And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.



CHORUS.

From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,

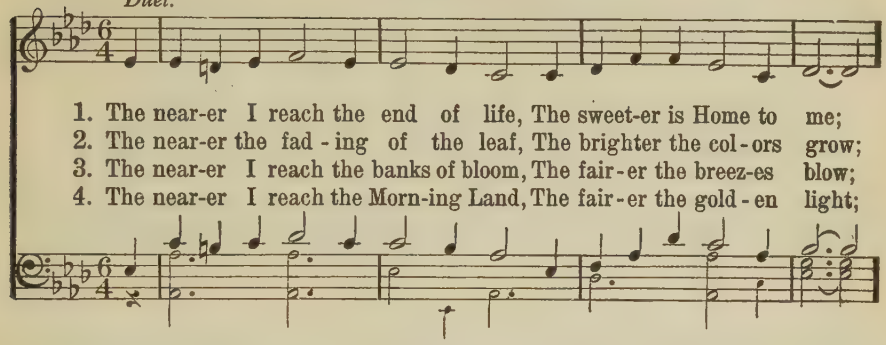


From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.

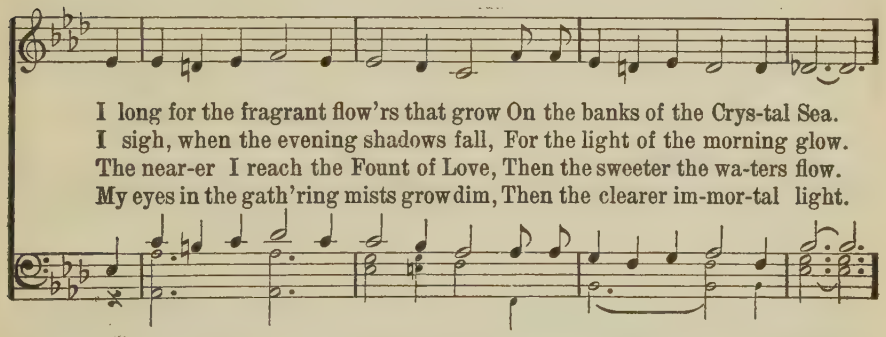
350 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

Jesse P. Tompkins. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

Duet.

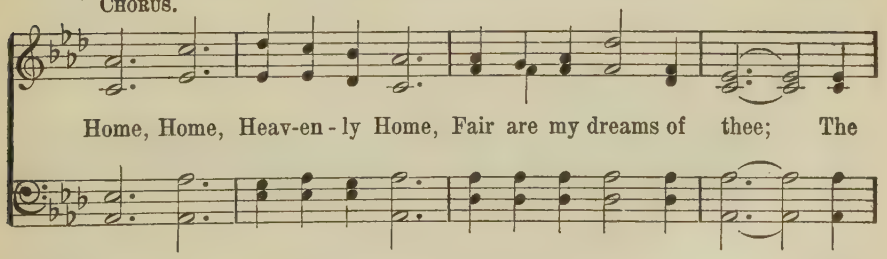


1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair - er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair - er the gold - en light;

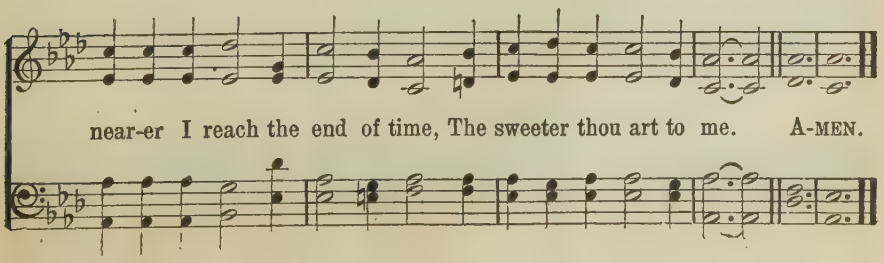


I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal light.

CHORUS.



Home, Home, Heav-en - ly Home, Fair are my dreams of thee; The



near-er I reach the end of time, The sweeter thou art to me. A-MEN.

351 No Care Up Yonder.

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. No care up yon-der, there the skies are fair; No tears up yon-der,
2. No bat-tles yon-der, peace-ful riv-ers flow; No part-ing yon-der,
3. No long-ing yon-der, hearts are sat-is - fied,—Noth - ing is want-ing,

peace ev - 'ry - where; No voice of weep-ing in that hap-py land,
as here be - low; No fear of e - vil stirs with-in the heart,
no good de - nied; Joy o - ver-flow - ing, souls are free from care,—

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

No strife up yon - der, God is in com - mand.
Thro' end-less a - ges friends ne'er have to part. No care up yon - der,—
God's full con-tent-ment waits for you up there.

rit.

God's skies are fair; No tears up yon-der,— Je - sus is there. A-MEN.

352 Who Could It Be?

Fred P. Morris.

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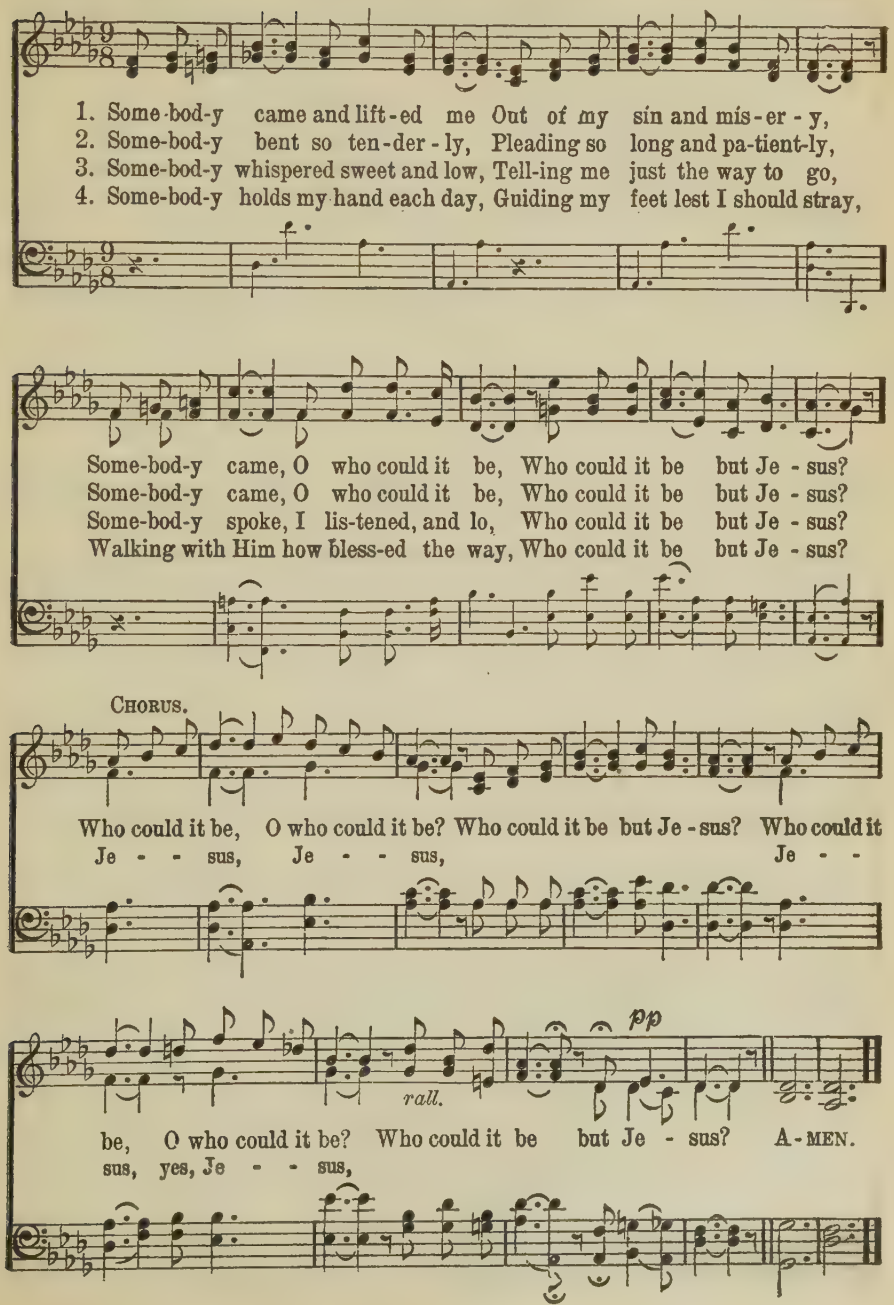
Robert Harkness.



353 He Cares for Me.

F. C. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. Clark Perry.

SOLO.

1. I fear the foe no more, My doubts and fears are o'er,
2. He is a faith-ful Guide, Who nev - er leaves my side,
3. When time shall be no more, And sor-row's night is o'er,

For ev - 'ry day, a-long life's way, I walk se-cure and free.
His love the light that breaks the night, And bids the shad-ows flee.
What joy di - vine, what rapture mine, When I that land shall see!

DUET.

My Sav - ior and my Friend, On whom I can de - pend,
Tho' storm-y bil - lows roll, They can - not reach my soul,
And with the saints pass in Be-yond the reach of sin,

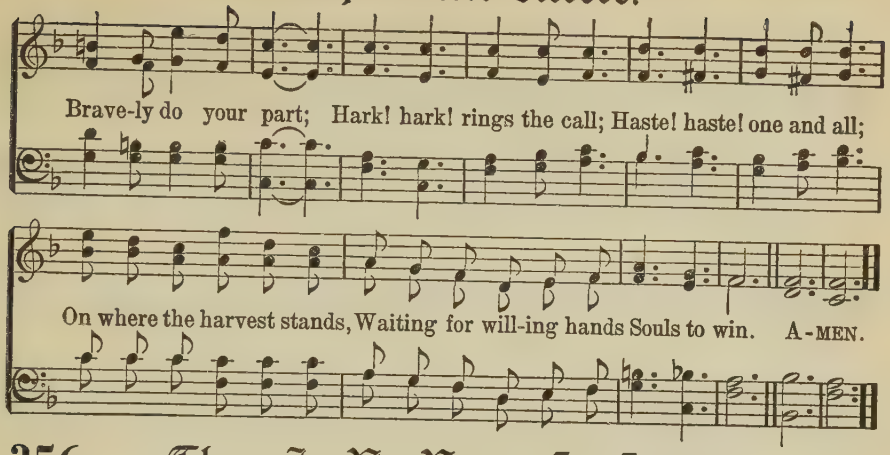
QUARTET.

He chan-ges not, what-e'er my lot, And al-ways cares for me.
For He who knows will soothe my woes, And al-ways care for me.
Saved by His grace, I'll see the face Of Him who cares for me.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

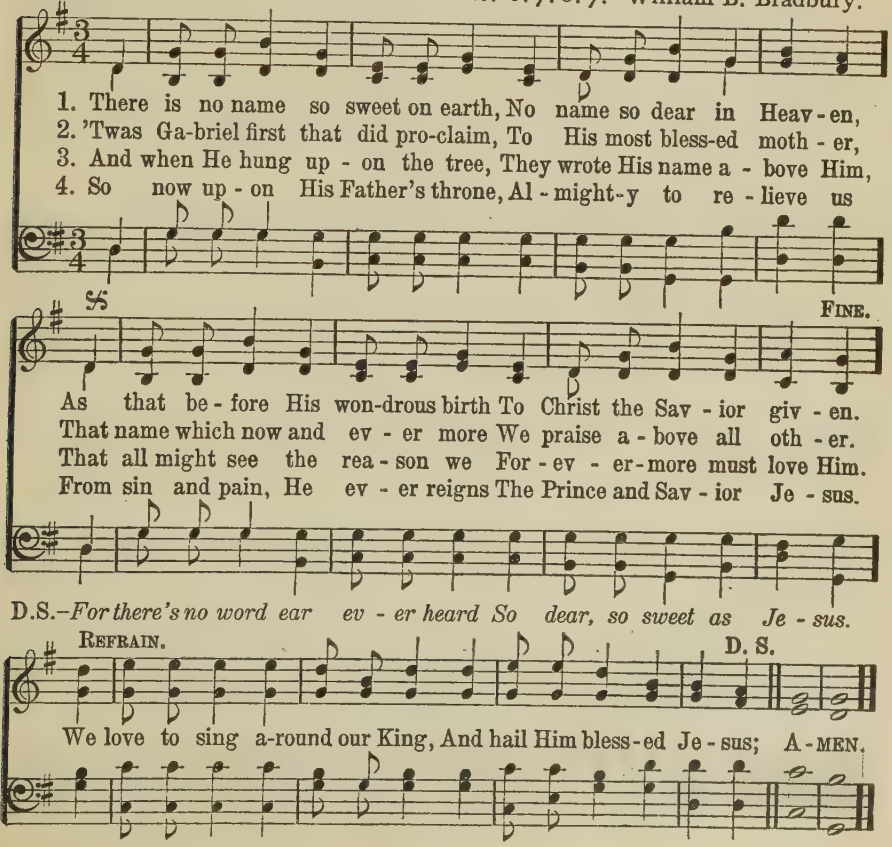
He cares for me. . . . . So true is He;. . . . . .
He cares for me So true is He;

Reapers Are Needed.



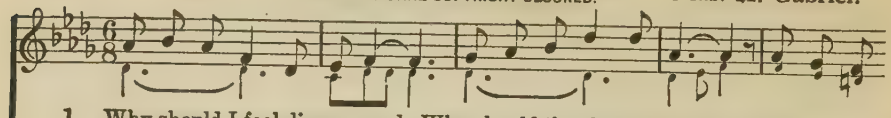
356 There Is No Name So Sweet.

George W. Bethune. *Sweetest Name.* 8. 7. 8. 7. William B. Bradbury.

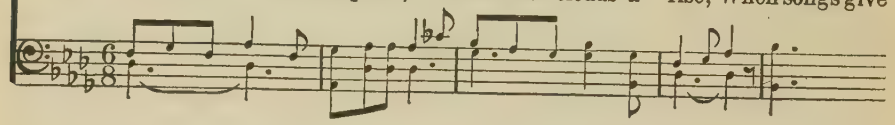


357. His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

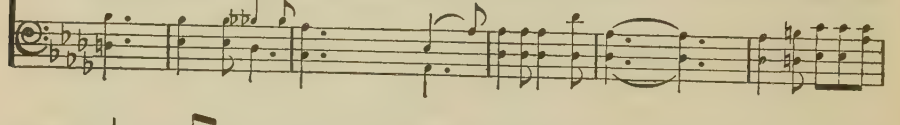
Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.



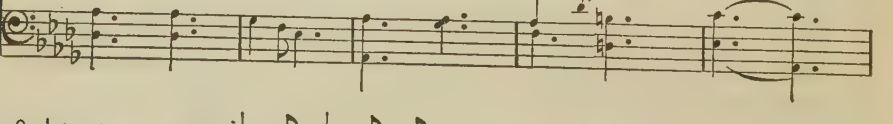
1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing
3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a - rise, When songs give



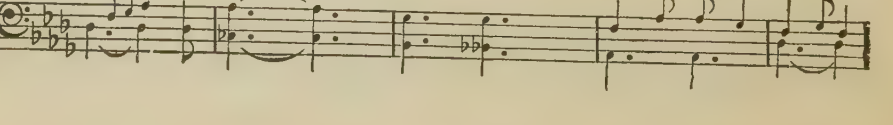
heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho' by the path He leadeth But
place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From



constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for



me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.



His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

CHORUS.

I sing be-cause I'm hap-py, (I'm happy,) I sing be-cause I'm free, (I'm free,)

rall.

For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me. A-MEN.

358 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

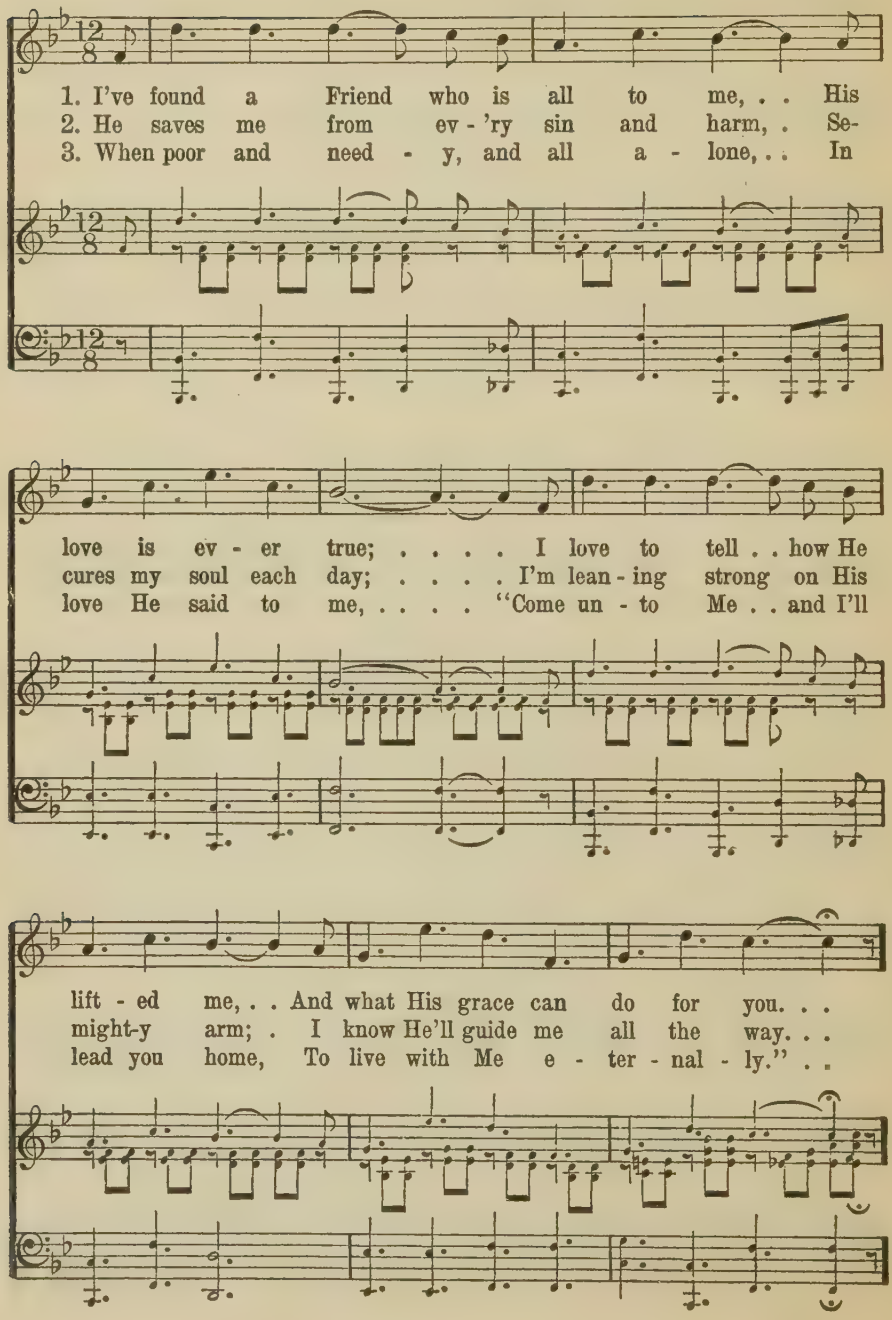
CHORUS.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by. A-MEN.

359 Saved! Saved!

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.



Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved . . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . . to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved! A-MEN.

360 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleasing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness full-y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.

CHORUS.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry! A-MEN.

361 "Zeal" Our Watchword.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

1. On to the work He has giv - en, On with a true, will-ing heart;
2. Zeal for the Mas-ter in - creas-ing, As you pur-sue the right way;
3. Zeal for His cause is re - ward-ed By the re-sults we at - tain

Read-y to help where you're need - ed, Ear-nest-ly do - ing your part.
Zeal in His good ways of serv - ice, List'ning for what He may say;
In the in-crease of His king - dom, Thro'-out His earth-ly do - main;

Boys.

All of one mind and u - nit - ed, Put-ting forth ef-forts that tell;
Yield-ing your ev - 'ry e - mo - tion To His com-pas-sion-ate will;
Souls for our hire He will lend us, If we with zeal work and pray;

Girls.

Go with a zeal all con - sum - ing— Do what you may, and that well.
Thus to His wis-dom con - form - ing, That your right place you may fill.
And aft - er all He will give us Glo - ry in Heav-en some day.

TWO-PART CHORUS. *Female voices upper, Male voices lower.*

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas - ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be; . . .

"Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,
"Zeal" for the work He's as-signed us, "Zeal" wor-thy oth-ers should see—

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,
This is what Je-sus would have us Show in His work here be-low; . .

Then with a zeal nev-er dy-ing, On in His serv-ice we go. . .

362 Father! Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

Anne Steele. *Naomi. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. Fa-ther! whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'reign will de-nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry mur-mur free!
3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at-tend;

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end." A-MEN.

363 To the Harvest-Field.

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

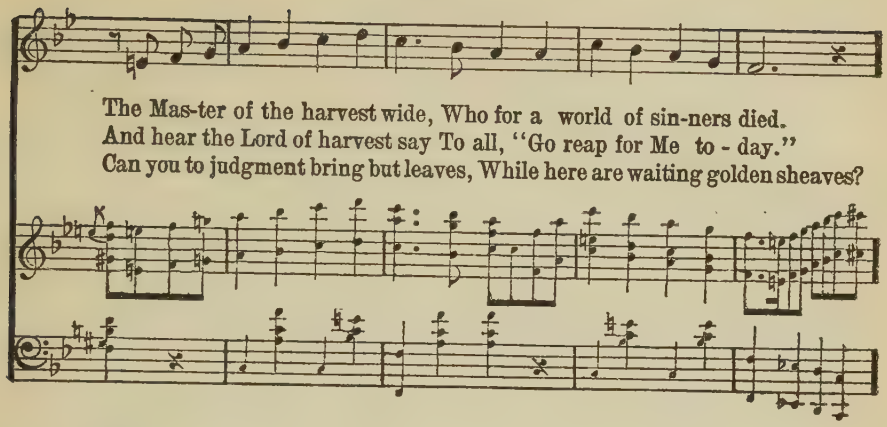
Unison.

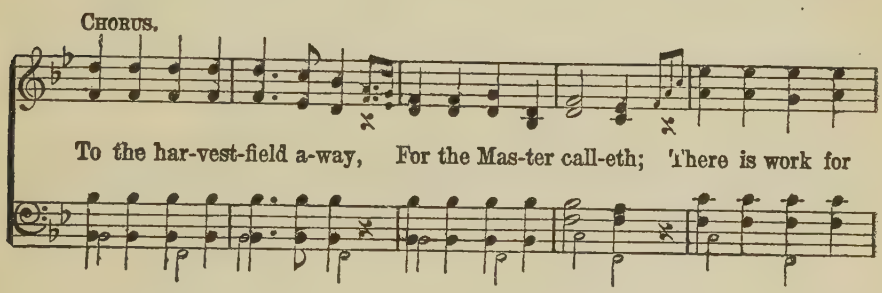
1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gath-er for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful gleaning band, And la - bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are pass-ing by;

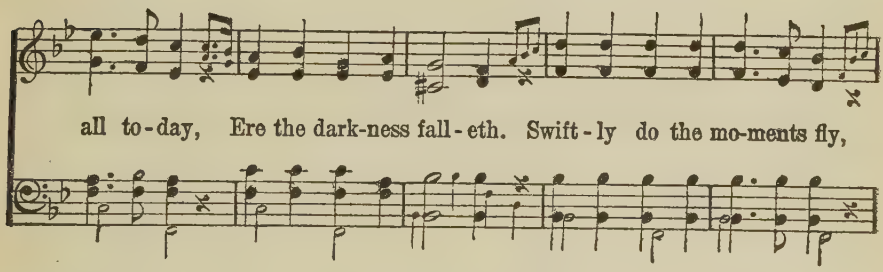
The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry val - ley, hill and plain:
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap - ers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick - le down, And la - bor for a fade-less crown:

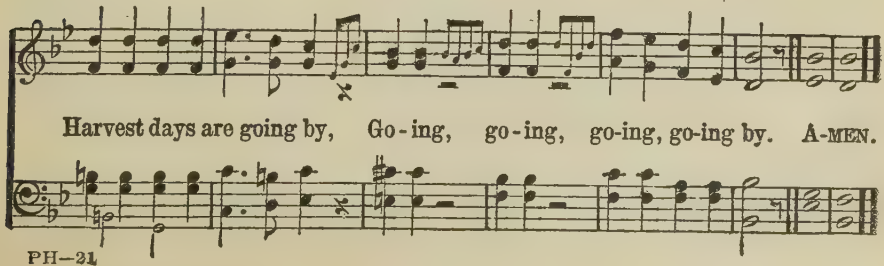
Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest-field A-bun-dant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i - dly stand and wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late!

To the Harvest-Field.









364 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav-ior!

Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip - - - o-tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As-sem-bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's

chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E-ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name:

ff

All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . .

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!

Hail! . . . . .

Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit. . . . . . Hail! . . . . . Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!

Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . . .

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u - el! A-MEN.

365 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

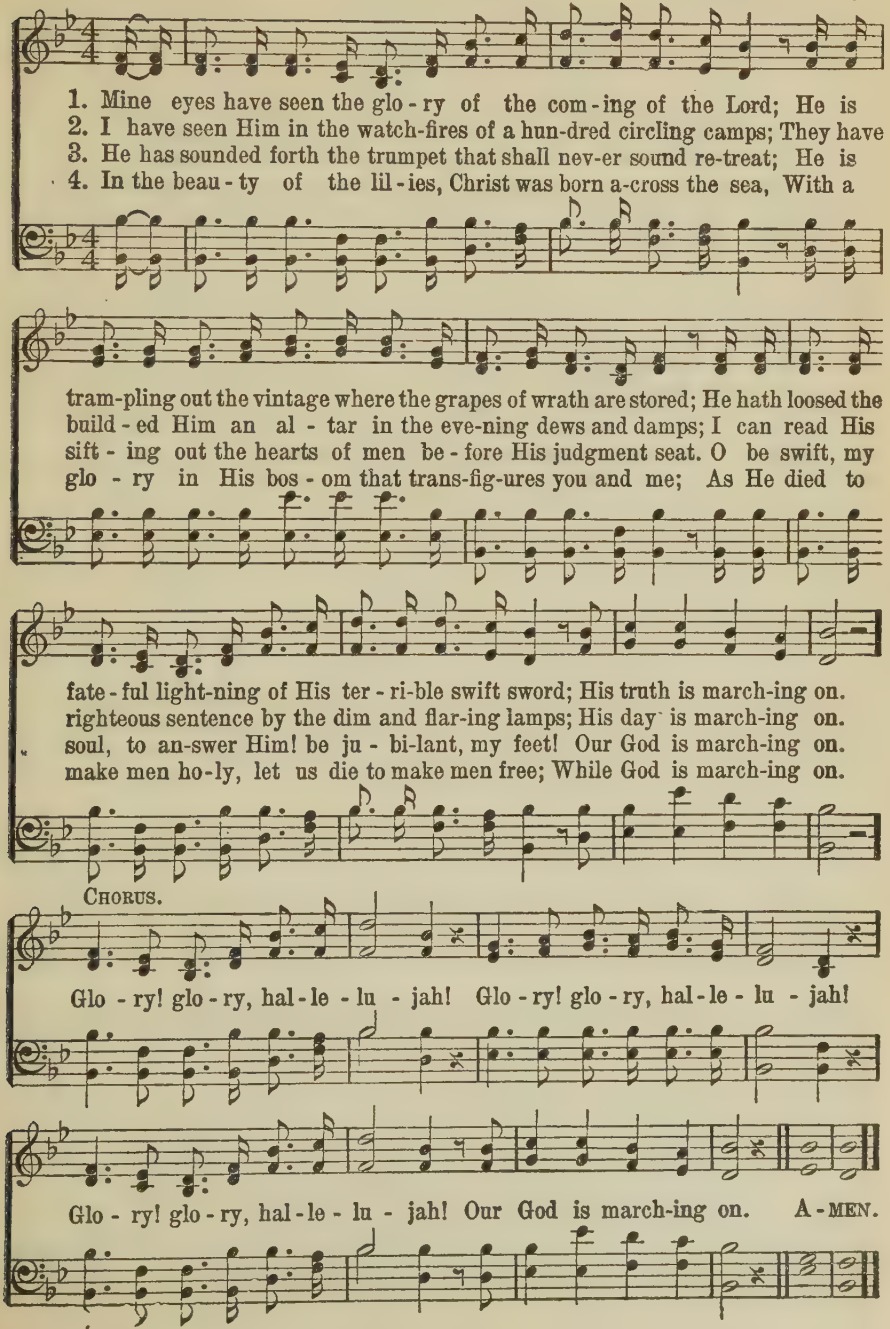
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

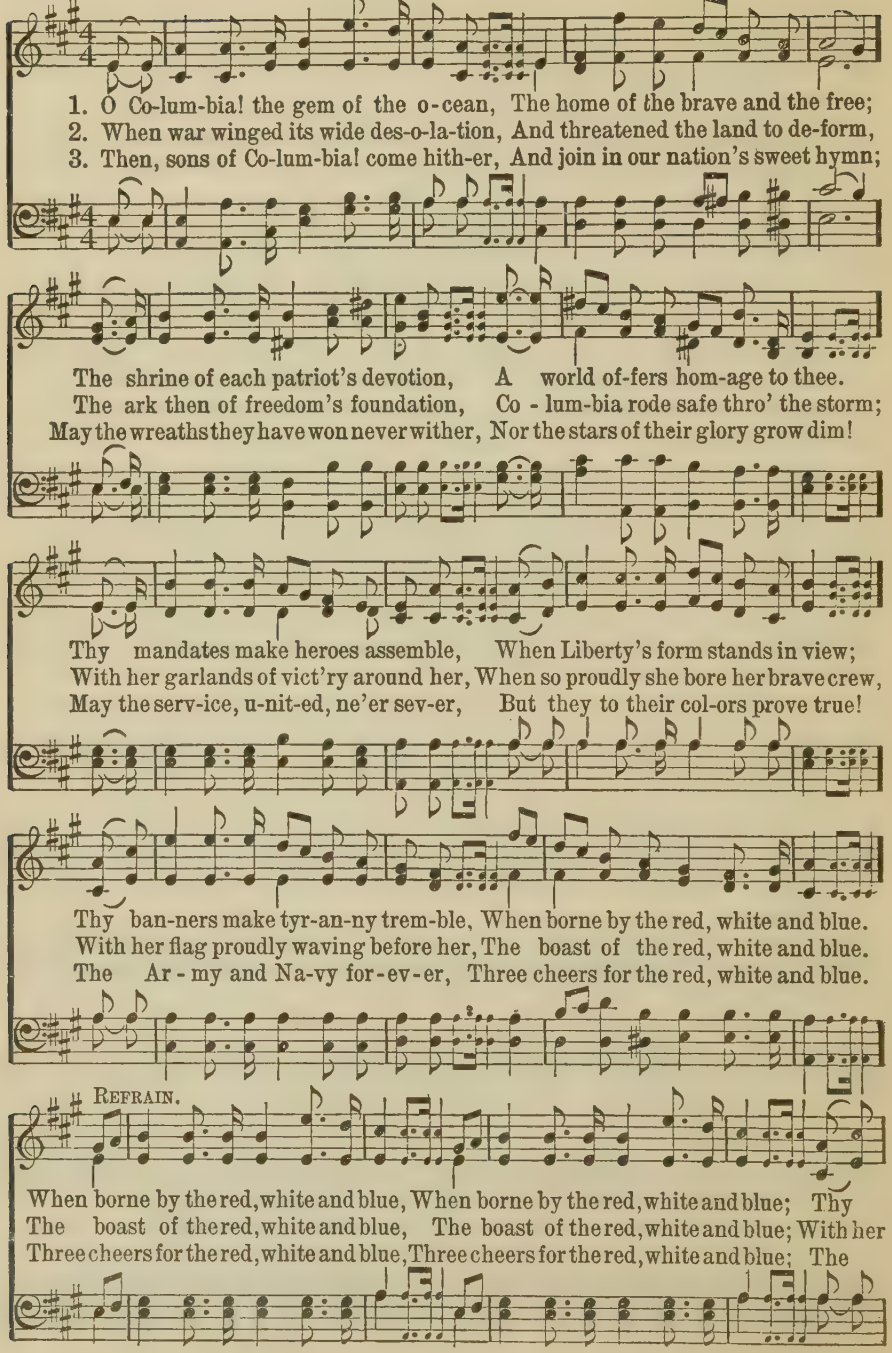
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A-MEN.

366 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

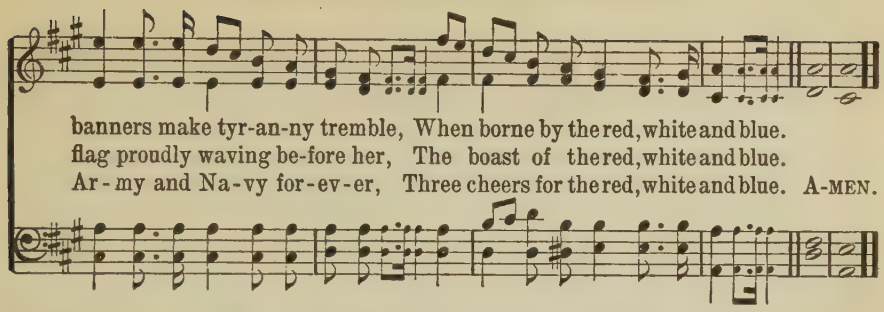
Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.



367 The Red, White and Blue.



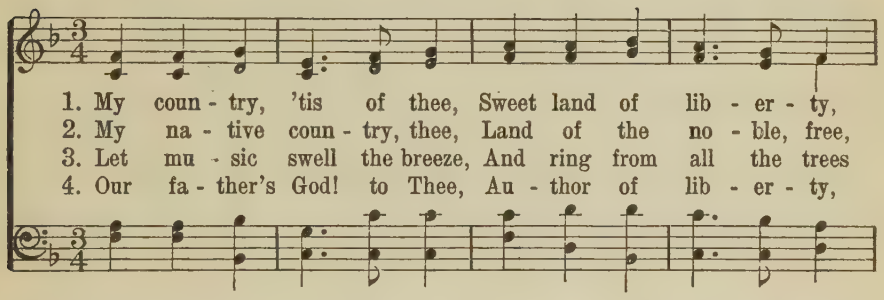
The Red, White and Blue.



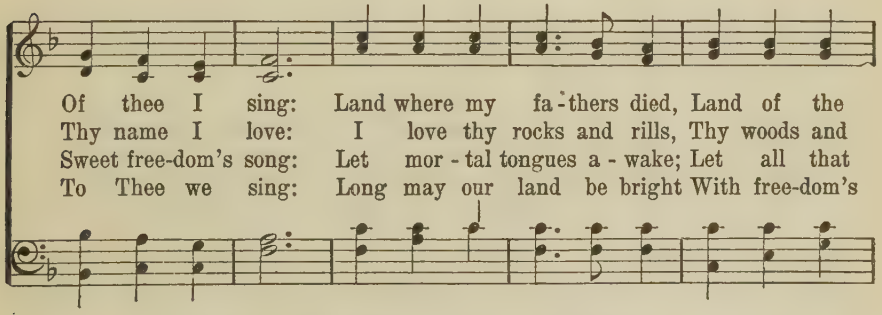
banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. A-MEN.

368 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

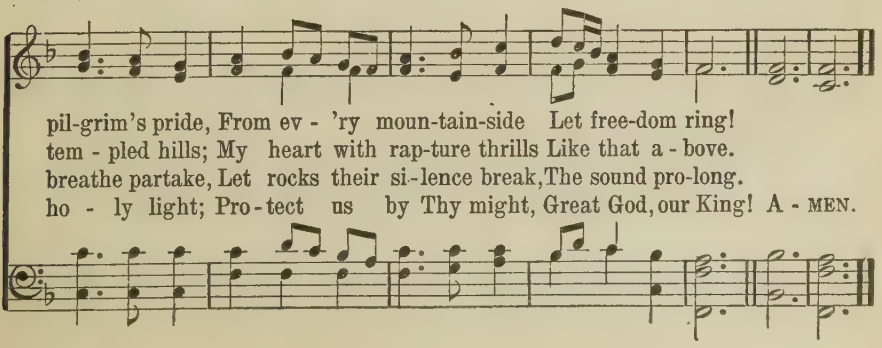
S. F. Smith. *America.* English.



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free,
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,



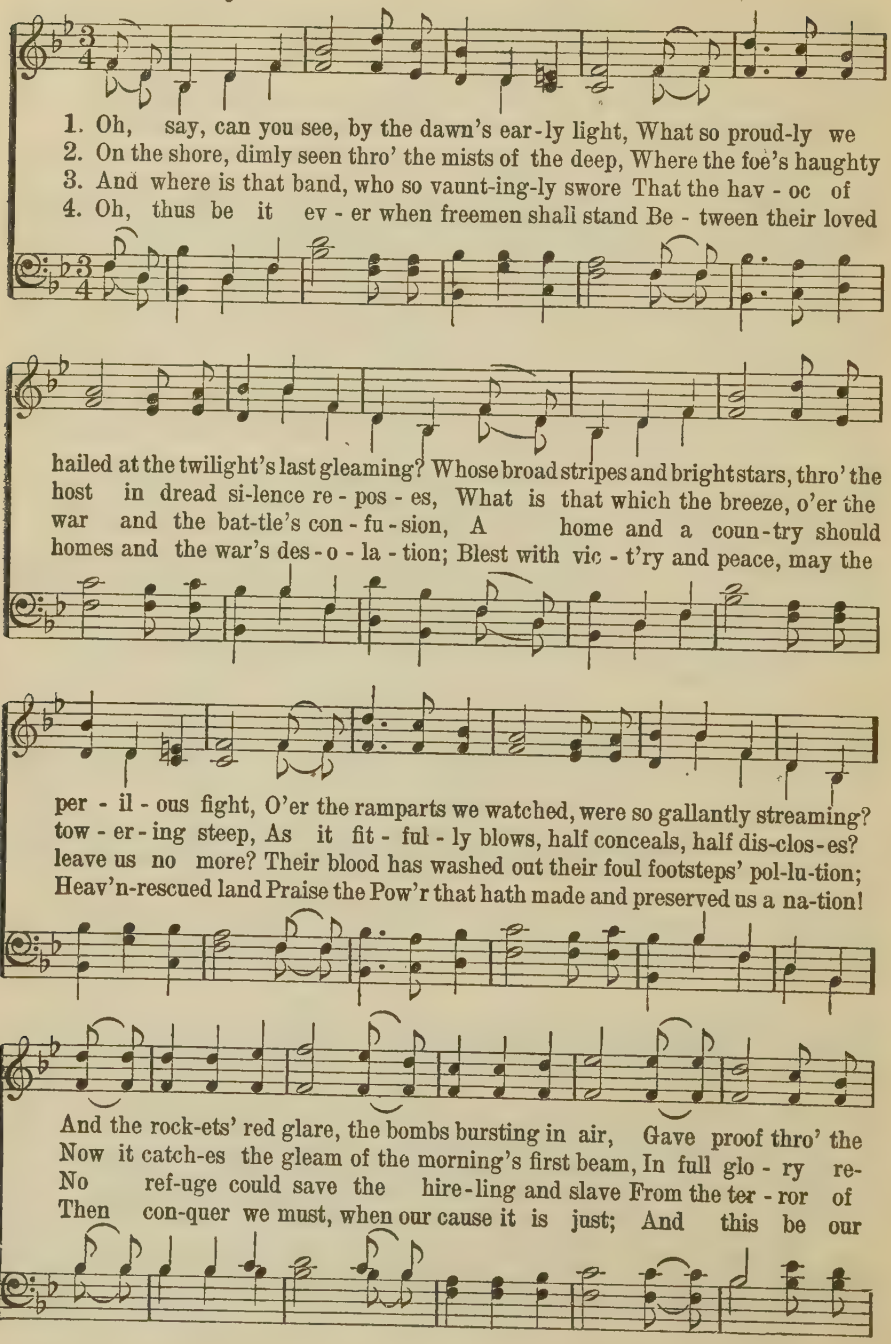
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-MEN.

369 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.



The Star-Spangled Banner.

ff CHORUS.

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall

wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

370 God of Our Fathers.

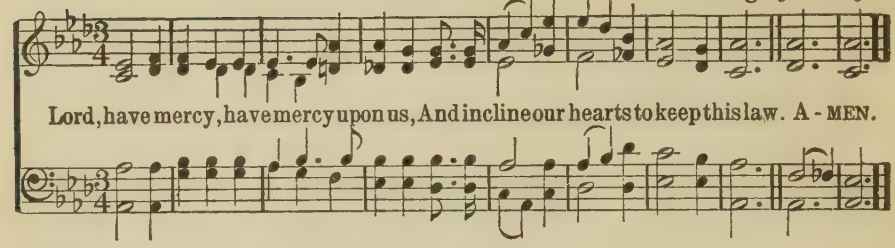
Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
   Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine:
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
   Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,
   To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-MEN.

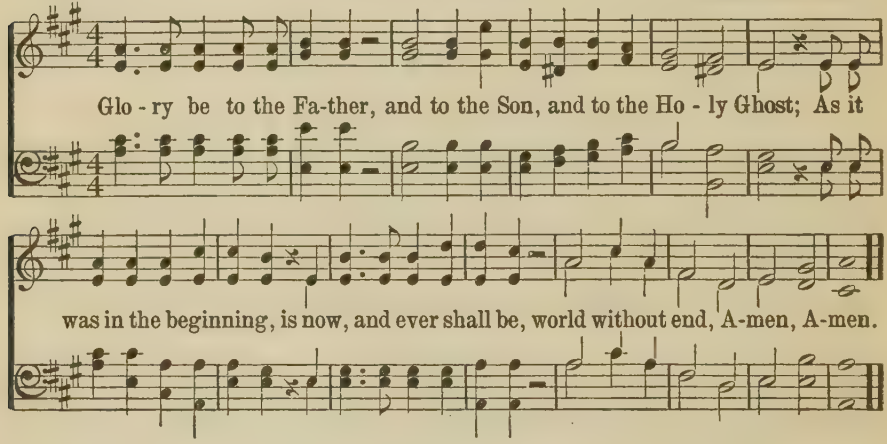
371 Response.

Sir George J. Elvey.



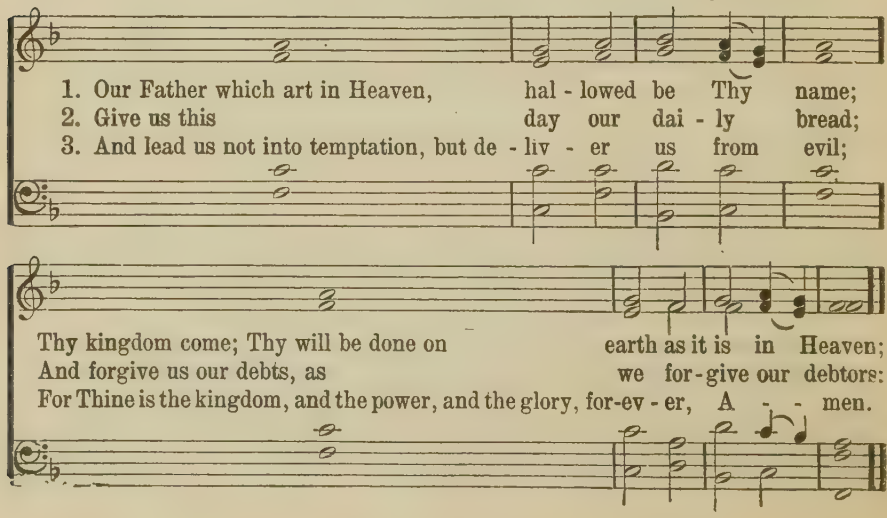
372 Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.



373 The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.



Selected Psalms

374 Psalm 1

1 BLESSED *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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375 Psalm 2

1 WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

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376 Psalm 8

1 O LORD our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth!

377 Psalm 15

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

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378 Psalm 19

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord *is* clean, endureth forever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

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379 Psalm 23

1 THE Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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380 Psalm 24

1 THE earth *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

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381 Psalm 34

1 I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise *shall* continually *be* in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for *there is* no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry.

16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 *The righteous* cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many *are* the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

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382 Psalm 37

1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

(OVER)

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

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383 Psalm 39

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue.

4 Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew; surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

384 Psalm 40

1 I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it,* and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them,* they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me,

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

385 Psalm 97

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad *thereof*.

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world; the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Thou, Lord, *art* high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

8 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

9 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

10 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

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386 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

387 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Responsive Readings

388 Matthew 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you,* and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

389 Galatians 6

1 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9 And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

10 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

390 John 3

1 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

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391 Philippians 2

1 LET this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

7 And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

8 Wherefore, my belowed, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

9 For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of *his* good pleasure.

10 Do all things without murmurings and disputings:

11 That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world:

12 Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the way of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.

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392 1 John 1

1 THAT which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

2 And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

3 This then is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

4 If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

5 But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

6 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

7 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

8 If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.

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393 Ephesians 6

1 FINALLY, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

2 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. (OVER)

3 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

4 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

5 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

6 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

7 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

8 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

9 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

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394 Philippians 4

1 Rejoice in the Lord, alway: *and* again I say, Rejoice.

2 Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

3 Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

4 And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

5 Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things *are* honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there be* any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think on these things.

6 Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.

7 But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

8 Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

9 I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

10 I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

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395 Romans 10

1 The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

396 Romans 8

1 THERE is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself bareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

13 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

14 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

397 1 Corinthians 13

1 THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the *poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

398 John 10

1 VERILY, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have *it* more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

11 My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:

12 And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

13 My Father, which gave *them* me, is greater than all; and no *man* is able to pluck *them* out of my Father's hand.

14 I and my Father are one.

399 Romans 6

1 WHAT shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?

2 God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?

3 Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

4 Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

5 For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also *in the likeness* of *his* resurrection:

6 Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

7 For the wages of sin *is* death; but the gift of God *is* eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

---

400 1 Corinthians 11

1 FOR I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the *same* night in which he was betrayed took bread:

2 And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

3 After the same manner also *he took* the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink *it*, in remembrance of me.

4 For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

401 John 14

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayeth thou *then,* Shew us the Father?

10 Believeth thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I *am* in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

12 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

13 And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

14 If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

---

402 Revelations 7

1 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

2 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

3 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

4 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

5 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

6 And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

7 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

---

403 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs,

and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

---

404 Psalm 91

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in the darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee.

---

405 2 Corinthians 5

1 For we know that if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

2 For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

3 Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

4 Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:

5 (For we walk by faith, not by sight:)

6 We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

7 Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

406 Giving

1 HONOR the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

11 (As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth forever.

12 Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown and increase the fruits of your righteousness:)

13 Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

14 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

---

407 Temperance

1 WHO hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

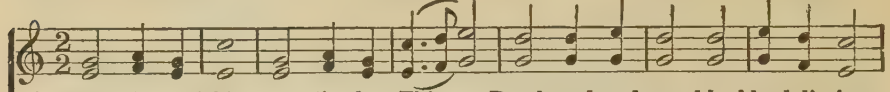
10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

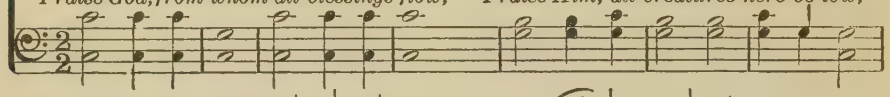
408 Lord, I Am Thine, Entirely Thine.

Samuel Davies. *Sessions. L. M.* Luther O. Emerson.



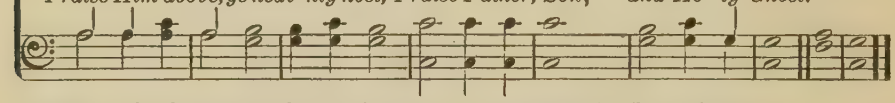
1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;
2. Grant one poor sin - ner more a place A-mong the chil-dren of Thy grace;
3. Thine would I live, Thine would I die, Be Thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty;
4. Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilt - y soul for God,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



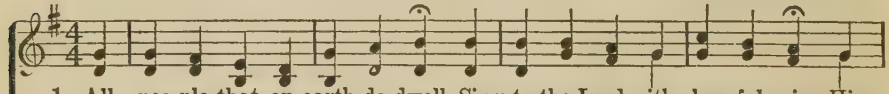
With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sov - 'reign right in me.
A wretch-ed sin - ner, lost to God, But ransomed by Im-man-uel's blood.
The vow is past be-yond re-peal, And now I set the sol-emn seal.
Thee, my new Mas-ter, now I call, And con-se - crate to Thee my all. A-MEN.

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



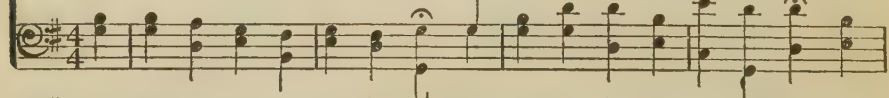
409 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.



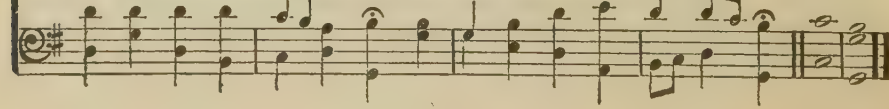
1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise.
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for - ev - er sure; His

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise



serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure. A-MEN.

Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



Index

	No.
A band of faithful reapers	363
A call for loyal soldiers	197
A CHILD OF THE KING	232
A HYMN OF TRUST	229
A MIGHTY FORTRESS	152
A ruler once came to Jesus	207
ABIDE WITH ME	10
ABLE, WILLING, MIGHTY	346
ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED	23–216
ALL HAIL IMMANUEL	364
ALL HAIL THE POWER (CORONATION)	120
ALL HAIL THE POWER (DIADEM)	114
ALL HAIL THE POWER (MILES' LANE)	121
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL	409
ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOR LEADS ME	255
ALMOST PERSUADED	63
AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS	14
AMAZING GRACE	52
America	368
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL	365
ARISE, MY SOUL	144
AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD	266
ART THOU WEARY	102–119
AS A VOLUNTEER	197
ASLEEP IN JESUS	56
AT CALVARY	177
AT THE CROSS	216
AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN	59
AWAKE, MY SOUL, IN JOYFUL LAYS	302
AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE	22
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	366
BEAUTIFUL ISLE	298
BEAUTIFUL NAME	228
BEAUTIFUL RIVER	184
BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN	57
Behold! a royal army	275
BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR	32
BEYOND OUR SIGHT	175
BLESSED ASSURANCE	247
BLEST BE THE TIE	49
BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE	71
BRETHREN, WE HAVE MET TO WORSHIP	107
Brightly beams our Father's mercy	103
BRING THEM IN	270
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES	257
BROAD IS THE ROAD	113
CALLING THE PRODIGAL	309
CANCELLED	205
CHOOSE	287
CHRIST AROSE	333
CHRIST IS COMING	69
CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN	200
CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY	29
Christ will me His aid afford	186
CLOSER EVERY DAY	182
CLOSE TO THEE	75
Close to Thee, my precious Savior	182
Come every soul by sin oppressed	97
COME HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE	25
COME, HUMBLE SINNER	93
COME, LET US JOIN OUR CHEERFUL SONGS	120
COME, SAID JESUS' SACRED VOICE	112
COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE	8
COME THOU ALMIGHTY KING	7
COME THOU FOUNT	36
Come, we that love the Lord	220
Come, women, wide proclaim	87
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE	330
COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY	92–324
COMING HOME	189
Conquering now and still to conquer	250
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS	297
CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS	127
Darkness may o'ertake me	241
DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST	163
DEAR LITTLE STRANGER	272
DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP	115
Do you fear the foe	261
DO YOU LOVE HIM	170
Doxologies	372-408-409
EVERY DAY	254
FADE, FADE EACH EARTHLY JOY	45
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS LIVING STILL	104
FATHER! WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS	362
FILL ME NOW	95
FLING OUT THE BANNER	28
FROM EVERY STORMY WIND	35
FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS	135
GIVE ME JESUS	98
GIVE OF YOUR BEST TO THE MASTER	256
GLORIA PATRI	372
GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN	24
Glory be to the Father	372
GOD BE WITH YOU	183
God is calling the prodigal	309
GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY	228
GOD OF OUR FATHERS, KNOWN OF OLD	370
God so loved our fallen race	287
GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU	185
GRACE ENOUGH FOR ME	198
GRACE, 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND	16
Great multitudes of men	339
GREATER AND GRANDER	282
GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH	3
HAIL THOU ONCE DESPISED	131
HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS	74
HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED	278
HARK, HARK MY SOUL	319
HARK TEN THOUSAND HARPS	30
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING	317
Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear	270
Hark to the music resounding	355
HAVE THINE OWN WAY LORD	306
HE CARES FOR ME	353
HE DIED FOR ME	178
HE INCLUDED ME	196
HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE	243
HE IS SO PRECIOUS TO ME	218
HE KEEPS ME SINGING	181
HE LEADETH ME	164
HE LIFTED ME	349
HE LOVES EVEN ME	340
HE UPHOLDS ME	345
HE WILL HOLD ME FAST	342
HELP SOMEBODY TODAY	190
HIGHER GROUND	172
HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW	357
HIS HOLY TEMPLE	271
HIS LOVE CAN NEVER FAIL	303
HIS LOVE KEEPS ME SINGING	253
HIS PROMISE TO ME	241
HIS WAY WITH THEE	242
HIS WORD WAS WITH POWER	233
HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE	34
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY	6
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE	42
HOLY SPIRIT FROM ON HIGH	67
Hover o'er me Holy Spirit	95
HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION	108-109
HOW HAPPY EVERY CHILD OF GRACE	15
How many are lost in the darkness	160
HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS	44
HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS	153
I am a stranger here	234
I AM COMING LORD	360
I am happy today and the sun shines	235
I AM RESOLVED	179
I AM THINE O LORD	221

	No.
I am thinking today	246
I do not ask to see the way	303
I essayed to walk alone	345
I fear the foe no more	353
I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE	276
I have a Friend who is faithful	300
I hear the Savior say	314
I hear Thy welcome voice	360
I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY	54
I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES	31
I LOVE HIM	341
I LOVE THY KINGDOM LORD	96
I LOVE TO SING OF HEAVEN	111
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY	329
I must needs go home	239
I MUST TELL JESUS	224
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR	72
I saw one hanging on a tree	178
I stand amazed in the presence	191
I think when I read that sweet story	268
I want my life to glorify	285
I was sinking deep in sin	240
I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS	324
I WILL GO	281
I WILL SING YOU A SONG	141
I WOULD BE LIKE JESUS	188
I'LL BE A SUNBEAM	264
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM	62
I'M A PILGRIM	68
I'm pressing on the upward way	172
I've a message from the Lord	354
I've a Savior kind and tender	313
I'VE FOUND A FRIEND	142–359
I'VE HAD A TALK WITH JESUS	315
I've two little hands to work for Jesus	269
I've wandered far away from God	192
IN ALL MY LORD'S APPOINTED WAYS	118
IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT	85
IN HIS KEEPING	334
In loving kindness Jesus came	349
IN TENDERNESS HE SOUGHT ME	293
In the Christian's home in glory	180
IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST	2
IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE	338
IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS	251
IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT	133
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL	156
JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN	65
JESUS AND SHALL IT EVER BE	88
JESUS BIDS US SHINE	265
JESUS, BLESSED JESUS	138
JESUS CALLS US	50
JESUS EXPECTS YOU	231
JESUS FRIEND OF SINNERS	143
JESUS I COME	139
JESUS I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN	134
Jesus is able to save	346
JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME	137
JESUS IS CALLING	223
Jesus is coming to earth again	323
JESUS IS THE FRIEND YOU NEED	213
JESUS IS THE NAME	167
Jesus keep me near the cross	174
JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL (DANKS)	122
JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL (MARTYN)	124
JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL (REFUGE)	125
JESUS PAID IT ALL	314
JESUS SAVES	146
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME	39
JESUS SHALL REIGN	26
JESUS THE SINNER'S FRIEND	99
JESUS THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE	47
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam	264
JESUS WILL	193
JOY TO THE WORLD	128
JUST AS I AM	53
JUST WHEN I NEED HIM MOST	195
Lamp of our feet	210
LEAD KINDLY LIGHT	48
LEND A HELPING HAND	288
LET HIM IN	140
LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART	214
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING	103
LET THE SUNSHINE IN	261
LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES	320
LO! HE COMES WITH CLOUDS	77
LOOK AND LIVE	354
Lord God of might	229
Lord have mercy	371
LORD I AM THINE, ENTIRELY THINE	408
LORD, I HEAR OF SHOWERS	94
LORD, I'M COMING HOME	192
LORD SPEAK TO ME	116
LORD WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW	19
LOVE DIVINE	132
LOVE IS THE THEME	169
LOVE LIFTED ME	240
Low in a manger	272
Low in the grave He lay	333
LOYALTY TO CHRIST	201
MAJESTIC SWEETNESS SITS ENTHRONED	13
MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF BLESSING	222
MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED	1
MEET ME THERE	307
Mine eyes have seen the glory	366
MORE ABOUT JESUS	100
More holiness give me	84
MORE LIKE THE MASTER	305
MORE LOVE TO THEE	332
MUST I GO AND EMPTY HANDED	304
MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE	38
MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE	368
My days are gliding swiftly by	82
MY DESIRE	285
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE	91
My Father is rich	232
MY FATHER KNOWS	279
MY FATHER PLANNED IT ALL	166
MY HEART KEEPS RIGHT	259
MY HOPE IS BUILT	162
MY JESUS AS THOU WILT	9
MY JESUS I LOVE THEE	89
MY LATEST SUN IS SINKING FAST	212
My life, my love I give to Thee	62
MY PRAYER	84
MY SAVIOR	313
MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL	295
MY SAVIOR'S LOVE	191
MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD	20
Naught have I gotten	204
NEAR THE CROSS	174
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE	46
NEARER, STILL NEARER	292
NO CARE UP YONDER	351
NO DYING THERE	61
NOBODY LOVES YOU LIKE JESUS	199
NOTHING BETWEEN	230
NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD	310
Not now, but in the coming years	225
NOW THE DAY IS OVER	73
O Columbia the gem of the ocean	367
O COULD I SPEAK	129
O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS	126
O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES	114
O GOD OUR HELP	105
O HAPPY DAY	202
O JESUS I HAVE PROMISED	12
O JESUS THOU ART STANDING	33
O listen to our wondrous story	280
O LOVE DIVINE	41
O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO	290
O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE	17–81
O THAT I KNEW THE SECRET PLACE	79
O THAT WILL BE GLORY	236
O the love of Jesus	238
O WORSHIP THE KING	316
O ye who have wandered in sorrow	176
O ZION HASTE	27
Of the themes that men have known	169
OH, FOR A CLOSER WALK	90
OH, HOW HE SAVES	171
Oh, say can you see	369
Oh, the love of Jesus	253
OH, WHAT A CHANGE	289
ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS	78–211
On the cross in darkness	336
ON THE FIRING LINE	277
On the happy golden shore	307
On to the work He has given	361
ONLY A SINNER	204
ONLY TRUST HIM	97
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	158

	No.
OPEN MY EYES THAT MAY SEE	343
Our Father which art in Heaven	373
Our Lord is now rejected	149
OUT WITH THE LIFE BOATS	245
Over the land sounds the gospel call	231
PARDON ON CALVARY	176
PASS ME NOT	358
Praise God from whom all blessings	408–409
PRAISE HIM! PRAISE HIM!	258
PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE	70
PRECIOUS PROMISE	161
REAPERS ARE NEEDED	355
RESCUE THE PERISHING	155
RESPONSE	371
REST FOR THE WEARY	180
REVIVE US AGAIN	40
ROCK OF AGES	123
SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS	252
SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK	154
SAVED, SAVED	359
SAVIOR AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME	21
SAVIOR LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US	263
SAVIOR MORE THAN LIFE	101
Savior Thy dying love	296
SEND THE LIGHT	215
Shall we gather at the river	184
SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT	318
Sinners, Jesus will receive	200
SOME ONE WHO KNOWS	160
SOME SWEET DAY	173
Some tender voice called to me	347
Somebody came and lifted me	352
SOMEBODY DID A GOLDEN DEED	284
SOMETHING FOR JESUS	296
SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND	225
Somewhere the sun is shining	298
Soon will our Savior from Heaven	289
Sowing in the morning	257
STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS	147
STANDING ON THE PROMISES	203
STEPPING IN THE LIGHT	227
SUN OF MY SOUL	5
SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL	209
SWEET BY AND BY	248
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER	60
SWEETER AS THE DAYS GO BY	238
SWEETER THAN ALL	186
TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE	326
TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU	206
TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY	80
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY	291
TELL SOMEONE TODAY	237
THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD	268
THE BANNER OF THE CROSS	273
THE BIBLE	210
The call comes for true, loyal soldiers	281
THE COMFORTER HAS COME	150
THE CROWNING DAY	149
THE FIGHT IS ON	331
THE GLORY SONG	236
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN	312
The hand that was nailed to the cross	299
THE HAND THAT WAS WOUNDED FOR ME	299
THE HOME OVER THERE	321
THE JOYFUL SONG	275
THE KING'S BUSINESS	234
The Lord is in His holy temple	271
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD	337
THE LORD'S PRAYER	373
THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING	136
THE NEARER THE SWEETER	350
THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE	367
THE SAME OLD WAY	187
The sands have been washed	335
THE SHINING SHORE	82
THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH	130
THE SONG OF MY SOUL	300
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER	369
THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND ON MINE	217
THE VAIL WAS RENT IN TWAIN	336
THE WAY OF THE CROSS LEADS HOME	239
THE WOMAN'S HYMN	87
There are days so dark	217
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN	148
THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY	159
There is a land beyond our sight	175
THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT	83
THERE IS A NAME I LOVE TO HEAR	167–274
There is a name that is dear	348
THERE IS NO NAME SO SWEET	356
THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD	208
THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING	168
There was One who came from Heaven	170
There's a land that is fairer	248
There's a royal banner	273
There's a song of joy	259
THERE'S A WIDENESS	4
THERE'S NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS	286
There's pow'r, mighty pow'r	233
There's within my heart a melody	181
THINK ON THY WAY	344
Tho' He may call me to go	260
THOU WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD	86
Tired of wasting precious days	189
'TIS MIDNIGHT AND ON OLIVE'S BROW	43
'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS	308
'TIS THE BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER	219
'Tis the grandest theme	243
To the front away	277
TO THE HARVEST FIELD	363
TO THE WORK	327
TRUE-HEARTED, WHOLE-HEARTED	249
TRUST AND OBEY	226
Trying to walk in the steps	227
'TWAS JESUS	347
TWO LITTLE HANDS	269
VICTORY THROUGH GRACE	250
WALK IN THE LIGHT	11
We praise Thee, O God	40
WE WOULD SEE JESUS	66
WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES	58
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION	220
WE'VE A STORY TO TELL	301
WELCOME DELIGHTFUL MORN	18
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS	51
WHAT DID HE DO	280
WHAT IF IT WERE TODAY	323
When all my labors and trials	236
WHEN HE COMETH	267
WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR	151
WHEN I GET TO THE END OF THE WAY	335
WHEN I GO HOME	145
WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS	37
When I think of Calvary	282
When I think of my Savior's great love	340
When I was tossed on the ocean waves	341
WHEN JESUS LEADS	260
WHEN LOVE SHINES IN	325
When morning gilds the skies	1
When my debt to God was resting	205
When my life work is ended	295
When peace like a river	156
When the dark shadows gather	199
When the early morning breaking	334
WHEN THE HAND OF LOVE TOUCHED ME	244
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER	311
When upon life's billows	297
When we walk with the Lord	226
WHERE HE LEADS ME	55
While we pray and while we plead	64
WHO COULD IT BE	352
WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE	157
WHOSOEVER MEANETH ME	235
WHY TO YOU WAIT	322
WHY NOT NOW	64
Why should I fell discouraged	357
WILL THERE BE ANY STARS	246
WIN ONE TODAY	339
WIN THEM ONE BY ONE	283
WONDERFUL NAME	348
WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE	294
WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING	106
Would you live for Jesus	242
YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS	117
YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN	207
Years I spent in vanity and pride	177
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION	262
Yonder a vessel is breasting the gale	245
YOUR BEST FRIEND IS ALWAYS NEAR	165
"ZEAL" OUR WATCHWORD	361
ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED	76

Selected Psalms

Blessed is the man that walketh....(Psa. 1) 374
Bless the Lord, O my soul.....(Psa. 103) 387
Fret not thyself because of evil..(Psa. 37) 382
I said, I will take heed to my ways.(Psa. 39) 383
I waited patiently for the Lord..(Psa. 40) 384
I will bless the Lord at all times.(Psa. 34) 381
Lord who shall abide in thy.....(Psa. 15) 377
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.(Psa. 100) 386
O Lord, our Lord, how excellent....(Psa. 8) 376
The earth is the Lord's.....(Psa. 24) 380
The heaven's declare the glory....(Psa. 19) 378
The Lord is my shepherd.....(Psa. 23) 379
The Lord reigneth; let the earth..(Psa. 97) 385
Why do the heathen rage.....(Psa. 2) 375

Responsive Readings

And as Moses lifted up the serpent.(John 3) 390
And one of the elders answered....(Rev. 7) 402
And seeing the multitudes.....(Matt. 5) 388
Brethren, if a man be overtaken..(Gal. 6) 389
Finally, my brethren, be strong...(Eph. 6) 393
For I have received of the Lord.(1 Cor. 11) 400
For we know that if our earthly house (2 Cor. 5) 405
He is despised and rejected.....(Isa. 53) 403
He that dwelleth in the secret place.(Psa. 91) 404
Honor the Lord with thy substance.(Prov. 3) 406
Let not your heart be troubled....(John 14) 401
Let this mind be in you.....(Phil. 2) 391
Rejoice in the Lord alway.....(Phil. 4.) 394
That which we have seen.....(1 John 1) 392
The word is nigh thee.....(Rom. 10) 395
There is therefore now no.....(Rom. 8) 396
Though I speak with the tongue.(1 Cor. 13) 397
Verily, verily, I say unto you....(John 10) 398
What shall we say then.....(Rom. 6) 399
Who hath woe, who hath sorrow.(Prov. 23) 407

Metrical Index

All Saints, C. M... 130
Angel's Story..... 12
Antioch, C. M..... 128
Ariel 129
Arisen 324
Arlington, C. M.... 14
Armageddon 157
Austria, 8s. 7s.... 24
Autumn, 8s. 7s. D.. 131
Avon, C. M..... 23
Azmon, C. M...114-118

Balerma, C. M....90–93
Barnard, 8s. 7s. D. 256
Barnby, 6s. 5s..... 73
Belmont, C. M..... 328
Berla, L. M..... 32
Bethany, 6. 4..... 46
Boylston, S. M..... 115
Bread of Life, 6. 4. 71
Bullinger, 8. 5..... 119

Carol, C. M. D.... 133
Christmas, C. M.... 22
Christmas Carol ... 318
Cleansing Fountain. 148
Converse, 8s. 7s.... 51
Coronation, C. M... 120

Dargan 229
Davenant, 11s. 8s.. 268
De Fleury, 8s..... 153
Dennis, S. M..... 49
Diadem, C. M..... 194
Diademata, S. M. D 127
Disconsolate, 11s... 330
Doane, L. M..... 28
Duke Street, L. M.. 26
Dunbar, S. M..... 111

Ein' Feste Burg, P. M..... 152
Ellacombe 7s. 6s. D. 278
Ellers, 10s..... 21
Ellesdie, 8s. 7s.... 134
Endeavor, P. M.... 183
Eton College, 8. 7.. 76
Eucharist, L. M.... 37
Evening Praise, 7s. 4. 163
Even Me, 8, 7..... 94
Eventide, 10s..... 10
Ewing, 7s. 6s. D... 65

Faithful Guide, 4 D. 42
Federal Street, L. M. 99
Foundation, 11s.... 108

Galilee, 8. 7..... 50
Glory Hallelujah... 366
Gordon, 11s..... 89
Gratitude, L. M... 116
Greenville, 8. 7.... 92

Hankey, 7s. D.... 329
Happy Day, L. M.. 202
Harwell, 8. 7..... 30
He Leadeth Me.... 164
Helmsley, 8s. 7s... 69
Holy Cross, C. M.. 44
Holy Manna, 8s. 7s 107
Horton, 7. 7..... 112
How I Love Jesus.. 274
Hursley, L. M..... 5

Italian Hymn.....7–87

Jerusalem, C. M. D. 54
Jewett, 6. 6..... 9

Kelley, 8. 6..... 57

Laban, S. M..... 20
Lenox, 6. 6..... 144
Lischer, 6. 6..... 18
Love Divine, 8s. 7s. 132
Loving Kindness, L. M. 302
Lundie, 6. 4..... 45
Lux Benigna, 10.....48
Lyons, 10. 11..... 316

Maitland, C. M..... 38
Manoah, C. M..... 11
Margaret, 8. 6..... 290
Martyn, 7s. D..... 124
Maryton, L. M..... 81
Materna, C. M. D.15–365
McIntosh, C. M.... 52
Mear, C. M..... 79
Mendebras, 7s. 6s.. 126
Mendelssohn, 7s. D. 317
Mercy, 7s..... 34
Messiah, C. M..... 31
Miles' Lane, C. M.. 121
Missionary Chant... 117
Missionary Hymn... 135
Morning Hymn, L. M. 59

Naomi, C. M..... 362
Nettleton, 8s. 7s... 36
Nicea, 11..... 6
Nuremburg, 7s..... 29

Olive's Brow, L. M. 43
Olivet, 6. 4..... 91
Olmutz, S. M..... 16
Ortonville, C. M... 13

Pilot, 6, 7..... 39
Pisgah, C. M..... 151
Pleyel's Hymn, 7s.. 19
Portuguese Hymn... 109
Prince of Peace, C. M. 70
Rathbun, 8s. 7s.... 2
Raynolds 66
Refuge, 7s. D..... 125
Rest, L. M..... 56
Resurrection, 10.... 320
Retreat, L. M..... 35

Sabbath, 7s..... 154
Saxby, L. M..... 17
Selena, L. M..... 370
Sessions, L. M.... 408
Seymour, [illegible]..... 67
Shepherd, 8. 7..... 263
Sicilian Hymn..... 77
Silver Street, S. M. 8
St. Agnes, C. M... 47
St. Anne, C M.... 105
St. Catherine, L. M. 104
St. Gertrude, 6s. 5s. 158
St. Hilda, 7. 6.... 33
St. Martin's, C. M. 25
St. Thomas, S. M.. 96
Stephanos, 8. 5.... 102
Sterne, 10..... 301
Sweetest Name 356

The Solid Rock.... 162
Tidings, P. M..... 27
Toplady, 7s..... 123
Trinity, 6s. 4s.... 86
Tyler, 11s..... 337

Varina, C. M. D... 83

Warwick, C. M.... 110
Webb, 7s.....136–147
Wellesley, 8s. 7s... 4
Wesley, 11. 10..... 74
Windham, L. M.... 113
Woodworth, L. M.53–88
Work Song, 7s..... 106

Zephyr, L. M..... 41
Zion, 8. 7..... 3

Topical Index

Aspiration.

Broad is the road..... 113
Close to Thee my precious.. 182
Earthly pleasures vainly call 188
Father! whate'er of earthly 362
Have Thine own way Lord 306
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit 95
I want my life to glorify.. 285
I'm pressing on the upward 172
In all my Lord's appointed 118
Is your life a channel of... 222
Jesus keep me near the.... 174
Jesus Lover of my soul.122–124
Jesus Savior, pilot me..... 39
Lord speak to me that I... 116
Love divine, all love..... 132
More about Jesus would I.. 100
More like the Master..... 305
Nearer, still nearer..... 292
O Master let me walk...17–81
O that I knew the secret.. 79
Oh for a closer walk..... 90
Open my eyes that I may.. 343
Savior more than life to me 101
There shall be showers of.. 168
Thou my everlasting portion 75
We would see Jesus..... 66
Welcome delightful morn... 18

Assurance.

Arise, my soul, arise..... 144
Art thou weary..... 102
Blessed assurance 247
Christ will me His aid afford 186
Darkness may o'ertake me. 241
Fade, fade each earthly joy 45
He leadeth me..... 164
How firm a foundation.108–109
How happy every child of.. 15
I am happy today..... 235
I am so happy in Christ.. 196
I could feel the burden roll 244
I do not ask to see the way 303
I know my heavenly Father 279
I know that my Redeemer. 31
I've found a Friend who is 359
In the shadow of His wings 251
Love divine, all love..... 132
Lord God of might..... 229
My Father is rich in houses 232
My hope is built on nothing 162
Naught have I gotten..... 204
Nothing between my soul.. 230
O happy day that fixed my. 202
Rock of Ages..... 123
Safe in the arms of Jesus. 252
Standing on the promises.. 203
There's sunshine in my soul 209
'Tis the grandest theme... 243
What though the way be.. 166
When I can read my title.. 151
When my debt to God was. 205
When peace like a river... 156
When the early morning... 334
Why should I feel..... 357

Atonement.

Alas and did my Savior..23–216
Arise, my soul, arise..... 144
Come every soul by sin.... 97
Come Thou Fount..... 36
Hail, Thou once despised.. 131
I gave my life for Thee.... 276
I hear the Savior say..... 314
I hear Thy welcome voice. 360
I saw One hanging on a... 178
I stand amazed in the..... 191
I've found a Friend..... 142
If you are tired of the load 214
In looking thro' my tears.. 198
In tenderness He sought me 293
Just as I am..... 53
My hope is built on nothing 162
O could I speak..... 129
O for a thousand tongues.. 114
O listen to our wondrous.. 280
O ye who have wandered in 176
On the cross in darkness.. 336
Rock of Ages..... 123
Savior more than life..... 101
Sinners Jesus will receive.. 200
The hand that was nailed to 299
There is a fountain..... 148
There is a green hill far.. 159
There is a name I love to. 167
There was One who came.. 170
There's a wideness in God's 4
Tired of wasting precious.. 189
'Tis so sweet to trust in... 308
What can wash away my sin 310
When I survey the..... 37
When my debt to God..... 205
Who is on the Lord's side. 157
Would you be free from the 208
Would you live for Jesus.. 242

Baptism.

I can hear my Savior..... 55
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord. 96
In all my Lord's appointed 118
Jesus, I my cross have.... 134
Low in the grave He lay.. 333
My faith looks up to Thee. 91
My life, my love I give... 62
O happy day that fixed my 202
Tho' He may call me..... 260
When we walk with the... 226

Bible.

Break Thou the bread of life 71
Come every soul by sin.... 97
How firm a foundation.108–109
I love to tell the story.... 329
I've a message from the... 354
Lamp of our feet..... 210
More about Jesus would I.. 100
Precious promise God hath. 161
Sing them over again to me 294
Standing on the promises.. 203
Tell me the old, old story. 291
There's pow'r, mighty pow'r 233

Children's Hymns.

Around the throne of God.. 266
Do you fear the foe..... 261
Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's.. 270
I think when I read that.. 268
I've two little hands to.... 269
Jesus bids us shine..... 265
Jesus wants me for a..... 264
Lamp of our feet..... 210
Low in a manger..... 272
Praise Him! Praise Him.. 258
Savior like a shepherd lead 263
Sing them over again to me 294
Sowing in the morning.... 257
Trying to walk in the..... 227
When He cometh, when He 267
Yield not to temptation.... 262

Christ.

Art thou weary..... 119
Christ will me His aid.... 186
I am so happy in Christ.. 196
I gave My life for thee.... 276
My hope is built..... 162
O listen to our wondrous.. 280
Sinners Jesus will receive.. 200
Walk in the light..... 11
When He cometh, when He 267
When morning gilds the... 1

Christ. *(Coming of)*

Christ is coming..... 69
Jesus is coming..... 323
Lo! He comes with clouds. 77
Our Lord is now rejected.. 149
Soon will our Savior..... 289

Christ. *(Love of)*

Awake, my soul, in joyful. 302
Did Christ o'er sinners weep 115
I could feel the burden roll 244
I was sinking deep in sin. 240
O love divine that stooped. 41
O love that wilt not let me 290
There is a green hill far.. 159
There was One who came.. 170
When I fear my faith will. 342
When I think of Calvary.. 282

Christ. *(Master.)*

Give of your best to the.. 256
Lead kindly light..... 48
More like the Master..... 305
O Master let me walk...17–81
Onward, Christian Soldiers. 158
There are days so dark.... 217

Christmas.

All hail the (Coronation).. 120
All hail the (Diadem)..... 194
All hail the (Miles' Lane). 121
All hail to Thee Immanuel. 364
Crown Him with many.... 127
Hark, hark my soul..... 319
Hark! the herald angels... 317
It came upon the midnight. 133
Joy to the world..... 128
Low in a manger..... 272
Silent night! holy night... 318
There is a green hill far.. 159

Choruses.

A band of faithful reapers. 363
All hail to Thee Immanuel. 364
Hark to the music..... 355
I've found a Friend who is. 359
Jesus is able to save from. 346
Jesus is coming to earth... 323
On to the work He has... 361
There is a name that is... 348

Closing.

Abide with me..... 10
Be not dismayed..... 185
Blest be the tie that binds. 49
Day is dying in the west.. 163
God be with you till we... 183
Lead kindly light..... 48
Now the day is over..... 73
On the happy golden shore. 307
Our Father which art in.. 373
Savior again to Thy dear.. 21
Savior, like a shepherd lead 263
Shall we gather at the river 184
Sun of my soul..... 5
Take the name of Jesus... 206
When the shadows 'round. 165

Conflict.

A call for loyal soldiers.. 197
A mighty fortress is our.. 152
Am I a soldier of the cross 14
Awake, my soul, stretch... 22
Behold! a royal army..... 275
Come we that love the Lord 220
Come, women, wide..... 87
Conquering now and still.. 250
Faith of our fathers..... 104
Fling out the banner..... 28
From over hill and plain.. 201
God of our fathers known. 370
Jesus shall reign..... 26
My soul be on thy guard.. 20
O happy day that fixed my. 202
O Zion haste 27
On to the work..... 361
Onward Christian soldiers. 158
Over the land sounds the.. 231
Stand up, stand up for.... 147
The call comes for true.... 281
The fight is on..... 331
The mornin ht is..... 136
The Son of God goes forth. 130
There's a royal banner.... 273
True-hearted, whole-hearted 249
To the front away 277
To the work! to the work! 327
We must win them one by. 283
Who is on the Lord's side. 157
Ye Christian Heralds go.. 117
Zion stands with hills.... 76

Consecration.

Awake, my soul, and with.. 59
Earthly pleasures vainly... 188
Father! whate'er of earthly 362
Give of your best to the.. 256
God so loved our fallen race 287
Have Thine own way Lord. 306
I am Thine O Lord..... 221
I can hear my Savior..... 55
I need Thee every hour.... 72
I want my life to glorify.. 285
I was sinking deep in sin.. 240
In all my Lord's appointed 118
Is your life a channel.... 222
Jesus I my cross have taken 134
Lord I am Thine 408
Lord speak to me that I.. 116
More holiness give me.... 84
More like the Master..... 305
More love to Thee, O..... 332
Must Jesus bear the cross. 38
My Jesus as Thou wilt.... 9
My Jesus I love Thee.... 89
My life, my love, I give to 62
Nearer my God to Thee... 46
Nothing between my soul.. 230
O love that wilt not let me 290
Oh for a closer walk with. 90
Open my eyes that I may.. 343
Out of my bondage, sorrow 139
Savior Thy dying love.... 296
Take my life and let it be. 326
Take the world but give me 98
Take time to be holy..... 80
The call comes for true... 281
Tho' He may call me to go 260
When I survey the wondrous 37
When we walk with the... 226
Would you live for Jesus.. 242

Cross.

Abide with me..... 10
Broad is the road..... 113
I am Thine O Lord..... 221
O listen to our wondrous.. 280
I must needs go home.... 239
I saw One hanging on a.. 178
In looking thro' my tears. 198
In the cross of Christ I... 2
Jesus keep me near the.... 174
Must Jesus bear the cross. 38
Take the world but give me 98
When I survey the wondrous 37

Devotional.

Abide with me..... 10
All the way my Savior leads 255
Amazing grace 52
Am I a soldier of the cross 14
Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly 25
Come Thou Fount..... 36
Day is dying in the west.. 163
Earthly pleasures vainly... 188
Fade, fade each earthly joy 45
From every stormy wind.. 35
Have Thine own way Lord. 306
Holy, Holy, Holy..... 6
Holy Spirit, faithful guide. 42
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit 95
How sweet the name of... 44
I am Thine O Lord..... 221
I can hear my Savior..... 55
I heard the voice of Jesus. 54
I need Thee every hour.... 72
I've found a Friend..... 142
Jesus Friend of sinners.... 143
Jesus I my cross have.... 134
Jesus is all the world to me 137
Jesus keep me near the.... 174
Jesus Lover of (Danks).... 122
Jesus Lover of (Martyn)... 124
Jesus Lover of (Refuge) .. 125
Jesus the very thought of. 47
Just when I need Him.... 195
Lead kindly light..... 48
Lord I hear of showers of.. 94
Lord speak to me..... 116
Lord we come before Thee. 19
Majestic sweetness 13
More love to Thee, O Christ 332
My faith looks up to Thee 91
My Jesus I love Thee..... 89
Nearer my God to Thee.... 46
Nearer, still nearer..... 292
O love divine that stooped. 41
O love that wilt not let me 290
Pass me not..... 358
Rock of Ages..... 123
Safely through another week 154
Savior more than life to me 101
Savior Thy dying love..... 296
Sun of my soul..... 5
Sweet hour of prayer..... 60
Take the name of Jesus.... 206
There is a green hill far.. 159
'Tis the blessed hour of... 219
What a friend we have in.. 51
When peace like a river... 156

Doxologies.

All people that on earth... 409
Glory be to the Father.... 372
Lord I am Thine..... 408
Praise God from whom. 408–409

Duets.

Great multitudes of men... 339
I've a Savior kind and.... 313
Jesus Lover of my soul.... 125
Somebody came and lifted. 352
Some tender voice called to 347
The nearer I reach the end 350
There's no friend to me like 286
We've a story to tell to the 301

Even-Song.

All the way my Savior leads 255
Be not dismayed, whate'er. 185
Blest be the tie that binds. 49
Day is dying in the west.. 163
Fade, fade each earthly joy 45
God be with you till we.. 183
Nearer my God to Thee.... 46
Now the day is over..... 73
Savior again to Thy dear.. 21
Savior, like a shepherd lead 263
Take the name of Jesus... 206
The nearer I reach the end 350
When the early morning... 334
When the shadows 'round.. 165
When upon life's billows.. 297

God. (*Father.*)

A mighty fortress is our... 152
Be not dismayed, whate'er. 185
God be with you till we... 183
God is calling the prodigal. 309
God moves in a mysterious. 328
God will fill our hearts for. 187
Guide me, O Thou great... 3
He leadeth me! O blessed.. 164
Holy, Holy, Holy..... 6
How firm a foundation.. 108–109
I fear the foe no more.... 353
I know my heavenly Father 279
My Father is rich in houses 232
O God our help in ages past 105
Precious promise God hath. 161
Safely through another.... 154
The Lord is my Shepherd.. 337
Think on thy way..... 344
There's a wideness in God's 4
Thou whose almighty word. 86
'Tis the grandest theme.... 243
We praise Thee O God.... 40
What though the way be... 166
When the early morning... 334
When upon life's billows... 297
Why should I feel..... 357

Grace.

Amazing grace 52
Glorious things of Thee are 24
Grace, 'tis a charming.... 16
He leadeth me! O blessed. 164
How happy every child of.. 15
I can hear my Savior..... 55
In looking thro' my tears.. 198
In loving kindness Jesus... 349
Lord I hear of showers of. 94
Majestic sweetness sits.... 13
Naught have I gotten..... 204
O for a thousand tongues.. 114
O spread the tidings..... 150
Pass me not..... 358
There are days so dark.... 217
When all my labors and.. 236

Heaven.

A land by faith I see..... 61
A little while and then the 145
Around the throne of God.. 266
Beautiful valley of Eden... 57
How happy every child of.. 15
I am thinking today..... 246
I love to sing of heaven... 111
I will sing you a song..... 141
I'm a pilgrim 68
In the Christian's home in. 180
Jerusalem the golden..... 65
My days are gliding swiftly 82
My latest sun is sinking... 212
No care up yonder..... 351
O land of rest for thee I.. 58
O think of the home over.. 321
On Jordan's stormy.....78–211
On the happy golden shore 307
Our Lord is now rejected.. 149
Shall we gather at the river 184
Somewhere the sun is..... 298
The nearer I reach the end. 350
The sands have been washed 335
There is a land beyond our 175
There is a land of pure... 83
There is a land our eyes.. 173
There's a land that is fairer 248
When all my labors and... 236
When I can read my title.. 351
When my life work is ended 295
When the trumpet of the.. 311

Holy Spirit.

Break thou the bread of life 71
Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly 25
Come Thou Almighty King. 7
Come ye disconsolate 330
Have Thine own way Lord. 306
Holy Ghost with light..... 34
Holy Spirit, faithful guide 42
Holy Spirit from on high.. 67
Hover o'er me Holy Spirit. 95
Love divine, all love..... 132
More about Jesus would I.. 100
O spread the tidings 'round 150
Open my eyes that I may.. 343
Thou whose almighty word. 86
Walk in the light..... 11

Invitation.

A call for loyal soldiers... 197
Art thou weary.....102–119
Almost persuaded 63
Behold a Stranger at the.. 32
Come every soul by sin.... 97
Come humble sinner..... 93
Come, said Jesus' sacred.. 112
Come ye disconsolate 330
Come ye sinners poor and.. 92
From every stormy wind... 35
God is calling the prodigal. 309
I've a message from the... 354
If you are tired of the load 214
Jesus calls us o'er the... 50
Jesus is tenderly calling... 223
Just as I am..... 53
O ye who have wandered in 176
Pass me not 358
Take the name of Jesus... 206
The great Physician..... 312
There is a fountain filled... 148
There's a Stranger at the.. 140
There's One who can..... 138
'Tis the grandest theme... 243
We have heard the joyful.. 146
While we pray and while we 64
Who will open mercy's door 193
Would you be free from the 208
Would you live for Jesus... 242
Why do you wait..... 322

Jesus.

Christ will me His aid.... 186
Come, said Jesus' sacred.. 112
Earthly pleasures vainly... 188
Fade, fade each earthly joy 45
How sweet the name of... 44
How tedious and tasteless.. 153
I am so happy in Christ... 196
I hear Thy welcome voice. 360
I've had a talk with Jesus. 315
If you are tired of the load 214
In loving kindness..... 349
In the secret of His..... 338
Jesus and shall it ever be.. 88
Jesus bids us shine..... 265
Jesus is able to save from. 346
Just when I need Him.... 195
Out of my bondage..... 139
Savior, like a shepherd lead 263
Somebody came and lifted.. 352
So precious is Jesus..... 218
Some tender voice called to 347
Take the name of Jesus... 206
The great Physician 312
There is a name I love.167–274
There is a name that is dear 348
There's a song of joy..... 259
There's a beautiful name.. 228
There's One who can..... 138
There's within my heart a. 181
'Tis so sweet to trust in.. 308
Tho' He may call me to go 260
We have heard the joyful. 146
We would see Jesus..... 66
When morning gilds the... 1
Who will open mercy's door 193
Would you live for Jesus.. 242
You have a great Savior.. 237

Jesus. (*Friend.*)

Behold a Stranger at the.. 32
I fear the foe no more.... 353
I have a Friend who is.... 300
I've found a Friend..... 142
I've found a Friend who is 359
Jesus Friend of sinners... 143
Jesus is all the world to me 137
Jesus the sinner's friend.. 99
O Jesus I have promised... 12
There's no friend to me.... 286
What a friend we have in 51
When the sun shines bright 213
Why should I feel..... 357

Jesus. (*Guide.*)

I do not ask to see the... 303
Jesus calls us o'er the.... 50
Jesus I my cross have taken 134
Jesus Savior pilot me..... 39
O Jesus I have promised... 12

Jesus. (*King.*)

All hail the (Coronation).. 120
All hail the (Diadem)..... 194
All hail the (Miles' Lane). 121
All hail to Thee Immanuel. 364
Conquering now and still.. 250
Crown Him with many.... 127
Hail to the Lord's anointed 278
Hail, Thou once despised.. 131
Hark ten thousand harps... 30
I am a stranger here..... 234
Joy to the world..... 128
O worship the King..... 316
Praise Him! praise Him.. 258
The Son of God goes forth 130
There is no name so sweet. 356

Jesus. (*Love.*)

I do not ask to see the way 303
I love to tell the story.... 329
I must tell Jesus 224
I think when I read that.. 268
In tenderness He sought me 293
Jesus comes with power to. 325
Jesus the very thought of.. 47
Love divine, all love..... 132
More about Jesus would I. 100
My Jesus I love Thee..... 89
O Jesus Thou art standing. 33
O the love of Jesus..... 238
Of the themes that men... 169
Oh the love of Jesus..... 253
Safe in the arms of Jesus.. 252
Take the world but give me 98
Tell me the old, old story. 291
When the dark shadows.... 199

Lord's Supper.

Alas and did my Savior... 23
Break thou the bread of life 71
From every stormy wind... 35
Hail, Thou once despised.. 131
I heard the voice of Jesus.. 54
I saw One hanging on a.. 178
Jesus calls us o'er the..... 50
Jesus Lover of (Danks).... 122
Jesus Lover of (Martyn)... 124
Jesus Lover of (Refuge)... 125
Just as I am..... 53
Majestic sweetness..... 13
'Tis midnight and on Olive's 43
When I survey the..... 37

Memorial.

A land by faith I see..... 61
A little while, and then the 145
Abide with me..... 10
Asleep in Jesus 56
Come ye disconsolate..... 330
He leadeth me..... 164
I know my heavenly..... 279
Jesus Lover of my soul.... 125
Lead kindly light..... 48
Nearer my God to Thee.... 46
No care up yonder..... 351
Not now but in the coming. 225
On the happy golden shore. 307
Safe in the arms of Jesus.. 252
Somewhere the sun is.... 298
The nearer I reach the end 350
There is a land beyond our 175
There is a land our eyes.. 173
When my life work is.... 295
When the shadows 'round.. 165

Missionary.

A band of faithful reapers. 363
Brightly beams our Father's 103
Come sound His praise.... 8
Come, women, wide..... 87
Do you fear the foe..... 261
Fling out the banner..... 28
From Greenland's icy..... 135
From over hill and plain.. 201
Great multitudes of men... 339
Hail to the brightness..... 74
Hark to the music..... 355
How many are lost in the. 160
I am a stranger here..... 234
Jesus shall reign..... 26
Look all around you..... 190
O spread the tidings..... 150
O Zion haste 27
Over the land sounds the.. 231
Rescue the perishing..... 155
Sinners Jesus will receive. 200
Somebody did a golden deed 284
Sowing in the morning.... 257
The morning light is..... 136
The Savior speaks and I go 171
The Son of God goes forth. 130
There's a call comes ringing 215
There's a royal banner.... 273
To the work! to the work.. 327
We have heard the joyful.. 146
We must win them one by. 283
We've a story to tell..... 301
Ye Christian Heralds..... 117
Yonder a vessel is breasting 245
You have a great Savior... 237

Opening.

All hail the (Coronation).. 120
All hail the (Diadem)..... 194
All hail the (Miles' Lane). 121
All people that on earth... 409
Blessed assurance 247
Blest be the tie..... 49
Brethren we have met to.. 107
Come Holy Spirit, ... 25
Come let us join 110
Come sound His praise.... 8
Come Thou Fount 36
Come Thou Almighty King. 7
Come we that love the Lord 220
Earthly pleasures vainly... 188
Glorious things of Thee are 24
Glory be to the Father.... 372
Hark, hark, my soul..... 319
Holy, Holy, Holy..... 6
How firm a foundation..108–109
I am Thine O Lord..... 221
I love Thy kingdom Lord. 96
I must tell Jesus..... 224
I need Thee every hour.... 72
Jesus shall reign..... 26
Just when I need Him.... 195
Lord we come before Thee. 19
Nearer, still nearer..... 292
O could I speak..... 129
O for a thousand tongues. 114
O love that wilt not let me 290
O worship the King..... 316
Our Father which art in.. 373

Sweet hour of prayer..... 60
The Lord is in His holy.. 271
There shall be showers of. 168
'Tis the blessed hour of... 219
When upon life's billows.. 297

Patriotic.

God of our fathers known. 370
Mine eyes have seen the.. 366
My country 'tis of thee.... 368
O beautiful for spacious... 365
O Columbia, the gem of the 367
O God our help..... 105
Oh say can you see..... 369

Praise.

All hail the (Coronation).. 120
All hail the (Diadem)..... 194
All hail the (Miles' Lane). 121
All hail to Thee Immanuel. 364
Awake, my soul, and with. 59
Awake, my soul, stretch... 22
Blessed assurance 247
Come sound His praise.... 8
Come Thou Almighty King. 7
Come we that love the Lord 220
Crown Him with many... 127
Glorious things of Thee are 24
Hail Thou once despised... 131
Hail to the brightness..... 74
Hark, hark my soul..... 319
Hark ten thousand harps.. 30
I love to tell the story... 329
I've a message from the... 354
In the cross of Christ I... 2
Jesus shall reign where'er.. 26
Joy to the world..... 128
Lift your glad voices..... 320
Love divine, all love..... 132
O could I speak..... 129
O for a thousand tongues . 114
O happy day 202
O worship the King 316
Praise Him! praise Him... 258
Savior again to Thy dear. 21
So precious is Jesus 218
There's a song of joy..... 259
There's sunshine in my soul 209
There's within my heart a. 181
We praise Thee O God.... 40
When morning gilds the... 1

Prayer.

Brethren we have met.... 107
I must tell Jesus..... 224
Jesus Savior pilot me..... 39
Lord we come before Thee. 19
More holiness give me..... 84
More love to Thee..... 332
Pass me not. 358
Prayer is the soul's sincere 70
Sweet hour of prayer..... 60
Take time to be holy..... 80
There shall be showers of.. 168
Thou my everlasting..... 75
'Tis the blessed hour of... 219
What a friend we have in. 51

Promise.

Art thou weary..... 102
Be not dismayed..... 185
Come ye disconsolate..... 330
Conquering now and still.. 250
How firm a foundation.108–109
I am so happy in Christ... 196
I heard the voice of Jesus. 54
I hear Thy welcome voice. 360
I've a message from the... 354
Precious promise God hath. 161
Standing on the promises.. 203
The Lord is my Shepherd.. 337
'Tis the grandest theme.... 243
When the shadows 'round.. 165
Yield not to temptation... 262

Recessional.

A band of faithful reapers. 363
A call for loyal soldiers... 197
Awake, my soul, stretch... 22
Behold! a royal army 275
Crown Him with many.... 127
Fling out the banner..... 28
From over hill and plain.. 201
Glorious things of Thee are 24
How firm a foundation.108–109
I must needs go home.... 239
I've found a Friend who is 359
Lift your glad voices..... 320
O Zion haste 27
Onward Christian soldiers.. 158
The fight is on 331
The morning light is..... 136
The Son of God goes forth. 130
There's a call comes..... 215
There's a royal banner.... 273
There's a song of joy..... 259
There's a wideness 4
To the front away..... 277
To the work! to the work! 327
True-hearted, whole-hearted 249
We must win them one by. 283
We've a story to tell..... 301
Who is on the Lord's side 157

Resurrection.

Christ the Lord is risen... 29
Crown Him with many.... 127
Lift your glad voices..... 320
Low in the grave He lay.. 333

Repentance.

Alas and did my Savior.... 23
Arise, my soul, arise..... 144
Come humble sinner 93
Come ye sinners, poor and. 324
Did Christ o'er sinners.... 115
Earthly pleasures vainly... 188
I am resolved no longer to 179
I heard the voice of Jesus. 54
I hear Thy welcome voice. 360
I must needs go home..... 239
I've wandered far away... 192
In evil long I took delight 85
Jesus and shall it ever be. 88
Jesus I my cross have.... 134
Jesus Lover of my soul.... 125
Jesus the sinner's friend.. 99
Just as I am 53
Must I go and empty handed 304
O Jesus I have promised.. 12
O Jesus Thou art standing 33
O love that wilt not let me 290
O that I knew the secret.. 79
Out of my bondage..... 139
Pass me not 358
Tired of wasting precious.. 189
What can wash away my.. 310
Years I spent in vanity and 177

Sabbath.

O day of rest and gladness 126
Safely through another.... 154
Welcome delightful morn.. 18

Savior.

Alas and did my Savior... 23
Close to Thee my precious. 182
I am resolved no longer to 179
I gave my life for thee... 276
I've a Savior kind and.... 313
In the secret of His..... 338
Majestic sweetness 13
My life, my love I give to. 62
O could I speak 129
Savior again to Thy dear.. 21
Soon will our Savior from.. 289
So precious is Jesus..... 218
Sun of my soul..... 5
The hand that was nailed. 299
The Savior speaks and I go 171
There's a Stranger at the.. 140
'Tis midnight and on Olive's 43

Savior. (*Guide.*)

All the way my Savior leads 255
Every day the Savior sends 254
I can hear my Savior..... 55
I essayed to walk alone... 345
My faith looks up to Thee. 91
Savior like a shepherd lead 263
Thou my everlasting portion 75

Savior. (*Love.*)

I saw One hanging on a... 178
I stand amazed in the..... 191
Savior Thy dying love..... 296
When I think of my..... 340

Social Service.

A band of faithful reapers. 363
A call for loyal soldiers... 197
Am I a soldier of the cross 14
As you pass along the way. 288
Awake, my soul, stretch... 22
Brightly beams our..... 103
Give of your best to the.. 256
God will fill our hearts for. 187
How many are lost in the. 160
Look all around you..... 190
My soul be on thy guard.. 20
Onward Christian soldiers.. 158
Rescue the perishing..... 155
Somebody did a golden deed 284
The fight is on..... 331
The Son of God goes forth. 130
To the work! to the work! 327
We must win them one by. 283
Who is on the Lord's side. 157
Work for the night is..... 106
Yonder a vessel is breasting 245

Solos.

I essayed to walk alone... 345
I will sing you a song..... 141
I've wandered far away... 192
In the secret of His..... 338
Must I go and empty..... 304
My Father is rich in houses 232
Open my eyes that I may.. 343
Somebody did a golden deed 284
The sands have been..... 335
Think on thy way..... 344
When I fear my faith will 342
When I think of my..... 340
When I was tossed on the. 341
When the early morning... 334
Who will open mercy's door 193

Temperance.

A call for loyal soldiers... 197
Behold! a royal army..... 275
Brightly beams our..... 103
From over hill and plain... 201
I am a stranger here..... 234
Look all around you..... 190
Mine eyes have seen the.. 366
Rescue the perishing..... 155
The fight is on..... 331
To the front away 277
Yield not to temptation.... 262
Yonder a vessel is breasting 245

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